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THE  
ROXBURGHE BALLADS.







What hast here? Ballads? I love a ballad in print, or a life, for then we are sure they are true.

**H**ERE'S one to a very doleful tune, how an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd, it is true, and but a month old. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress *Taleporter*, and five or six honest wives that were present, why should I carry lies abroad? Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought to be a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true—five justice hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

THE  
ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

EDITED BY  
CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ.

*Editor of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany: or, a Collection of  
Readable Reprints of Literary Rarities," "Works of John  
Taylor—the Water-Poet," "The Catnach Press" "The  
Curiosities of Street Literature," "The Book of  
Ready-made Speeches," "Brown,  
Jones and Robinson,"  
etc., etc.,*

VOL. I.

LONDON :  
REEVES AND TURNER,  
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1873.





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## INTRODUCTION.

“I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.”

*Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun (1653-1716).*

**T**HE Collection of Ancient Songs and Ballads, written on various subjects, and printed between the year MDLX. and MDCC., and now known as the ROXBURGHE BALLADS, consists of three large volumes in folio, and embraces above thirteen hundred broadsides mostly in **Black Letter**, and are, with but few exceptions, all in a very good state of preservation. There are several ballads, of which there are duplicates—and even triplicates, of considerable later dates than the original copy; and into the edition or editions of later date are inserted lines and stanzas not found in the older impressions, but inserted by some subsequent ballad-writer or printer for the purpose of noticing or satirizing, a custom or peculiarity of the day when the reprint was published.

The Collection was commenced by Robert Harley, who was the eldest son of Sir Edward Harley, and was born in 1661, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, then a fashionable quarter in London.\* He was advanced to the peerage of Great Britain by Queen Anne in 1711, as Baron Harley, of Wigmore, in the County of Hereford, Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer, and after a busy and chequered political life, spent the remaining portion in retirement, associating with scholars and men of taste, and so became the founder of a large collection of scarce, curious and entertaining pamphlets and tracts, subsequently collected and published as “The Harleian Miscellany.” And also of an extensive collection of MSS., which now forms one of the greatest treasures in the British Museum, and well known to every lover of literature as the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, a catalogue of which was arranged and published by H. Wanley, London, 1759-63, folio, 2 vols., with portraits of Robert and Edward Harley, Earls of Oxford. And again by H. Wanley and the Rev. R. Nares, as “A Catalogue of the Harleian

\***BOW STREET**, built 1637, and so called “as running in shape of a bent bow.” Strype, who tells us this, adds that “the street is open and large, with very good houses, well inhabited, and resorted unto by gentry for lodgings, as are most of the other streets in this parish.” This was in 1720; and it ceased to be “well inhabited about five years afterwards.” The Theatre (Covent-garden Theatre) was built in 1732, and the Bow-street Police-office, celebrated in the annals of crime, established in 1749.—*Cunningham's Hand-Book of London, Past and Present.*

Collection of MSS. in the British Museum, with Indexes of Persons, Places and Matters, 1808-12, folio, 4 vols, at £8 8s. The indexes, compiled by the Rev. T. H. Horne, are published separately at £2 2s.

When the printed books collected by the Earl of Oxford were dispersed, the Collection of Ballads were bought by James West, President of the Royal Society. At the death of West, his "curious and valuable library" was sold by auction by Messrs. Langford, "at Mr. West's Dwelling-House, in *King-street, Covent Garden*, on Monday, the 29th of March, 1773, and the 23 following days, Sundays excepted." The ballads formed Lot 2112, and are described in the sale-catalogue as "*A curious Collection of Old Ballads, in number above 1200, b [lack] l [etter], with humorous frontispieces, 3 vol.*" Major Thomas Pearson was the purchaser of the collection at £20 !! who had it rebound in Russia leather into two volumes, with printed borders, indexes, and title pages bearing his monogram, T. P. These titles still remain, a verbatim copy of which will be found at the commencement of our reprint.

Although the sale-catalogue of West's library stated the number of ballads to be "above 1,200" and Major Pearson had "made several additions," yet the total number included in the *printed* indexes is but 733, viz., 270 in the first volume, and 463 in the second—29 pages are left blank. The index to vol. i. extends to p. 481, and that of vol. ii. to p. 577—"It is therefore to be assumed," says Mr. Chappell, the author of *Popular Music in the Olden Time*, "that the auctioneer had counted Second Parts, usually printed on the second page of the broadsides, as separate ballads."

The date on the printed title pages is that of the year after Major Pearson had acquired the collection. Further additions were made, either by him or by subsequent possessors, to the number of 41 ballads in the first volume, and 16 in the second. The first lines of these are added to the indexes in manuscript.

The next appearance in public of the collection was at the sale of the library of "Thomas Pearson, Esq., deceased, in 1788, by T. and J. EGERTON, Booksellers, at their ROOM in SCOTLAND YARD, opposite the ADMIRALTY, on Monday, 14th of April and 22 following days—Sundays excepted." The ballads were Lot 2710, and described thus :—

2710 ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, *written on various subjects, and printed between the Years 1560 and 1700.—Chiefly collected by Robert, Earl of Oxford, and purchased at the sale of the library of James West, Esq., in 1773—increased by several Additions, 2 vol. bound in Russia leather.*

To which the Auctioneers added the following note :—

“N.B.—The preceding numerous and matchless Collection of Old Ballads are all printed in Black Letter, and decorated with many Hundred wooden Prints : they are pasted upon Paper with Borders (printed on purpose) round each Ballad ; also a printed Title and Index to each Volume. To them are added the paragraphs which appeared in the public Papers respecting the above curious Collection at the time they were purchased at Mr. West’s.”

It was at this auction that they were purchased for John, Duke of Roxburghe, for £36 4s. 6d. The Duke was remarkable for the magnificent collection of books which wealth and taste enabled him to form, and to whom a venerative reference is made in the name of the Roxburghe Club. His Grace’s library in St. James’ Square comprised upwards of ten thousand distinct articles, the richest department being early English literature. It cost its noble collector forty years of labour, but probably a moderate sum of money, in comparison with what was realized by it when, after his death, it was brought to the hammer.

At the sale of “The Curious and Extensive Library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe,” which was presided over by R. H. Evans for 46 days in 1812, The Ballads are set forth as follows :—Lot

3210 A Curious Collection of some thousand Ancient Ballads, bound in 3 large Volumes in Folio.—This Collection greatly exceeds the celebrated Pepys Collection at Cambridge, and is supposed to be the finest in England.”

The extraordinary advance in the marketable value of all literary rarities, and the Duke’s “curious and extensive” collection being well-known, attracted much attention. It was at this celebrated sale that Boccaccio’s *Decamerone*, printed by Valdarfer at Venice in 1471, produced the largest sum ever given for a single volume, viz., £2,260\*.

\*The work was purchased at the above sum by the Marquis of Blandford, Earl Spencer being the under bidder at £2,250. Dr. Dibdin’s account of the sale, or as he chooses to call it, *the fight*, is in an exaggerative style, and extremely amusing. Dibdin had afterwards occasion in his “Reminiscences of a Literary Life” to make the following addition to the history of this precious volume :—“Of all EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS, what could exceed that of the Boccaccio of 1471, coming eventually into the possession of the *former* nobleman (Earl Spencer) at a price less than ONE-HALF of that for which he had originally contended with the latter, who had become its first purchaser at the above sale? Such, however, is the FACT. At the sale of the Marquis of Blandford’s library in 1819, this volume was purchased by the house of Longman and Co. for £918, it having cost the Marquis £2,260. It came from them to Lord Spencer at that price, and is now in the beautiful library at Althorpe, Northamptonshire.”



The first portion, or nucleus of the collection of ballads—and with which the name of the Duke is now permanently associated, had been obtained at a public auction twenty-four years previous for less than £37—that is the two volumes, to which the Duke added seven ballads, printed in Edinburgh in 1570, and had increased the collection by a third volume. This third volume is much the largest—containing, as it does, 564 ballads, and far too bulky for handling—but is not quite in keeping with the rest. The latter half of it includes many white-letter ballads, chiefly of the last century, and, in some cases, so late in the century as to number within it a song by Burns.<sup>1</sup> The three volumes were bought by Harding, the bookseller, for £447 15s., and were re-sold to the late Benjamin Heywood Bright—second son of Richard Bright, of Ham Green, near Bristol, and of Colwall, in Herefordshire, for £600,<sup>2</sup> who studiously kept them out of sight, being afraid lest anybody should even know that he possessed them; but they, as well as a manuscript collection of Miracle-plays—the possession of which he also for some reason concealed—were necessarily brought to light after his death.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Bright died at Ham Green on the 4th of August, 1843, and the first portion of his “most extensive collection of valuable, rare, and curious books, in all classes of literature,” was sold by auction by S. Leigh Sotheby and Co., Auctioneers of Literary Property and works illustrative of the Fine Arts, at their house, Wellington Street, Strand. It was altogether a thirty days’ sale, commencing on Monday, March 3, 1845, and continuing at intervals until the following July.

The three volumes of ballads were:—Lot

296 BALLADS. A MOST EXTENSIVE, CURIOUS, AND INTERESTING COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BROADSIDE BALLADS; ROMANTIC, LEGENDARY, HISTORICAL, LOCAL, RELIGIOUS, AMATORY, HUMOROUS, AND CONVIVIAL, MOSTLY PRINTED IN THE BLACK LETTER, AND DECORATED WITH WOODCUTS, 1570-1680, WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE, bound in three volumes, folio :

To which description the Auctioneers appended:—

“This collection was begun by Rob. Harley Earl of Oxford, from whose library it passed successively to those of [James] West, Major Pearson, and the Duke of Roxburghe, by each of whom it was increased; and we have the highest authority for asserting, that it is the most extensive in existence; those in the black letter amounting to nine hundred in number, exclusive of second parts.

“I love a ballad in print,” are the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of one of his characters, and, from his evident fondness for them

<sup>1</sup>Mr. W. Chappell.

<sup>2</sup>The Athenæum (1845.)

<sup>3</sup>J. Payne Collier

we may infer that he is conveying his own feelings through the mouth of the speaker. Another great writer of our own days had an equal predilection for this species of literature, and has availed himself of them in the fascinating productions of his pen. The collections of Percy, Evans, Ritson, Pinkerton, Jamieson, and others, and the numerous editions that some of them have passed through, are convincing proof of the favour with which they have been received by the public. The present collection affords ample materials for a new work, not less interesting than any that have preceded it.

“The extent of the collection precludes our giving a detailed list, and we can only refer to some of the more interesting, as they have occurred in a cursory examination of the volumes, classed under the several heads we have particularised.”

After which S. Leigh Sotheby and Co. printed *in extenso* the titles of upwards of three hundred of the ballads, analytically arranged under the various headings given in their description, occupying more than seven pages of the catalogue.

The collection was purchased by the late Thomas Rodd, the eminent bookseller, for the trustees of the British Museum for £535. A fourth volume had been added by Mr. Bright, and it formed the following Lot:—

297 BALLADS. A collection of Eighty-five broadside Ballads, Romantic, Historical, Amatory, and Satirical: the whole of them in **black letter**, and ornamented with woodcuts. They are of the time of Charles II, and are in the finest possible condition:—

True love requited ; or the bayliff's  
daughter of Islington.  
Flora's departure.  
The young man's labour lost.  
A strange apparition.  
The Christian Conquest ; overthrow  
of the Turks.  
The Virgin Race, or Yorkshire's  
glory.  
News for young men and maids.  
Poor Tom the taylor, his lamen-  
tation.  
Love's unspeakable passion.  
The Deptford frolic.

Tyrannick love.  
The ballad of the cloak.  
The Suffolk miracle.  
Advice to batchelors.  
A farewell to Graves-end.  
Unfortunate jockey.  
Colonel Sidney's overthrow.  
Cupid's delight.  
The confined lover.  
The disdainful virgin led captive.  
The love-sick maid of Portsmouth.  
Wavering Nat and kind Susan.  
The seaman's sorrowful bride.  
Coy Jenny.

The seaman's adieu.  
 The seaman's renown.  
 The gallant seaman's renown.  
 The pope's pedigree.  
 The Shoemaker's delight.  
 Love's better than gold.  
 The fair and loyal maid of Bristow.  
 Courageous Jemmy's resolution.  
 The true lover's tragedy.  
 Two-penny-worth of wit for a penny.  
 A carrouse to the emperour.  
 The hasty wedding.  
 The countryman's delight.  
 The Oxford health.  
 The doubting virgin.  
 The doubting virgin's satisfaction  
 The more haste the worse speed.  
 Jealous Nanno.  
 The good fellow's consideration.  
 The jovial beggar's merry crew.  
 Olimpya's unfortunate love.  
 The vanity of vain glory.  
 The maid's unhappiness.  
 The musical shepherdess.  
 The matchless murder (of Thomas  
     Thinn, Esq,  
 Love and constancy.  
 The good fellows frolick.  
 The merry boys of Christmas.  
 The life and death of George of  
     Oxford.  
 Gallantry all-a-mode, or the bully to  
     the life.

The three worthy butchers of the  
     north.  
 Jem's lamentation.  
 The courtier's health.  
 London's wonder in the breaking of  
     this mighty frost.  
 Sir Thomas Armstrong's farewell.  
 The Scotch wooing.  
 The mournful shepherd.  
 Young Jenny, or the princely shep-  
     herd.  
 The clothier's delight.  
 The Algier-slave's releasement.  
 The Benjamin's lamentation.  
 Repentance too late.  
 The two faithfull lovers.  
 The power and pleasure of love.  
 The dumb maid, or the young gal-  
     lant trappann'd.  
 Tom Tell-Truth.  
 England's gentle admonition.  
 The dying lover's complaint.  
 The country innocence.  
 The love-sick maid quickly reviv'd.  
 True love rewarded with cruelty.  
 Content, a treasure.  
 Love's lamentable tragedy.  
 The merry boys of Europe.  
 An antidote of rare physicke.  
 The king of good fellows.  
 A match at a venture.  
 Jocky's lamentation turn'd into joy  
 The bad husband's folly.

"Lot 297" was also bought for the trustees of the British Museum by Mr. Rodd for £25 5s. The remaining lots in connection with Ballads were as under, which we reprint verbatim from the Catalogue, together with the names of the purchasers and the prices realized :—

298 BALLADS. The Seaman's folly—The love-sick Maid—A most excellent song of the love of young Palinus and fair Sheldra, *all black letter* :—Rodd, 19s.



- 299 BALLADS. An excellent Ballad, intituled The constancy of Susanna *This is the ballad of which some lines are sung by Sir Toby Belch in Twelfth Night.*—The lamentable tragical History of Titus Andronicus, *both black letter* :—Rodd, 10s.
- 300 BALLADS. A Friend's Advice, *black letter, circa 1650*—The Loyal Torie's delight, *with music*—Vienna's Triumphs, *with music, 1683*—The Scotch Lasses Constancy, *with the music, 1682; and five more* :—Rodd, 16s.
- 301 BALLADS, GARLANDS, &c. The Amazing Garland—The Crafty Lovers, or a Windsor Miser Outwitted—Jokes of John Falkirk—The Derbyshire Tragedy—The Horn-fair Garland—The Northumberland Garland—Portsmouth Jack's Garland—The Unnatural Father, an account of Theophilus Maskall, of Dorsetshire—The Worcestershire Garland—The Winchester Garland—Relation of a Mermaid that was seen and spoke with on the Black Rock, nigh Liverpool, by John Robinson; with upwards of seventy other popular Songs, Stories, and Garlands :—Pocock, £3 9s.
- 302 Ballads, Broad-sides, Slip-songs, &c., a parcel, *modern* :—Sir F. Madden, 9s. od.
- 303 Ballads. A collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, illustrated with copper plates, *red morocco, stilted*, 3 vol. :—Rodd, £3 3s.
- 304 Evans (Thos.) Old Ballads, by R. H. Evans, *best edition, 4 vol. calf extra* :—Pocock, £1 6s. 1810

“On the rarity of the Ballads in this collection, it is” (says J. P. Collier) “superfluous to enlarge; in many instances the broadsides are unique: no duplicates of them are to be met with in public or private libraries; and it is easy to account for this circumstance, if we reflect that they were seldom printed in a form calculated for preservation. Thomas Deloney and Richard Johnson were almost the only ballad-writers of that age, who subsequently brought together their scattered broadsides in small volumes, while hundreds of similar pieces by other popular authors were allowed to perish. The more generally acceptable a ballad became, the more it was exposed to the danger of destruction.”

The consequence has been that very few Ballads, as they came from the hands of those who may be called our elder printers, have descended to our day; and many of the best in the collection would have been irretrievably lost but that the constant demand for them induced typographers in the reigns

of James and Charles, in particular, to re-publish them. The year, whether of impression or re-impression, is very rarely given on a broadside, but it is usually known between what dates the printers, whose names are appended, carried on business, and from thence we are generally able to form a judgment as to the age of productions of their presses. The times when reprinted Ballads were first composed and issued must often be matter of mere conjecture, depending much upon internal evidence, and even this is rendered more uncertain by interpolations, not unfrequently made in order that the work should be more welcome to auditors of the period of republication.

Although the library of the British Museum contains a much larger number of broadside ballads than any other of the public libraries, yet the Roxburghe collection, taken alone, is but second in extent to the collection known by the name of Samuel Pepys, the diarist, which is in the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The latter is in five volumes, containing 1,800 ballads, of which 1376 are in **black letter**. This famed collection was commenced by the learned Selden.

John Selden died 1654, and Pepys continued collecting till near the time of his death in 1703, which fact he records on the title page of his volumes thus—"My collection of Ballads" (following the words with an engraved portrait of himself) "Begun by Mr. Selden : Improved by ye addition of many Pieces elder thereto in Time, and the whole continued down to the year 1770, when the Form, till then peculiar thereto, viz., of the Black Letter with Pictures seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of White Letter without Pictures."

Besides the ballads, Pepys left to the Magdalene College an invaluable collection of manuscript naval memoirs, of prints, ancient English poetry, and three volumes of "Penny Merriments." These amount in number to 112, and some of them are *Garlands*, that contain many ballads in each.

The following are Pepys' directions for the disposition of his library—taken from *MS., Harl., No. 7,031*, which we deem of sufficient general interest to print *in extenso* :—

"For the further settlement and preservation of my said library, after the death of my nephew, John Jackson, I do hereby declare,—

"That could I be sure of a constant succession of heirs from my said nephew, qualified like himself for the use of such a library, I should not entertain a thought of its ever being alienated from them. But this uncertainty considered, with the infinite pains, and time, and cost, employed in my collecting, methodising, and reducing the same to the state it now is, I cann

but be greatly solicitous that all possible provision should be made for its unalterable preservation and perpetual security against the ordinary fate of such collections, falling into the hands of an incompetent heir, and thereby being sold, dissipated, or embezzled. and since it has pleased God to visit me in a manner that leaves little appearance of being myself restored to a condition of concerting the necessary measures for attaining these ends, I must and do with great confidence rely upon the sincerity and direction of my executor and said nephew, for putting in execution the powers given them, by my forementioned will relating hereto, requiring that the same be brought to a determination in twelve months time after my decease, and that special regard be had therein to the following particulars, which I declare to be my present thoughts and prevailing inclinations in this matter, viz. :

“1. That after the death of my said nephew, my said library be placed and for ever settled in one of our universities, and rather in that of Cambridge than Oxford.

“2. And rather in a private college there, than in the public library.

“3. And in the colleges of Trinity or Magdalen preferably to all others.

“4. And of these two, *cæteris paribus*, rather in the latter, for the sake of my own and nephew's education therein.

“5. That in which soever of the two it is, a fair room be provided therein on purpose for it, and wholly and solely appropriated thereto.

“6. And if in Trinity, that the said room be contiguous to, and have communication with, the new library there.

“7. And if in Magdalen, that it be in the new building there, and any part thereof, at my nephew's election.

“8. That my said library be continued in its present form, and no other books mixed therein, save what my nephew may add to them of his own collecting, in distinct presses.

“9. That the said room and books so placed and adjusted be called by the name of *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*.

“10. That this *Bibliotheca Pepysiana* be under the sole power and custody of the master of the college for the time being, who shall neither himself convey, nor suffer to be conveyed by others, any of the said books from thence to any other place, except to his own lodge in the said college, nor there have more than ten of them at a time; and that of those also a strict entry be made, and account kept, of the time of their having been taken out and returned in a book to be provided, and remain in the said library for that purpose only.

" 11. That before my said library be put into the possession of either of the said colleges, that college for which it shall be designed, first enter into covenants for performance of the foregoing articles.

" 12. And that for a yet further security herein, the said two colleges of Trinity and Magdalen have a reciprocal check upon one another; and that college which shall be in present possession of the said library, be subject to an annual visitation from the other, and to the forfeiture thereof to the life, possession, and use of the other, upon conviction of any breach of their said covenants.

" S. PEPYS."

We print the following notices of the Roxburghe Ballads from *The Athenæum* of August 23rd and 30th, 1845:—

" We are about to give some account of the contents of the three folio volumes of Ballads sold at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale for £400, bought privately by Mr. Bright, we believe, for £600, and purchased for the British Museum a few months ago, at the price of £535. The collection is not yet accessible to the readers at that institution, but they will probably ere long be enabled to refer to it; and, in the meantime, extracts from, with remarks and criticisms upon the principal productions in it, may not be unacceptable. In the whole there are not fewer than twelve hundred separate pieces of popular poetry, including only a small number of duplicates; of many of them no other copies exist, and the rest are of the utmost rarity. Nearly all are in black letter.

" There are only three great collections of old ballads in the empire: that of the late Mr. Heber was a fourth, but it was dispersed at the auction of his books, as it was wisely thought that nobody would buy it entire; the different productions were therefore divided into lots, according to their subjects, and the whole sold for much more than would otherwise have been realized. In the instance immediately before us the same course ought, perhaps, to have been pursued, for the sake of the estate; Mr. Bright's ballads might then have yielded to the executors at least one-third more money than they produced. In Mr. Heber's sale lots of ten or fifteen ballads were sold at from £15 to £30 each lot; whereas it is evident that the ballads at Mr. Bright's auction on the average did not bring ten shillings a-piece: about twelve hundred ballads were, as we have said, knocked down for £535. The purchase, therefore, on account of the British Museum, was an admirable one, and our great national London library now contains a larger assemblage of ballads than is to be found at Oxford or Cambridge. We are to be understood here as speaking of mere broadsides: Oxford has rarer poetical tracts, Cambridge a more valuable series



of penny histories ; but in what are properly termed broadside ballads neither of them can at this time compete with the British Museum.

“The private collections in this kingdom of such pieces are hardly to be named : there are only three which deserve any notice, and two of these belong to persons who are just as unwilling to let them see the light as the third is ready upon all occasions to make whatever he may possess useful, by rendering it accessible. The contrast is as remarkable as it is advantageous : the two first may be somewhat ashamed of the smallness of their acquisitions in this department, considering their opportunities, and by keeping up a sort of mystery may lead those who know little of the matter to suppose that a few scattered specimens are a connected and valuable series.

“The reasons why productions of this class are scarce are very obvious. *Nostrī veteres versus ubi sunt?* exclaims Cicero ; and Mr. Macaulay, in the preface to his ‘Lays of Ancient Rome,’ has incontestibly shown—first, that there must have been old Latin ballads ; and secondly, that they had all been lost by the age of Augustus. With us the case is almost as bad : the songs that our minstrels used to accompany on the harp have nearly all perished, and even of those which our ballad-singers, two or three hundred years ago, were accustomed to chant in our streets and highways, comparatively few remain : many must have been lost, to one that has come down to us. One of the earliest traces of what may properly be called ballad-singing is to be found in a letter dated in 1537, when an itinerant musician with ‘a crowd or a fiddle’ gave offence by a ‘Hunt is up,’ in which he satirically handled the Duke of Norfolk and the Earls of Surrey and Shrewsbury, as well as some dignitaries of the Church :—

“The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.  
 The Masters of Art and Doctors of Divinity  
 Have brought this realm out of good unity.  
 Three noblemen have take this to stay,  
 My Lord of Norfolk, Lord of Surray,  
 And my Lord of Shrewsbury :  
 The Duke of Suffolk might have made England merry.

“This relic was unknown to all the collectors of materials for the history of our popular literature, and is derived from the original information against John Hogan, the political ballad-singer, preserved in the Rolls Chapel.

“There is probably nothing as old as this in the three volumes known as the Roxburghe Collection ; but it is often very difficult to decide on the date of particular pieces. It sometimes happens that a song, existing only in an impression as recent as the time of Charles II., is really as old as the reign of Elizabeth, and may be proved to be so from internal evidence. The fact, on

doubt, was, that the ballad was frequently reprinted on account of its popularity, and that all the older editions have been lost. At other times we have editions in regular succession : for instance, a capital *Æsopian* apologue of 'The Lark and her Family' was, as far as we know, first printed in 1563, with the name of the versifyer, Arthur Bourcher, at the end ; but we are acquainted with copies of it in 1571, 1579, 1586, 1603, 1624, and we find it also in one of the Roxburghe volumes, without date, but the type affording clear proof that it came from the press while Charles II., or perhaps even his successor, was on the throne. This, however, is a case of rare occurrence : of very few ballads so many and such ancient impressions are known, and we are frequently most glad to content ourselves with an edition of a broadside between 1660 and 1690, which was originally, perhaps, a full century older.

"We may farther illustrate this point by reference to a popular poem on a subject which produced a volume from the learned Mr. Douce, but of which poem he was entirely ignorant. It bears the title of 'Death's Dance ;' and it purports to have been 'Printed at London by H. Gosson,' who succeeded his father, Thomas Gosson, as a publisher of many ephemeral productions. Mr. Douce, had he lived till now, would have grieved bitterly at the omission of this satirical ballad in his book ; and had not the late Mr. Bright been so chary of his three volumes, and so afraid lest anybody should even know that he possessed them, Mr. Douce's 'Dissertation on the Dance of Death' would not have been left thus incomplete. Our reason for mentioning this ballad is, because it is unquestionably much more ancient than the time (about 1640) when the undated impression was published by Henry Gosson : it is one of many pieces of the kind which must have been written considerably more than fifty years before the period of the sole existing copy in the Roxburghe Collection. It opens as follows :—

"If Death would come to shew his face  
 as he dare shew his powre,  
 And sit at every rich man's place,  
 both every day and howre,  
 He would amaze them every one  
 to see him standing there,  
 And wish that soone he would be gone  
 from all their dwellings faire.

"Or if that Death would take the paines  
 to goe to the water-side,  
 Where merchants purchase golden gaines  
 to pranke them up in pride ;  
 And bid them thinke upon the poore,  
 or else 'Ile see you soone,'  
 There would be given then at their doore  
 good alms both night and noone.

“Afterwards the writer (whose name is unrecorded) supposes Death to visit the Exchange, Westminster Hall, St. Paul’s, various “tippling houses,” gaming houses, &c., giving some curious and amusing touches at the manners of the time ; but he is particularly severe upon persons in trade :—

“If Death would take his dayly course  
 where tradesmen sell their ware,  
 His welcome, sure, would be more worse  
 than those of monyes bare :  
 It would affright them for to see  
 his leane and hollow lookes,  
 If Death would say, ‘Come, shew to me  
 my reckoning in your bookes.’

“If Death would through the markets trace,  
 where Conscience us’d to dwell,  
 And take but there a huckster’s place,  
 he might do wondrous well :  
 High prices would abated be,  
 and nothing found too deare ;  
 When Death should call ‘Come buy of me !’  
 ’twould put them all in feare.

“Just afterwards we meet with the subsequent stanza :

“If Death would prove a gentleman,  
 and come to court our dames,  
 And do the best of all he can  
 to blazen forth their names ;  
 Yet should he little welcome have  
 amongst so fayre a crew,  
 That daily go so fine and brave.  
 when they his face do view.

“Thomas Gosson (the predecessor in business, of H. Gosson, for whom this broadside was printed,) was probably brother to Stephen Gosson, the puritanical enemy of dramatic performances, who published his ‘School of Abuse,’ in which he attacked them, in 1579. In 1595, he printed anonymously a small tract, in verse, called ‘Pleasant Quips for Upstart New-fangled Gentlewomen,’ and he was indisputably a very clever and powerful writer. We are without any external evidence, but we feel persuaded that this ballad of ‘Death’s Dance’ was by him, written before the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and originally printed by Thomas Gosson. The only existing impression for H. Gosson was indisputably a reprint. It ends with this warning :—

“For Death hath promised to come,  
 and come he will indeed ;  
 Therefore, I warne you, all and some,  
 beware and take good heed ;

For what you do, or what you be,  
 hee's sure to find and know you ;  
 Though he be blind and cannot see,  
 in earth he will bestow you.

“Orthography is, of course, no test of the age of a reprinted Ballad, because, in reprinting it, the compositor sometimes used the old spelling of the copy before him, and sometimes the improved (so to call it) spelling of his own day.

“It now and then happens that the period when a Ballad was written and printed can be distinctly ascertained from evidence supplied by itself. Such is the case with another production on the ‘Dance of Death,’ in the Roxburghe Collection ; it has no printer’s name, but merely the word *Finis* at the close ; and the title it bears is, ‘The doleful Dance and Song of Death ; intituled Dance after my Pipe.’ It opens thus singularly :—

“Can you dance the shaking of the sheets,  
 A dance that every one must do ?  
 Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,  
 And everything that ’longs thereto ?  
 Make ready then your winding sheet,  
 And see how you can bestir your feet,  
 For Death is the man that all must meet.

Here is nothing to fix the date ; but the stanza we are about to quote shows that, although reprinted perhaps fifty or sixty years after it first came out, it must have been originally published as early as 1577 or 1578. Death speaks :

“Think you on the solemn ’Sizes past,  
 How suddenly in Oxfordshire  
 I came, and made the Judges all agast,  
 And justices that did appear ;  
 And took both Bell and Baram away,  
 And many a worthy man that day,  
 And all their bodies brought to clay.

“Stow’s ‘Annals’ (edit. 1605. p. 1154), under date of 4th, 5th, and 6th July, 1577, contains an account of these ‘solemn Assizes’ at Oxford, when, among many others, Chief Baron Bell and Serjeant Baram died of the jail-fever, brought by infected prisoners into the court. This is a curious point, although the ballad itself is of little or no poetical value.

“In another remark, respecting the true age of particular ballads, we shall be fully borne out by the three folios now in the Museum. There are several ballads, of which there are duplicates, if not triplicates, of considerably later dates than the original copy ; and into which alterations have been introduced to suit the circumstances and requirements of the day when the reprint was published. We may select one proof of this assertion from a



humorous and pungent broadside, called 'The Map of Mock-beggar Hall, of which there are two copies in the collection, one considerably older than the other. It commences, and is continued, in the subsequent strain :—

“ I reade in ancient times of yore,  
That men of worthy calling  
Built almes houses and spittles store,  
Which now are all down falling ;  
And few men seeke them to repaire,  
Nor is there one among twenty.  
That in good deeds will take any care,  
*While Mock-beggar Hall stands empty.*

The last line is the burden of the song, and is repeated at the end of every staff, although the author nowhere explains precisely what he means by 'Mock-beggar Hall.' It seems to have reference to some lost production of the same kind, in which it was introduced and celebrated. The following stanza is now in the later of the two copies, and satirically refers to the then modern practice of riding in coaches :—

“ Methinks it is a great reproach  
To those that are nobly descended,  
Who for their pleasures cannot have a coach,  
Wherewith they might be attended,  
But every beggarly Jacke and Gill,  
That eat scarce a good meal in twenty,  
Must through the streets be jolted still,  
*While Mock-beggar Hall stands empty.*

Another stanza, not entirely new, but with some important changes from the older copy (to which we shall advert presently), is thus :—

“ There's some are rattled through the streets,  
*Procatum est*, I tell it,  
Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets ;  
It grieves my heart to spell it :  
They are not able two men to keepe,  
With a coachman they must content be,  
Which at playhouse doores in his box lies asleep,  
*While Mock-beggar Hall stands empty.*

Our last two quotations are from the copy of 'The Map of Mock-beggar Hall,' which was 'printed at London for Richard Harper, neere to the Hospital gate in Smithfield,' which is the most modern of the two by perhaps thirty or forty years, for neither broadside has any distinct date. We know that about 1630, or a little later, the custom of riding to theatres on horseback was generally abandoned in favour of being driven there in coaches, so much so that the Lord Mayor of London and the Court were called upon to interfere to prevent the stoppage of the streets. To this public inconvenience the most recent copy

of the ballad makes allusion, and on this account we may fix its date about 1635. The more ancient copy was probably printed quite early in the reign of James I. ; but in our memorandum we have omitted to note by whom it was published, though we are confident that it was without any date of the year. On this account, it does not at all follow, that because ballads contain temporary allusions, they were not older than such allusions. Thus, in a comic ballad, "printed at London for G. H." *i.e.*, Henry Gosson, entitled 'There's Nothing to be had without Money,' we meet with the following stanzas :—

All parts of London I have tride,  
Where merchants' wares are plenty,  
The Royal Exchange and faire Cheapside,  
With speeches fine and dainty,  
To bring me in for to behold  
Their shops of silver and of gold ;  
There might I chuse what wares I would,  
*But God a mercy, penny.*

For my contentment once a day  
I walk'd for recreation  
Through Pauls, Ludgate and Fleet-street gay,  
To raise an elevation .  
Sometimes my humour is to range  
To Temple, Strand, and New Exchange,  
To see their fashions rare and strange ;  
*But God a mercy, penny.*

It is quite certain, therefore, that this last part of the stanza was written after the death of Elizabeth ; but there are other copies (not in the Roxburghe volumes, but in private hands) of the same ballad that have no allusion to the New Exchange. One of them gives the last three lines as follows :—

Sometimes my humour is to land  
From boat at Temple or the Strand,  
To see the sights on every hand.

Another in these terms :—

Sometimes my humour is to go  
To Temple, Strand, or Pimlico,  
To drink good ale or Charnico.

To find a ballad in three several states, with changes adapted to different periods, is unusual, but by no means unprecedented ; and it is a circumstance upon which nobody, who has written on the subject of our early popular poetry, has remarked. The burden of the ballad will remind the reader of the song 'Gramercy, mine own Purse,' attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, and inserted in Ritson's 'Ancient Songs,' Vol. II. edit. 1829.

There is a fine old satirical broadside in the Collection now deposited in the Museum, of which, if we mistake not, there is an earlier (and perhaps a better) copy in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge ; but an introduction to

that edifice is so difficult to be obtained, and the means of examination, to those who are admitted, so insufficient, that we cannot pretend to speak positively.\* Sure we are that what is contained in the Roxburghe volumes must be in some respects a modernization; but be it so or not, it is a severe rebuke to all who formerly neglected Christmas hospitality and charity. It is entitled 'Christmas Lamentation for the Losse of his Acquaintance, showing how he is forst to leave the Country, and come to London.' It is in a very peculiar, but striking measure, and is said to be sung "to the tune of Now Spring is come."

The second stanza is thus forcibly written:—

Christmas bread and beefe is turned into stones,  
 Into stones, into stones, into stones,  
     And silken rags;  
 And Lady Money sleepes and makes moanes,  
 And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and makes moanes,  
     In miser's bags.  
 In houses where pleasures once did abound,  
 Nought but a dogge and a shepherd is found,  
     Welladay!  
 Places where Christmas revels did keepe,  
 Are now become habitations for sheepe,  
     Welladay, welladay, welladay!  
     Where should I stay?

There can be little doubt that the next stanza was interpolated in the early part of the reign of James I., from the mention it contains of yellow starch then so much in fashion, though it had been used earlier: we apprehend that it will be found, in its more ancient state, in the copy Pepys bequeathed.

Since pride came up with yellow starch,  
 Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,  
     Poore folkes doe want,  
 And nothing the rich man will to them give,  
 To them give, to them give, to them give,  
     But doe them taunt.  
 For charity from the country is fled,  
 And in her place hath nought left but need,  
     Welladay!  
 And corne is growne to so high a price,  
 It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes,  
     Welladay, welladay, welladay!  
     Where should I stay?

The copy we have used purports to have been "printed at London for F. C., dwelling in the Old Bayly," F. C. being the initials of Francis Coules, who was a comparatively modern publisher.

We have reason to think that 'Poor Robin's Dream,' commonly called Poor Charity, is one of the most ancient ballads in the whole of the three Rox-

\*This was in 1845: in 1873 we may add:—and so damn'd uncivil as not to answer a letter written in reference to the Pepysian Collection.

burghes volumes: it is of a moral character, and brings Time, Conscience, Plain-dealing, Dissimulation, Charity, Truth, and some other abstract and allegorical persons to figure on a stage, something in the manner of the moral plays or moralities which succeeded the old scriptural dramas, and preceded plays founded upon life and history. Poor Robin, dreaming, fancies that he sees a stage set up and pulled down exactly in the way in which, at a remote period, it used to be temporarily erected and removed, whether in an open space in a town, or in an inn-yard: on this stage, the stage of life, he sees various characters perform, and the first he mentions is Time, who is described, no doubt, very much as he was exhibited in Shakspeare's 'Winter's Tale,' and in the play in which, according to Henslowe's Diary (Shakespeare Society's impression, p. 167), he was introduced in the year 1600:—

“ The first that acted, I protest,  
 Was Time, with a glass and a scithe in his hand,  
 With the globe of the world upon his breast,  
 To show that the same he could command:  
 There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,  
 A time to borrow, and a time to pay.  
 And a time that doth call us all away.

Conscience, who next enters, is thus spoken of:—

“ Conscience in order takes his place,  
 And very gallantly plays his part;  
 He fears not to fly in a ruler's face,  
 Although it cuts him to the heart:  
 He tells them all this is the latter age,  
 Which put the actors in such a rage,  
 That they kick'd poor Conscience off the stage.

Dissimulation and Charity are introduced in the following manner:—

“ Dissimulation mounted the stage,  
 But he was cloathed in gallant attire:  
 He was acquainted with Youth and Age;  
 Many his company did desire.  
 They entertained him in their very breast:  
 There he could have harbour and quietly rest,  
 For dissemblers and turn-coats fare the best.  
 Then cometh in poor Charity:  
 Methinks she looketh wondrous old;  
 She quiver'd and she quak'd most piteously,  
 It griev'd me to think she was grown so cold.  
 She had been in the city and in the country,  
 Amongst the lawyers and nobility;  
 But there was no room for poor Charity.

“ The impression from which our extracts are taken is obviously a comparatively modern one, and purports to have been “Printed by J. Lock, for J. Clark, at the Harp and Bible in West Smithfield.” There is no date of



the year, but the reprint must have been made towards the close of the seventeenth century, and we may safely conclude that the ballad was originally produced considerably more than a century before.

“Here we pause for the present, but we shall continue the subject next week, with some ballads hitherto unknown, and illustrative of songs in ‘Walton’s Angler.’”

“We continue our notice of the three folio volumes of ballads now most appropriately deposited in the British Museum, the great national receptacle of our national literature, of which early pieces of popular poetry form so essential and distinctive a part. If it be not always as positively good as might be desired, we ought to recollect for whom it was written; productions of the kind were the vehicles of the opinions of the mass of the people upon the topics of the day: they are so even in our own time, and were much more so among our ancestors before the invention of newspapers; and, as has been said by a great authority, ‘they contain more real history, as far as the multitude is concerned, than all our annals, which treat of kings, princes and nobles.’ Ballads may be but ‘straws to show which way the wind blows,’ to use Selden’s expression, but they show it in its under-currents with more truth than the lofty vanes placed far above the level of popular influences. If we could, with any degree of precision, settle the dates of the various compositions in the Roxburge collection (and it may possibly be done hereafter by a patient examination, which we cannot pretend to have bestowed upon them), we should possess more valuable materials for a history of national opinions, prejudices, and manners, for about 200 years, than we can hope to derive from any other source. Therefore, if some people fancy that old ballads ought to contain what they are pleased to consider good poetry, and that their contents are interesting and important on no other account, they commit a gross mistake: good poetry, in the best sense of the words, must generally be thrown away upon the class to which ballads are addressed. They must always be looked at with reference to the period when they were written: our oldest specimens were adapted to a state of society in which strong thoughts and natural feelings predominated, because the modes and habits of artificial life were not understood and introduced; but the great majority of the twelve hundred pieces in the volumes under consideration were composed at a much later date, and not a few of them were the amusement of the lower orders, at a time when men like Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, were writing for the higher orders. These present rather a contrast to the refinements of style then prevailing; and, coming down to the period of the Civil Wars, when theatres were closed and other amusements for the multitude either entirely put down or grievously

curtailed, we shall find such ballad-makers as Martin Parker, Lawrence Price, Richard Climsell, Robert Guy, John Wade, and a few more, almost daily endeavouring to provide welcome food for the appetite of the mob. The name of Martin Parker will be familiar to many readers of the class of productions to which we are referring : they may also be in some degree acquainted with that of Lawrence Price ; but Climsell, Guy, and Wade have been hitherto unknown contributors to our ballad-poetry.

“Two ballads, by Martin Parker, both in the Roxburghe collection, materially illustrate a portion of that charming book, which can never be too much illustrated, ‘Walton’s Angler.’ Nobody can have forgotten the three songs in Chapter IV. of that work, one by Marlowe, another imputed, probably correctly, to Raleigh, and the third anonymous : the last is thus introduced by the Milkmaid’s mother :—

“ ‘But stay, honest anglers ; for I will make Maudlin sing to you one short song more.—Maudlin, sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon, the shepherd, played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.’

“ ‘*Maud.*—I will, mother.’

And then she sings as follows :—

“ I married a wife of late,  
The more’s my unhappy fate :  
I married her for love,  
As my fancy did me move,  
And not for a wordly estate.  
But oh ! the green sickness  
Soon changed her likeness,  
And all her beauty did fail.  
But ’tis not so  
With those that go  
Through frost and snow,  
As all men know,  
And carry the milking-pail.

“In none of the innumerable editions of ‘Walton’s Angler’ has anybody attempted to trace the origin or author of this song ; and as long as Mr. Bright had the custody of the Roxburghe Ballads it would probably have remained unknown : he does not seem to have been aware of it himself, for he has left no trace behind him, as far as we can understand, that he had read the volumes he so studiously kept from the sight of others. The fact, however, is, that the song above quoted is formed out of two ballads by Martin Parker, with his initials at the end of them : one of which bears the following title .—

*Keep a good Tongue in your Head :*  
for

Here’s a very good woman, in every respect,  
But only her tongue breeds all the defect.

“It opens with a stanza, only the first five lines of which were employed, with some slight changes, by Walton.

“I marry'd a wife of late,  
The more's my unhappy fate :  
I tooke her for love,  
As fancy did me move,  
And not for her worldly state.  
For qualities rare  
Few with her compare ;  
Let me doe her no wrong.  
I must confesse,  
Her chiefe amisse,  
Is onely this,  
As some wives is,  
She cannot rule her tongue.

“Walton wanted no more than the commencement ; more would not have answered his purpose ; and for a conclusion he resorted to another popular production by the same writer (whom he nowhere names), which is thus headed in the original copy :—

*The Milke-maid's Life ;*

or,

A pretty new ditty, composed and pen'd,  
The praise of the milking paille to defend.

“Like the former, it consists of many stanzas (of which we shall speak presently), but as Walton did not require more than part of one of them, he took it (again with alterations) from the following :—

“Those lasses nice and strange,  
That keep shops in the Exchange,  
Sit pricking of clouts,  
And giving of flouts,  
They seldom abroad do range :  
Then comes the green sicknesse  
And changeth their likeness,  
All this for want of good sale ;  
But 'tis not so,  
As prooffe doth show  
By them that goe  
In frost and snow,  
To carry the milking paille.

“Both these ballads were written to be sung to the same air, ‘To a curious new tune called the Milkmaid's Dumps,’ which, as far as we know, has been lost, for we find no trace of it in any collection, public or private. Neither of Martin Parker's ballads has a date, but the first was ‘Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the Horshoo in Smithfield,’ while the last has merely ‘Printed at London for T. Lambert.’ Both are in black-letter ;

and as Walton has thought them worth quoting, another specimen or two from each may not be unacceptable. The following is the third stanza of 'Keep a good Tongue in your Head.'

“ Her cheeks are red as the rose  
Which June for her glory shows :  
Her teeth on a row  
Stand like a wall of snow,  
Between her round chin and her nose.  
Her shoulders are decent,  
Her armes white and pleasant,  
Her fingers small and long.  
No fault I find,  
But in my minde  
Most womenkind  
Must come behind,  
O ! that she could rule her tongue.

“Of her domestic qualities and recommendations the author writes thus, showing, among other things, the usual employments of women of her rank in that day—most likely during the Protectorate.

“ Her needle she can use well ;  
In that she doth most excel ;  
She, can spin and knit,  
And everything fit,  
As her neighbours all can tell.  
Her fingers apace  
At weaving bone lace  
She useth all day long :  
All arts that be  
So women free  
Of each degree,  
Performeth she.  
O ! that she could rule her tongue.

“From the other ballad, 'The Milk-maid's Life,' which must have preceded in point of date, we make the subsequent quotation, which succeeds a stanza in which Parker invokes the 'rural goddesses' to assist him in singing the praise of Milk-maids.

“ The bravest lasses gay  
Live not merry so as they.  
In honest civil sort  
They make each other sport,  
As they trudge on their way.  
Come faire or foule weather,  
They're fearfull of neither,  
Their courages never quaile :  
In wet or dry,  
Though winds be hye.  
And darke to sky,  
They ne'er deny  
To carry the milking paille.



Their hearts are free from care,  
 They never will dispaire ;  
 Whatever them befall,  
 They bravely beare out all,  
 And fortune's frowns outdare.  
 They pleasantly sing  
 To welcome the spring,  
 'Gainst heaven they never raile.  
 If grasse will grow  
 Their thanks they show ;  
 And frost and snow,  
 They merrily goe,  
 Along with the milking paille.

" Surely those who love poetry, and who sometimes unreasonably expect to meet with it in old ballads of a comparatively modern date, must be satisfied with this sweet, cheerful, pastoral vein of Martin Parker. To us it is no wonder that he was quoted by Izaak Walton ; our wonder rather is that Walton did not name him as well as Marlowe and Raleigh : however, his reason might be that Parker was living when the first edition of 'The Complete Angler' was printed, in 1653. Martin Parker was a much better poet than many give him credit for ; and though he wrote for bread, and wrote to please the vulgar, he was, as we could show did space allow it, author of some of the best and most famous of the Robin Hood ballads, hitherto anonymously printed. Before we quit Walton and angling, we may fitly direct attention to an excellent song, in the collection now under review, chiefly in praise of angling, but satirically and humourously touching various professions and avocations : the following is one stanza of it.

" When Eve and Adam liv'd by love,  
 And had no cause for jangling,  
 The Devil did the waters move ;  
 The Serpent fell to angling.  
 He baits his hook with godlike look ;  
 Quoth he, this will intangle her ;  
 The woman chops, and down she drops .  
 The Devil was the first angler.

" The title given to the production is 'The Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers,' and the main purpose of the writer (whose name or initials nowhere appear) is stated in thir introductory couplet :—

" Proving that all men are Intanglers,  
 And all professions are turned Anglers.

In this spirit we read as follows :—

" Upon the Exchange, twixt twelve and one,  
 Meets many a neat intangler :  
 Most merchant men, not one in ten,  
 But is a cunning Angler :

And, like the fishers in the brooke,  
 Brother doth fish for brother :  
 A golden bait hangs at the hooke,  
 And they fish for one another.

A shopkeeper I next prefer ;  
 A formal man in black, sir,  
 That throws his angle everywhere,  
 And cries, 'What is it you lack, sir ?'  
 Fine silks and stuffs, or hoods and muffs ?'  
 But if a courtier prove the intangler,  
 My citizen must look to 't then,  
 Or the fish will catch the Angler.

"Several circumstances show that this song was not as old as the reign of Elizabeth, one of them being that the hour for the meeting of merchants on the Exchange in her day, as might be established by various authorities, was between eleven and twelve ; in the subsequent reign it became between twelve and one, and so it continued till after the breaking out of the civil wars.

"It was during those wars that May-games were temporarily suppressed ; but they were not finally extinguished until a short time before the Restoration, when the *Funebria Floræ* took place. In the Roxburghe collection are several ballads and songs upon May and May-games, some, no doubt, written shortly anterior to their extinction, and when the people seemed naturally to cling to them with peculiar fondness. A few of these pieces are penned in such a free and lively strain, that they are hardly fit for the selection of specimens, although there is in them much more of lively and boisterous mirth, than of vice and indelicacy. The first stanza of one of them, entitled 'The Fetching Home of May,' (to the tune of 'Room for Company') may be extracted, and will show the animating spirit with which they were composed : it is certainly not much later than the reign of Elizabeth, although the copy of it we have used was 'printed at London, by J. Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily,' perhaps about 1650 or 1660.

"Now Pan leaves piping, the gods have done feasting,  
 There's never a goddess a hunting to-day,  
 Mortals doe marvell at Corydon's jesting,  
 That lends them assisting to entertain May.  
 The lads and the lasses,  
 With scarfs on their faces,  
 So lively, it passes,  
 Trip over the downes :  
 Much mirth and sport they make,  
 Running at barley-breake :  
 Good lack ! what paines they take  
 For their green gownes.

“It is quite evident from the run of the lines, that the tune of ‘Room for Company,’ was the same as was afterwards called ‘Hunting the Hare.’ In fact, ‘Hunting the Hare,’ was also known by the name of ‘The Green Gown,’ from the burden of the very stanza we have just quoted.

It is quite evident from the run of the lines, that the tune of ‘Room for Company’ was the same as that afterwards called ‘Hunting the Hare.’ In fact, ‘Hunting the Hare’ was also known by the name of ‘The Green Gown,’ from the burden of the very stanza we have just quoted.

There is a species of ballad, of which several examples are contained in the Roxburghe volumes, that we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere, nor has it, we believe, been remarked upon by any of our poetical antiquaries. We allude to the ‘Medley,’ which consists of stanzas formed from single lines or fragments of other popular compositions, well known at the time, and therefore easily recognized by street-audiences. We may reasonably doubt whether medleys were ever great favourites with the lower orders, or more of them would have come down to us: they may have specimens of the kind in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge; but we doubt it, and we feel sure that they have none at Oxford. The fact is, that the pleasure to be derived from them so much depended upon the recognition of lines from current and notorious ballads, that the moment popular recollection failed, medleys would cease to be attractive, and hence they must have been rarely reprinted. We were surprised, therefore, to meet with two different copies, clearly of different dates, of a medley, the antiquity of which is hardly to be disputed, because it was sung “to the tune of Tarlton’s Medley,” meaning Richard Tarlton, the most celebrated comedian of any age, who died in 1588. ‘Tarlton’s Medley’ must have been greatly liked as he wrote and sung it at the theatre, and of its popularity the author of the imitation before us, which was to be sung to the same tune, availed himself. It is entitled.

*An excellent Medley,*

Which you may admire at with offence,  
For every line speaks a contrary sense,

and it was printed first for Henry Gosson (not originally, although every earlier edition seems to have perished), and afterwards for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. It opens with this stanza, and it will be observed that no one line has any connexion in point of sense with another:—

“In summer time when folks make hay,  
All is not true that people say,  
The fool’s the wisest in the play.  
Tush! take away your hand.

The fiddler's boy hath broke his base ;  
Sirs, is not this a piteous case ?  
Most gallants loath to smell the mace  
Of Wood-street."

Here we find fragments of seven or eight different ballads, and so of the other stanzas, nineteen in number, of which the medley consists : thus, supposing each stanza to be composed of lines taken from seven separate productions of this class, the whole ballad would remind the hearer, at the time it was written, of no fewer than 133 popular songs. Some, though only a few, have survived to our own day : thus, in the following stanza, we only know of that performance in which John Dory is mentioned :

" When the fifth Harry sail'd to France,  
Let me alone for a countrey dance,  
Nell will bewail her luckless chance ;  
Fie on false-hearted men ;  
Dick Tarlton was a merry wag,  
Hark, how the prating ass will brag,  
John Dory sold his ambling nag  
For kick-shaws.

The ballad of John Dory has been preserved by Ritson and others, but we may well grieve for the loss of an heroic ballad on the victories of Henry V. if not for that which related some personal anecdote of Tarlton. The reference to him proves, in some degree, the antiquity of the production ; and in another stanza, we find an allusion, the darkness of which may be easily accounted for, to the accident which happened on the Thames, late in the reign of Elizabeth, when a shot from a gun wounded one of the watermen, who were rowing the Queen in her barge :—

" Now hides are cheap, the tanner thrives,  
Hang those base knaves that beat their wives,  
He needs must go that the devil drives ;  
God bless us from a gun !  
The beadles make the lame to run ;  
Vaunt not before the battle's won,  
A cloud sometimes may hide sun.  
Chance medley.

It was " chance medley " that wounded the Queen's watermen, when Thomas Appletree fired the gun on the Thames. It is to be borne in mind, that when once a medley had been published, any subsequent writer seems to have felt himself at liberty to add to, or alter it, in order that it might better suit his own day ; and we learn, from the testimony in our hands, that such was the custom with Martin Parker, whose initials at the end of a ballad seem to have been sufficient to insure a considerable sale. The price of a broadside of the kind was a penny during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles (as



is proved by many of those under our notice), which cannot but be deemed high, when we recollect that it was equal to about sixpence of our present money."

The late George Daniel, of Canonbury Square, Islington, near London, who formerly possessed the "ELIZABETHAN GARLAND," which consists of Seventy Ballads, printed between the Years 1559 and 1597,—at the sale of whose library it was purchased by the late Joseph Lilly for Henry Huth, Esq., says in an article on "OLD BALLADS," in his "*Love's Last Labour Not Lost*:"—"If any portion of English Literature be more generally interesting than another, it is ancient ballad-lore. Battles have been fought and heroes immortalised in its inspiring strains. It has made us familiar with the manly virtues, sympathies, sports, pastimes, traditions, the very language of our forefathers, gentle and simple. We follow them to the tented field, the tournament, the border foray, the cottage ingle, and the public hostelrie. We glow with their martial spirit, and join in their rude festivities. Narrative and sentiment, reality and romance, the noblest patriotism and the tenderest love, the wildest mirth and the deepest melancholy, inform, delight, and subdue us by turns. The impulses of the heart, those gems of truth! were the inspirations of the muse. Hence thoughts of rare pathos and beauty, and felicity of expression that no study could produce, no art could polish, find a response in every bosom. In peace, the ballad might be the "woeful" one made to a 'mistress's eyebrow,' in war, it was the trumpet sounding 'to arms!' or the muffled drum rolling forth the warrior's requiem.

"The merit of our old English Border Ballads was long ago acknowledged far beyond sea-girt land. Joseph Scaliger, when he visited England 1566, among many minute observations recorded in his entertaining Table Talk, particularly notices the excellence of our Border Ballads, the beauty of Mary Stuart, and our burning coal instead of wood in the north.

"The tunes to which these ballads were sung are centuries older than the ballads themselves. Many of them are lost in antiquity. '*The Bride's good morrow*,' '*The fyrst Apelles*,' '*Damon and Pithias*,' '*A new lusty gallant*,' '*The nine Muses*,' '*Pepper is blacke*,' '*Lightie Love*,' '*Black Almaine, upon Scissilia*,' '*Labandalashotte*,' '*Bragandary*,' '*The Wanton Wife*,' '*In Somertime*,' and '*Please one and please all*,' were among the most popular. Many ballads quoted by Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Samuel Rowlands ('*Crew of King Gossips*') extend not beyond a single verse, or even a single line; yet how suggestive are they! It was such penny broadsides that composed the 'bunch' of the military mason, Captain Cox, of Coventry, and that stocked the pedlar's pack of Autolicus; and their power

of fascination may be learnt from the varlet's own words, when he laughingly brags how nimbly he lightened the gaping villagers of their purses while chanting to them his merry trol-my-dames!

"We delight in a Fiddler's Fling, full of mirth and pastime! We revel in the exhilarating perfume of those odoriferous chaplets gathered on sunshiny holidays and star-twinkling nights, bewailing how beautiful maidens meet with faithless wooers, and how fond shepherds are cruelly jilted by deceitful damsels; how despairing Corydons hang, and how desponding Phillises drown themselves for love; how disappointed lads go to sea, and how forlorn lasses follow them in jackets and trousers! Sir George Etheridge, in his comedy of 'Love in a Tub,' says, 'Expect at night to see an old man with his paper lantern and crack'd spectacles, singing you woeful tragedies to kitchen-maids and cobblers' apprentices.' Aubrey mentions that his nurse could repeat the history of England, from the Conquest to the time of Charles I., in ballads. And Aubrey, himself a book-learned man, delighted in after years to recall them to his remembrance. In Walton's 'Angler,' Piscator having caught a chub, conducts Venator to an 'honest ale house, where they would find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and *twenty ballads* stuck about the wall.' 'When I travelled,' says the Spectator, 'I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed.' 'The heart-music of the peasant was his native minstrelsy, his blithesome carol in the cottage and in the field.'

In respect to the "wooden prints" which "*adorn*" the ballads here reprinted, our readers will not fail to see at a glance how often the same cuts are repeated, and made to change sides with one another, and that simply to make a little variation from a ballad that had been printed at the same office on the day, week, or month previous, while scarce one cut in fifty has been executed for, or bears in any way on the subject matter.

We have, therefore, designedly and silently omitted several cuts after they have been used on two, and three previous occasions, by which means we have been enabled to give a greater number of ballads on a given number of pages than we otherwise could have done, as we considered it a waste of space to repeat over and over again to the end of the chapter the same old, and in many cases inappropriate "wooden prints."

With these remarks, we place before the public the first volume of our reprint of—

#### THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

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**Ancient  
Songs and Ballads:**

Written on Various Subjects,  
And

Printed between the Year MDLX and MDCC.

CHIEFLY COLLECTED BY

**ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,**

And purchased at the Sale of the late

MR. WEST'S LIBRARY in the Year 1773.

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**These venerable ancient Song-writers  
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers :  
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,  
But what we've gained in verse we've lost in prose.  
Their words no shuffling double meaning knew ;  
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true :**

ROWE.



LONDON,

Arranged and Bound in the Year 1774.





## ¶ A new Yorkshyre Song, Intituled :

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie ; Of all the Citties that ever I see,  
For mery pastime and companie, Except the Cittie of London.



AS I came thorow the North countrey,  
The fashions of the world to see,  
I sought for mery companie,  
to goe to the Cittie of London :  
And when to the Cittie of Yorke I came,  
I found good companie in the same,  
As well-disposed to euery game,  
as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,  
Of all the Citties that ever I see,  
For mery pastime and companie,  
Except the Cittie of London.*

¶ And in that Cittie what sawe I then ?  
Knightès, Squires, and Gentlemen,  
A shooting went for Matches ten,  
as if it had been at London.  
And they shot for twentie poundes a Bowe,  
Besides great cheere they did bestowe,  
I neuer saw a gallanter showe,  
except I had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.*

¶ These Matches, you shall vnderstande,  
 The Earle of Essex tooke in hand,  
 Against the good Earle of Cumberlande,  
 as if it had been at London.  
 And agreede these matches all shall be  
 For pastime and good companie  
 At the Cittie of Yorke full merily,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.*

¶ In Yorke there dwels an Alderman, which  
 Delites in shooting very much,  
 I neuer heard of any such  
 in all the Cittie of London.  
 His name is Maltbie, mery and wise  
 At any pastime you can deuise,  
 But in shooting all his pleasures lyes;  
 the like was neuer in London.

*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.*

¶ This Maltbie, for the Citties sake,  
 To shoote, himself, did vndertake,  
 At any good Match the Earles would make,  
 as well as they doe at London.  
 And he brought to the fiede, with him,  
 One Specke, an Archer proper and trim,  
 And Smith, that shoote about the pin,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ Then came from Cumberland Archers three,  
Best Bowmen in the North countree,  
I will tell you their names what they may bee,  
    well knowne to the Cittie of London.  
Wamsley many a man doth knowe,  
And Bolton, how he draweth his Bowe,  
And Ratcliffes shooting long agoe  
    well knowne to the Cittie of London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ And the Noble Earle of Essex came  
To the fielde himself, to see the same,  
Which shal be had for euer in fame,  
    as soone as I come at London.  
For he shewed himself so diligent there  
To make a mark and keepe it faire,  
It is worthie memorie to declare  
    through all the Cittie of London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ And then was shooting out of crye,  
The skantling at a handfull nie,  
And yet the winde was very hie,  
    as it is sometimes at London.  
They clapt the Cloutes so on the ragges,  
There was such betting and such bragges,  
And galloping vp and downe with Naggess,  
    as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ And neuer an Archer gaue regarde  
 To halfe a Bowe, nor halfe a yarde,  
 I neuer see Matches goe more harde  
 about the Cittie of London.  
 For fairer play was never plaide,  
 Nor fairer layes was neuer laide,  
 And a weeke together they kept this trade,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ The Maior of Yorke, with his companie,  
 Were all in the fieldes, I warrant ye,  
 To see good rule kept orderly,  
 as if had been at London.  
 Which was a dutifull sight to see,  
 The Maior and Alderman there to bee  
 For the setting forth of Archerie,  
 as well as they doe at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ And there was neither fault nor fray,  
 Nor any disorder any way,  
 But euery man did pitch and pay,  
 as if it had been at London.  
 As soone as euery Match was done,  
 Euery man was paid that won,  
 And merily vp and doune did ronne,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*



¶ And neuer a man that went abroad  
But thought his monie well bestowde ;  
And monie layd on heape and loade,  
as if it had been at London.  
And Gentlemen there so franke and free,  
As a Mint at Yorke againe should bee,  
Like shooting did I neuer see,  
except I had been at London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ At Yorke were Ambassadors three,  
Of Russia, Lordes of high degree,  
This shooting they desirde to see,  
as if it had been at London :  
And one desirde to draw a Bowe,  
The force and strength thereof to knowe,  
And for his delight he drewe it so  
as seldome seene in London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ And they did maruaile very much  
There could be any Archer such,  
To shoote so farre the Cloute to tutch,  
which is no newes to London.  
And they might well consider than  
An English shaft will kill a man,  
As hath been proued where and whan,  
and cronicled since in London. *Yorke, &c.*

¶ The Earle of Cumberlands Archers won  
 Two Matches cleare, ere all was done,  
 And I made hast apace to ronne  
     to carie these newes to London ;  
 And Wamsley did the vpshot win,  
 With both his shafts so neere the pin  
 You could scant haue put three fingers in,  
     as if it had been at London.      *Yorke, &c.*

¶ I passe not for my monie it cost,  
 Though some I spent, and some I lost,  
 I wanted neither sod nor roast,  
     as if it had been at London.  
 For there was plentie of euery thing,  
 Redd and fallowe Deere for a King,  
 I neuer sawe so mery shooting  
     since first I came from London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ God saue the Cittie of Yorke therefore,  
 That had such noble friendes in store  
 And such good Aldermen : send them more,  
     and the like good lucke at London ;  
 For it is not little ioye to see  
 When Lords and Aldermen so agree,  
 With such according Communalitie,  
     God sende vs the like at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ God saue the good Earle of Cumberlande,  
His praise in golden lines shall stande,  
That maintaines Archerie through the land,  
as well as they doe at London.  
Whose noble minde so courteously  
Acquaintes himself with the Communaltie,  
To the glorie of his Nobilitie,  
I will carie the praise to London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ And tell the good Earle of Essex thus,  
As he is now yong and prosperous;  
To vse such properties vertuous  
deserues great praise in London :  
For it is no little ioye to see  
When noble Youthes so gracious bee  
To giue their good willes to their Countree,  
as well as they doe at London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ Farewell good Cittie of York to thee,  
Tell Alderman Maltbie this from mee.  
In print shall this good shooting bee  
as soon as I come at London.  
And many a Song will I bestowe  
On all the Musitions that I knowe,  
To sing the praises, where they goe,  
of the Cittie of Yorke in London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ God saue our Queene and keep our peace,  
 That our good shooting maie increase ;  
 And praying to God let vs not cease,  
     as well at Yorke, as at London.  
 That all our Countrey round about  
 May haue Archers good to hit the Clout,  
 Which England cannot be without,  
     no more then Yorke and London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

¶ God graunt that (once) her Maiestie  
 Would come her Cittie of Yorke to see,  
 For the comfort great of that Countree,  
     as well as she doth to London.  
 Nothing shal be thought to deare  
 To see her Highnes Person there,  
 With such obedient loue and feare  
     as ever she had in London.

*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie.*

*Of all the Citties that euer I see,  
 For mery pastime and companie,  
 Except the Cittie of London.*

From Yorke, by W.E.

*Imprinted at London by  
 Richard Iones : dwelling  
 neere Holbourne Bridge,*

1584.

A True Relation of the Life and Death  
of Sir *Andrew Barton*, a Pyrate and  
Rover on the Seas.

Tune, *Come follow my Love, &c.*



“When Flora with her fragrant flowers  
bedect the earth so trim and gay,  
And Neptune with his dainty showers  
came to present the month of May,  
King Henry would a-hunting ride ;  
over the river of Thames past he,  
Vnto a mountain top also  
did walk some pleasure for to see :



Where forty Merchants he espyed,  
with fifty sail, come towards him,  
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
but on their knees did thus complain :  
“ An't please your Grace we cannot sail  
to France no voyage to be sure,  
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
and robs us of our marchant-ware.”

Vext was the King, and, turning him,  
said to his Lords of high degree,  
“ Have I ne'r a Lord within my Realm  
dare fetch that Traytor unto me ?”  
To him reply'd Charles Lord Howard,  
I will, my Liege, with heart and hand,  
If it please you grant me leave, he said,  
“ I will perform what you command.”

To him then speak King Henry,  
I fear, my Lord, you are too young.  
No wit at all, my Leige, quoth he :  
I hope to prove in valour strong ;  
The Scotch Knight I vow to seek,  
in what place soever he be,  
And bring ashore, with all his might,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me.”

A hundred Men, the King then said,  
Out of my Realm shall chosen be,  
Besides Saylers and Ship-boys,  
to guide a great ship on the Sea ;  
Bowmen and Gunners of good skill  
shall for this service chosen be,  
And they, at thy command and will,  
in all affairs shall wait on thee.”

Lord Howard call'd a Gunner then,  
who was the best in all the Realm,  
His age was threescore years and ten,  
and Peter Simon was his name :  
My Lord call'd then a Bowman rare,  
whose active hands had gainéd fame,  
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,  
and William Horsely was his name :

Horsely, quoth he, I must to Sea,  
to seek a Traytor with good speed ;  
Of a hundred Bowmen brave, quoth he,  
I have chosen thee to be the Head.

“ If you, my Lord, have chosen me  
of a hundred Men to be the Head,  
Vpon the main-mast I'll hanged be,  
if twelvescore I miss one shillings breadth,  
Lord Howard then, of courage bold,  
went to the Sea with pleasant chear,

Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,  
 though it was the stormy time of year.

Not long he had been on the Sea,  
 on more in days than number three,  
 But one Henry Hunt there he espy'd,  
 a Merchant of New-castle was he.  
 To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,  
 and strictly charged him to stand,  
 Demanding then from whence he came,  
 or where he did intend to land.

The Merchant then made answer soon,  
 with heavy heart and careful mind,  
 "My Lord, my ship it doth belong,  
 unto New-castle upon Tine."  
 "Canst thou shew me," the Lord did say,  
 "as thou didst sail by day and night,  
 A Scotch Rover on the Sea,  
 his name is Andrew Barton, Knight?"

Then the Merchant sigh'd and said,  
 with grieved mind and well-away,  
 "But over-well I know that Wight,  
 I was his Prisoner yesterday ;  
 As I, my Lord, did sail from France,  
 a Burdeaux-voyage to take so far,  
 I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
 who rob'd me of my merchant-ware ;

And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,  
and every Man doth crave his own ;  
And I am bound to London now,  
of our gracious King to beg a boon."  
"Shew me him," said Lord Howard then,  
"let me once the Villain see,  
And e'ry penny he hath from thee tane,  
i'll double the same with shillings three."

"Now God forbid," the Merchant said,  
"I fear your aim that you will miss ;  
God bless you from his tyranny,  
For little you think what Man he is.  
He is brass within and steel without,  
his ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces of ordnance  
he carrieth on each side along ;

With beams for his top-castle,  
as also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal  
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by."  
"Hard news thou shew'st," then said the Lord,  
"to welcome Stranger to the Sea :  
But, as I said, i'll bring him aboard,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me."

The Merchant said, " If you will do so  
 take counsel then I pray withal,  
 Let no Man to his top-castle go,  
 nor strive to let his beams down fall :  
 Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,  
 of each side of my ship," said he  
 " And to-morrow my Lord,  
 again I will your Honour see ;

A glass I'll set as may be seen,  
 whether you sail by day or night ;  
 And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,  
 you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, Knight,"  
 The Merchant set my Lord a glass  
 so well apparent in his sight,  
 That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
 he saw Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.

The Lord then swore a mighty oath,  
 " Now, by the Heavens, that be of might—  
 By faith, believe me, and by troth,—  
 I think he is a worthy Knight."  
 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
 thus scornfully to pass by,  
 As though he cared not a pin,  
 for him and all his Company ;



Then called he his Men amain,  
    "Fetch back yon Pedler now," quoth he,  
"And e're this way he comes again,  
    i'll teach him well his courtesie."  
"Fetch me my lyon out of hand,"  
    saith the Lord, "with rose and streamer high  
Set up withal a willow wand,  
    that Merchant-like I may pass by."

Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
    and on anchor rise so high ;  
No top-sail at last he cast  
    but as a Foe did him defie :  
A piece of ordnance soon was shot  
    by this proud Pirate fierely then  
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,  
    which cruel shot kill'd fourteen Men.

He called then Peter Simon, he,  
    "Look how thy word do stand in stead,  
For thou shall be hanged on main-mast,  
    if thou miss twelvescore one peny breadth."  
Then Peter Simon gave a shot,  
    which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
In at his deck it came so hot,  
    kill'd fifteen of his Men of war ;

"Alas!" then said the Pirate stout,  
     "I am in danger now I see ;  
 This is some Lord, I greatly fear,  
     that is set on to conquer me."  
 Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,  
     came bravely on the other side,  
 Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
     and killed fifty of his Men beside ;

Then "out, alas!" Sir Andrew cry'd,  
     " What may a Man now think or say ?  
 Yon Merchant-thief that pierceth me,  
     he was my Prisoner yesterday !" .  
 Then did he on Gordian call  
     unto the top-castle for to go,  
 And bid his beams he should let fall,  
     for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.

The Lord call'd Horsely now in haste,  
     "Look that thy word now stand in stead,  
 For thou shalt be hanged on Main-mast,  
     if thou miss twelvescore a shilling breadth."  
 Then up mast-tree swerved he,  
     this stout and mighty Gordian,  
 But Horsely he most happily  
     shot him under the collar-bone.

Then call'd he on his Nephew then,  
said, "Sister's Sons I have no mo,  
Three hundred pound I will give thee  
if thou wilt to top-castle go."  
Then stoutly he began to climb,  
from off the mast scorn'd to depart,  
But Horsely soon prevented him,  
and deadly pierced him to the heart.

His Men being slain, then up amain,  
did this proud Pirate climb with speed ;  
For armour of proof he had put on,  
and did not dint of arrows dread ;  
"Come hither, Horsely," saith the Lord,  
"see thou thy arrows aim aright,  
Great means to thee I will afford,  
and, if thou speed'st, i'll make the Knight."

Sir Andrew did climb up the tree  
with good right will and all his main ;  
Then upon the breast hit Horsely he,  
till the arrow did return again ;  
Then Horsely 'spied a private place,  
with a perfect eye in a secret part,  
His arrow swiftly flew apace,  
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart ;

“Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,  
a little I am hurt yet not slain,  
I’ll but lye down and bleed a while,  
and come and fight with you again.  
And do not,” said he, “fear English Rogues,  
and of your Foes stand not in awe,  
But stand fast by St. Andrew’s Cross,  
until you hear my whistle blow.”

They never heard his whistle blow,  
which made them all full sore afraid ;  
Then Horsely said, “ My Lord, aboard !  
for now Sir Andrew Barton’s dead.”  
Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
with right good will and all their main,  
Eighteen-score Scots alive in it,  
besides as many more was slain.

The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
and quickly thence cut off his head.”  
“I should forsake England many a day,  
if thou wert alive as thou wert dead.”  
Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
with mickle joy and triumphing,  
The Pirate’s head he brought along,  
for to present unto our king ;

Who briefly then to him did say,  
before he knew well what was done,  
"Where is the Knight and Pirate gay,  
that I myself may give the doom?"  
"You may thank God," then said the Lord,  
"and four Men in the Ship," quoth he,  
"That we are safely come ashore,  
sith you never had such an enemy ;

That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon  
William Horsely and Peter's Son :  
Therefore reward them for their pains,  
For they did service at their turn."  
To the Merchant then the King did say,  
" In lieu of what he hath from the tane,  
I give to thee a noble a day,  
Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain.

To Peter Simon a crown a day ;  
and half-a-crown a day to Peter's Son ;  
And that was for a shot so gay  
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.  
Horsely, I will make the a Knight,  
and in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell ;  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,  
for this title he deserveth well.



Seven shillings to our English Men,  
    who in this fight did stoutly stand ;  
And twelve-pence a day to the Scots, till they  
    come to my Brother-King's high land."

Printed by and for **W. O.** and sold by the  
Booksellers of **Wye=corner and London=bridge.**

*Amantium iræ Amoris redintegratio  
est.*

The falling out of Louers, is the renewing of Loue.

*To the tune of the Meddow brow.*



Come my best and deerest,  
come sit thee downe by me ;  
When thou and I am nearest  
breeds my felicitie ;  
To verifie the Prouerbe  
would set my heart at rest,  
*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

My faire and chast Penelope,  
 declare to me thy minde :  
 Wherein I haue offended thee,  
 to make thee proue vnkinde ?  
 I never vrg'd the cause  
 in earnest or in iest :

*Amantium iræ amoris  
 redintegratio est.*

Thy beauty gaue me much content,  
 thy vertue gave me more ;  
 Thy modest kinde ciuility,  
 which I doe much adore ;  
 Thy modest stately Iesture  
 liues shrined in my brest ;

*Amantium iræ amoris  
 redintegratio est.*

How dearely I haue loued thee  
 thou wilt confesse and tell  
 More then my tongue can here expresse,  
 my fayre and sweetest Nell ;  
 Oh hadst thou bin but true in love  
 I had beene double blest :

*Amantium iræ amoris  
 redintegratio est.*

And wilt thou then forsake me, loue,  
and thus from me be gone,  
Whom I doe hold my turtle doue,  
my peerlesse Parragon—  
The Phœnix of the world  
and pillow of my rest ?

*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

Fayre Cynthia, the want of thee  
doth breed my ouerthrow ;  
My body in my agony,  
doth melt away like snow.  
The plagues of Egipt could no more  
torment my tender brest ;

*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

Now I, like weeping Niobe,  
may wash my hand in teares,  
Whilst others gaine the loue of thee  
I daunted am with feares ;  
Now may I sigh and waile in woe,  
disasterously distrest :

*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

And thus in breuitie of time  
I sadly end my ditty,  
Which here am left to starue and pine  
without remorse or pittie.  
Yet will I pray that still thou maist  
remaine among the blest;

*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*





# The Maydes Answer,

To the same tune.



Though falling out of faithfull friends  
renewing be of loue.

A change of time will make amends,  
a turtle I may proue :

And till that change of time,  
with patience be thou blest :

*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

The tryall of Penelope  
 in me is proued true,  
 Misdoubt thou not my constancie,  
 the turtle keepes her hew,  
 And to her chosen mate  
 doth bear a loyall brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.*

The faithful knot of loue is bound,  
 I rest thy deare for euer,  
 Thy pining heart, with bleeding wound,  
 is cured by the giuer—  
 The shaft of loue I shot  
 returnes into my brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.*

I made but tryall of thy heart,  
 how constant it would be ;  
 And now I see thou wilt not start  
 nor fleet away from me ;  
 Though Cressida I proue,  
 yet Troylus thou wilt rest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.*

Account me for no woman kinde  
if I vndoe the knot :  
Or beare the false and faithlesse minde  
to haue the same forgot  
That once, betwixt vs two,  
were sealed in each brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

The siluer Moone shall shine by day,  
the golden Sunne by night ;  
Ere I will go that wanton way  
wherein some take delight.  
But, for Æneas, I,  
with Dido, pierce my brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

Though I have beene vntrue vniust,  
and changing like the Moone,  
Yet in thy kindnesse doe I trust  
that I may haue this boone :  
That sweet forgiuenesse may  
bring comfort from thy brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris  
redintegratio est.*

You chrystall Planets, shine all cleer  
 and light a Louer's way :  
 Let me imbrace my louely deere,  
 which was I doubt a-stray :  
 If once I get the same  
 I'le feede it in my brest ;  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.*

Come, mourne with me, each louing Lasse  
 That Cupid's darlings be,  
 Green loue will change like withered grasse,  
 the same behold in me ;  
 If I had stedfast beene,  
 then had my loue beene blest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*reintegratio est.*

Finis.

# An Admirable New Northern Story of two Constant Lovers.

Of two constant Lovers, as I understand,  
Were born near Appleby, in Westmoreland ;  
The Lad's name Anthony, Constance the Lass,  
To Sea they went both, and great dangers did pass ;  
How they suffer'd shipwrack on the coast of Spain ;  
For two years divided, and then met again,  
By wonderful fortune and case accident,  
And now both live at home with joy and content.

The Tune is **I would thou wer't for Shrewsbury.**





Two Lovers in the North,  
 Constance and Anthony,  
 Of them I will set forth  
     a gallant history :  
 They lov'd exceeding well,  
     as plainly doth appear ;  
 But that which I shall tell,  
     the like you ne'r did hear.  
*Still she crys, " Anthony,*  
*my bonny Anthony,*  
*Gang thou by Land or Sea,*  
*I'll wend along with thee."*

Anthony must to Sea,  
     his calling him did bind,  
 " My Constance dear," quoth he,  
     "I must leave thee behind :  
 I prithee do not grieve,  
     Thy tears will not prevail ;  
 I'll think on thee, my Sweet,  
     when the Ship's under Sail."  
*But still, &c.*

" How may that be ?" said he,  
     " consider well the case :"  
 Quoth she, "sweet Anthony,  
     I'll bide not in this place.

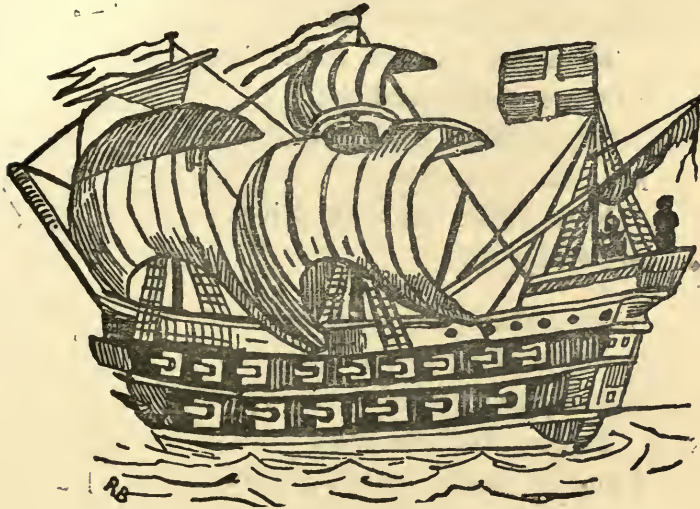
If thou gang, so will I,  
Of the means do not doubt :  
A Woman's policy  
great matters may find out :  
*My bonny Anthony, &c.*

“ I would be very glad,  
but prithee tell me how ?” —  
“ I'll dress me like a Lad,  
what say'st thou to me now ?” —  
“ The Sea thou can'st not brook,” —  
“ Yes, very well,” quoth she,  
“ I'll Scullion to the Cook  
for thy sweet company.  
*My bonny, &c.*

Anthony's leave she had,  
and drest in Man's array,  
She seem'd the blithest Lad  
seen on a Summer's Day.  
O see what Love can do !  
at home she will not bide :  
With her true Love she'll go,  
let weal or woe betide.  
*My Dearest &c.*

In the Ship 'twas her lott  
to be the under-Cook ;  
And at the Fire hot  
Wonderful pains she took ;  
She served ev'ry one,  
fitting to their degree :  
And now and then alone,  
She kissed Anthony.  
*"My bonny Anthony,  
my bonny Anthony,  
Gang thou by Land or Sea  
I'll wend along with thee."*





A lack and weladay,  
in Tempest on the main,  
Their Ship was cast away  
upon the coast of Spain ;  
To the mercy of the Waves  
they all committed were,  
Constance her own self she saves,  
Then she crys for her dear.

*"My bonny Anthony,  
my bonny Anthony,  
Gang thou by Land or Sea,  
I'le wend along with thee."*

Swimming upon a Plank,  
at Bilbo she got ashore,  
First she did heaven thank,  
Then she lamented sore,  
“ O woe is me,” said she,  
“ the saddest Lass alive,  
My dearest Anthony,  
Now on the Sea doth drive.  
*My bonny, &c.*

“ What shall become of me,  
why do I strive for shore,  
Sith my sweet Anthony,  
I never shall see more ?”  
Fair Constance, do not grieve,  
the same good providence  
Hath sav'd thy lover sweet,  
but he is far from hence.  
*Still, &c.*

A Spanish Merchant rich,  
saw this fair-seeming lad  
That did lament so much,  
and was so greivous sad,  
He had in England been,  
and English understood,  
He having heard and seen,  
he in amazement stood :  
*Still, &c.*



The Merchant asked her  
    what was that Anthony :  
Quoth she, “ my Brother, Sir,  
    who came from thence with me :”  
He did her entertain,  
    thinking she was a Boy,  
Two years she did remain  
    before she met her joy.  
*Still, &c.*

Anthony up was tane  
    By an English Runagade,  
With whom he did remain  
    at the Sea-roving trade :  
I'th nature of a slave  
    he did i'th Galley row ;  
Thus he his life did save,  
    but Constance did not know :  
*Still she crys “ Anthony,*  
    *my bonny Anthony,*  
*Gang thou by Land or Sea,*  
    *I'll wend along with thee.”*

Now mark what came to pass,  
    see how the fates did work,  
A Ship that her Master's was,  
    surpriz'd this English Turk,

And into Bilbo brought  
all that aboard her were ;  
Constance full little thought  
Anthony was so near.  
*Still, &c.*

When they were come on shore,  
Anthony and the rest,  
She who was sad before,  
was now with joy possest,  
The Merchant much did muse  
at this so sudden change,  
He did demand the News,  
which unto him was strange ;  
*Now she, &c.*

Upon her knees she fell  
unto her master kind,  
And all the truth did tell  
Nothing she kept behind :  
At which he did admire,  
And in a ship of Spain  
Not paying for their hire  
He sent them home again.  
*Now she, &c.*

The Spanish Merchant rich  
did of's own bounty give  
A sum of Gold, on which  
they now most bravely live :  
And now in Westmoreland,  
they were joyn'd hand in hand,  
Constance and Anthony,  
they live in mirth and glee.  
*Now she says, " Anthony,*  
*my bonny Anthony,*  
*Good providence we see,*  
*hath guarded thee and me."*

Finis.

Printed for **William Chackaray,**  
at the Angel in **Duck-Lane,**  
and **A. M.**

An[ne] Askew,

Intituled, *I am a Woman Poor and Blind.*



I am a woman poor and blind,  
and little knowledge remains in me,  
Long have I sought, but fain would find,  
What Herb in my Garden were best to be.

A Garden I have which is unknown,  
which God of his goodness gave to me,  
I mean my body, where I should have sown  
The seed of Christ's true verity.

My spirit within me is vexed sore,  
my spirit striveth against the same,  
My sorrows do encrease more and more,  
my conscience suffereth most bitter pain.

I with myself being thus at strife  
would fain have been at rest,  
musing and studying, in mortal life,  
what things I might do to please God best.

With whole intent and one accord,  
unto a *Gardiner* that I did know,  
I desired him, for the love of the Lord,  
true seed in my garden for to sow,

Then this proud Gardener, seeing me so blind,  
he thought on me to work his will,  
And flattered me with words so kind,  
to have me continue in my blindness still.

He fed me then with lies and mocks,  
for venial sins he bid me go ;  
to give my money to stones and stocks,  
which was stark lies and nothing so

With stinking meat then was I fed,  
for to keep me from my Salvation,  
I had Trentals of mass, and balls of lead,  
not one word spoke of Christ's passion.



In me was sown all kind of feigned seeds,  
with Popish Ceremonies many a one,  
Masses of Requiem, with other juggling deeds,  
still God's Spirit out of my garden was gone.

Then was I commanded most strictly,  
if of my Salvation I would be sure,  
To build some Chappel or Chauntry,  
to be pray'd for while the world doth endure.

"Beware of new learning," quoth he, "it lyes,  
which in the thing I most abhor,  
Meddle not with it in any manner of wise,  
but do as your fathers have done before."

My trust I did put in the Devil's works,  
thinking sufficient my Soul to save,  
Being worse than either Jews or Turks,  
Thus Christ of his merits I did deprave,

I might liken myself, with a woful heart,  
unto the Dumb man, in Luke the eleven,  
From whence Christ caused the Devil to depart,  
but, shortly after, he took the other seven.

My time thus, good Lord, so quickly I spent,  
alas! I shall die the sooner therefore ;  
O Lord, I find it written in thy Testament,  
that thou hast mercy enough in store

For such Sinners, as the Scripture saith,  
that would gladly repent & follow thy word,  
Which i'le not deny, whilst I have breath,  
for prison, fire, faggot, or fierce sword.

Strengthen me, good Lord, thy truth to stand,  
for the bloody butchers have me at their will,  
With their slaughter knives ready drawn in  
their hands,  
my simple Carcass to devour and kill.

O Lord, forgive me my offence,  
for I offended thee very sore ;  
Take therefore my sinful body from hence,  
then shall I, vile Creature, offend thee nomore.

I would wish all creatures, and faithful friends,  
for to keep from this Gardener's hands,  
For he will bring them soon unto their ends,  
with cruel torments of fierce fire brands.

I dare not presume for him to pray,  
because the truth of him it was well known,  
But, since that time, he had gone astray,  
and much pestilent seed abroad he hath sown.

Because that now I have no space  
the cause of my death truly to show,  
I trust hereafter that, by God's holy Grace,  
that all faithful men shall plainly know.

To thee, O Lord, I bequeath my spirit,  
that art the Work-master of the same,  
It is thine, Lord, therefore take it of right,  
my carcass on earth I leave, from whence it  
came.

Although to ashes it be now burned,  
I know thou canst raise it again  
In the same likeness as thou it formed,  
in Heaven with thee evermore to remain.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the  
Booksellers of London.

A Rare Example of a Vertuous Maid  
in **Paris**, who was by her own Mother procured  
to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel  
her to Popery : but she continued to the end,  
and finished her life in the fire.

Tune is, O Man of Desperation.

It was a Ladies Daughter  
of Paris properly,  
Her mother her commanded  
to Mass that she should hie :  
“ O pardon me, dear mother,”  
her daughter dear did say,  
“ Vnto that filthy Idol  
I never can obey.”

With weeping and wailing  
her mother then did go  
To assemble her Kinsfolks,  
that they the truth may know ;  
Who, being then assembled,  
they did this maiden call,  
And put her into prison,  
to fear her there withal.

But, where they thought to fear her,  
she did most strong endure ;  
Altho' her years was tender,  
her faith was firm and sure ;  
She weigh'd not their allurements,  
she fear'd not firey flame,  
She hop'd, thro' Christ her Saviour,  
to have immortal fame.

Before the judge they brought her,  
thinking that she would turn,  
And there she was condemned  
in fire for to burn.  
Instead of golden bracelets,  
with cords they bound her fast,  
"My God, grant me with patience,"  
(quoth she) "to die at last."

And on the morrow after,  
which was her dying day,  
They stript this silly Damsel  
out of her rich array ;  
Her Chain of Gold, so costly,  
away from her they take,  
And she again most joyfully  
did all the world forsake.



Vnto the place of torment  
they brought her speedily,  
With heart and mind most constant,  
she willing was to die.  
But seeing many Ladies  
assembled in that place,  
These words she then pronounced,  
lamenting of their case.

“ You Ladies of this City,  
mark well my words,” (quoth she)  
“ Although I shall be burned,  
yet do not pittie me ;  
Yourselves I rather pittie,  
and weep for your decay,  
Amend your time fair Ladies,  
and do no time delay.”

Then came her mother, weeping,  
her daughter to behold  
And in her hand she brought her  
a book covered with Gold :  
“ Throw hence,” quoth she, “ that idol,  
convey it from my sight,  
And bring me hither my bible,  
wherein I take delight.

But, my distressed mother,  
why weep you? be content,  
You have to death delivered me,  
most like an innocent.  
Tormentor, do thy office  
on me, when thou think'st best,  
But God, my Heavenly Father,  
will bring my soul to rest.

But oh! my aged Father,  
where-ever thou dost lye,  
Thou know'st not thy poor daughter  
is ready for to die;  
But yet, amongst the Angels,  
in Heaven I hope to dwell  
Therefore, my loving Father,  
I bid thee now farewell.

Farewel, likewise, my mother,  
adieu, my friends, also,  
God grant that you by others  
may never feel such woe;  
Forsake your superstition,  
The cause of mortal strife,  
Embrace God's true Religion,  
for which I lose my life."

When all these words were ended,  
then came the man of death,  
Who kindled soon a fire,  
which stopt this Virgin's breath :  
To Christ, her only Saviour,  
she did her Soul commend,  
"Farewel" (quoth she) "good people!"  
and thus she made an end."

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers  
of London.

The Rarest BALLAD that ever was seen,  
Of the Blind BEGGER'S DAUGHTER of *Bednal*  
*Green.*

It was a blind Beggar that long lost his sight,  
He had a fair Daughter, most pleasant & bright,  
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of favour most fair,  
Yet, seeing she was but a Begger his heir,  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she  
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore, in great sorrow, fair Bessee did say,  
“ Good father and mother, let me go away  
To seek out my fortune, where-ever it be.”  
The suit was then granted to pretty Bessee.

Thus Bessee that was of beauty most bright,  
Then clad in gray russet, &, late in the night,  
From father and mother alone parted she,  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came at Stratford at Bow,  
Then knew she not whither, nor which way, to go ;  
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,  
So sad & so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the high-way,  
And at the Kings-arms entertained was she,  
So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there one month to an end,  
But master, & mistress, & all was her friend,  
And every brave gallant that once did her see,  
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver & gold,  
And in their songs daily her love they extold ;  
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,  
So fair & so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,  
She shew'd herself courteous, but never too coy,  
At their commandment still would she be,  
So fair & so comely is pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go,  
They craved her favour, but still she said, " no ;  
I would not wish Gentlemen to marry with me,"  
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.



The one of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came to her disguis'd in the night ;  
The second a Gentleman of good Degree,  
Who wooed & sued for pretty Bessee.

A Merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
Was then the third suitor, & proper withal ;  
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,  
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

"And if thou wilt marry with me," quod the Knight,  
"I'll make thee a Lady with joy and delight,  
My heart is intralld by thy beauty,  
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee."

The Gentleman said, "Come marry with me,  
In silks and in velvet my Bessee shall be,  
My heart lies distressed, O hear me," quoth he,  
"And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee."

"Let me be thy husband," the Merchant did say,  
"Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay,  
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,  
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

Then Bessee she sighed, & thus she did say,  
"My father and mother I mean to obey,  
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessee."

To every one this answer she made,  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,  
"This thing to fulfill we all do agree,  
But were dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?"

"My father" (quoth she) "is plain to be seen,  
The silly blind begger of Bednal-green,  
That daily sits begging for charity,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessee."

His marks and his tokens are known full well,  
He alwaies is led with a dog and a bell,  
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,  
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay then," (quoth the Merchant,) "thou art not  
for me,"

"Nor," (quoth the Inholder,) "my wife shall not be,"  
"I loath," (quoth the Gentleman,) "a begger's degree,  
Therefore fare you well, my pretty Bessee."

"Why, then," (quoth the Knight,) "hap better or  
worse,

I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,  
And beauty is beauty in every degree,  
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith will I go;"

"Nay, soft," (quoth his kinsman,) "it must not be so,  
A begger's daughter no Lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessee."

And soon after this, by break of the Day,  
The knight had from Rumford, stole Betty away ;  
The young men of Rumford, so sick as may be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,  
Vntil they came near to Bednal-green ;  
And, as the knight lighted most courteously,  
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came presently over the plain,  
Or else the knight for his love there had been slain,  
The fray being ended, then straight he did see  
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then speak the blind begger, "altho' I be poor,  
Rail not against my child at mine own door,  
Tho' she be not deckt with velvet and pearl,  
Yet will I drop angels with thee for my Girl ;

And then, if my gold will better her birth,  
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neither rail, nor grudge you to see  
The blind begger's daughter a lady to be ;

But first I will hear, and have it well known,  
The gold that you drop shall be all your own."  
With that they replièd, "Contented we be" ;  
"Then there's" (quoth the begger) "for pretty Bessee."

With that an angel he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound,  
And oftentimes it proved most plain,  
For the gentleman's one the begger dropt twain

So as the place, whereas he did sit,  
With gold was covered every whit :  
The Gentleman having dropt all his store,  
Said, " Begger, hold ! for I have no more :

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."  
" Then marry my Girl," quoth he to knight,  
" And here," quoth he, " I'l throw you down,  
A hundred pound more to buy her a gown."

The Gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,  
Admired the Begger of Bednal-green ;  
And those that were her suitors before,  
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was their Bessee matcht to a knight,  
And made a lady in others despight ;  
A fairer lady there never was seen  
Than the begger's daughter of Bednal-green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,  
And what brave Lords & Knights thither was prest,  
The second part shall set forth to your sight,  
With marvelous pleasure and wished delight.

[PART II.]

Of a blind begger's daughter most fair and bright,  
That late was betrothed to a young knight,  
All the discourse thereof you may see,  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.



Within a gallant palace most brave,  
Adorned with all the cost they could have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
And all for the love of pretty Bessee.



All kind of dainties and delicates sweet,  
Was brought to their banquet as was thought meet,  
Patridge, Plover, & venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This wedding thro' England was spread by report,  
So that a great number did thither resort  
Of nobles and gentiles of every degree.  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant young Knight,  
His bride followed after like a Lady most bright,  
With troops of Ladies, the like was ne'er seen,  
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednal-green.

This wedding being solemnised, then  
With musick performed by skilful men,  
The Nobles and Gentles sat down at that tide,  
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after their sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talk & to reason a number begun  
Of the blind begger's daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the Knight.

Then speak the Nobles, "Much marvel have we,  
The jolly blind begger we cannot here see."  
"My Lords," quoth the bride, "my father's so base,  
He's loth with his presence these 'states to disgrace."



The praise of a woman in question to bring,  
Before her own face were a flattering thing ;  
“ We think thy father's baseness,” (quoth they)  
“ Might by thy beauty be clean put away.”

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the begger with a silken cloak,  
A velvet cap & a feather had he,  
And now a Musician forsooth he would be ;

And being led in from catching of harm,  
He had a dainty lute under his arm,  
Said, “ Please you hear any musick of me,  
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee.”

With that his lute he twanged straightway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play,  
And, after a lesson, was plaid two or three,  
He strain'd out this song most delicately :

“ A begger's daughter did dwell on the green,  
Who for her beauty may well be a queen  
A blith bonay Lass and dainty was she,  
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father had no goods nor no lands,  
But begged for a penny all day with his hands,  
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,  
Yet still had somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one her birth do disdain,  
Her father is ready, with might & main,  
To prove she is come of a noble degree,  
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee."

With that the Lords & company round,  
With hearty laughter was ready to sound ;  
At last said the Lords, " Full well we may see,  
The bride and the begger's beholden to thee."

With that the bride all blushing did rise,  
With the fair water all in her fair eyes ;  
" Pardon my father, grave Nobles," (quoth she)  
" That through blind affection thus doteth on me."

" If this be thy father," the Nobles did say,  
" Well may he be proud of this happy Day ;  
Yet by his countenance well we may see,  
His birth with his fortune did never agree.

And therefore, blind begger, we pray thee bewray,  
And look that the truth to us thou do say ;  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it might be,  
Even for the love thou bearest to pretty Bessee."

" Then give me leave, you Gentles each one,  
A song more to sing and then I'll be gone ;  
And if that I do not win good report,  
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

When first our King his fame did advance,  
And fought for his title in delicate France ;  
In many places great perils past he,  
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And in those wars went over to fight,  
Many a brave Duke, a Lord, and a Knight,  
And with 'em young Monford of courage so free,  
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And there did young Monford, with a blow o'th' face,  
Lose both his eyes in a very short space ;  
His life also had been gone with his sight,  
Had not a young woman come forth i'th' night.

Amongst the slain men, her fancy did move  
To search and to seek for her own true love ;  
Who, seeing young Montford there gasping lie,  
She saved his life thro' her charity.

And then all our victuals, in beggers' attire,  
At hands of good people we then did require :  
At last into England, as now is seen,  
We came, and remained at Bednal-green.

And thus we have lived in fortune's despoight,  
Tho' poor, yet contented with humble delight :  
And in my old Years, a comfort to be,  
God sent me a daughter called pretty Bessee.

And thus, you Nobles, my song I do end,  
Hoping the same no man doth offend ;  
Full forty long winters thus have I been,  
A silly blind begger of Bednal-green."

Now when the company every one  
Did hear the strange tale in song he had shown,  
They were all amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind begger and pretty Bessee.

With that the fair Bride they then did imbrace,  
Saying, " You are come to an honourable race,  
Thy father likewise of a high degree,  
And thou as worthy a Lady to be."

Thus was the feast ended with joy & delight,  
A happy Bridegroom was made the young Knight,  
Who lived in joy and felicity,  
With his fair Lady, pretty Bessee.

Printed by and for **A. Millbourn**, and sold by the  
Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-Bridge*.

# The Batchelor's Feast,

OR

The difference betwixt, a single life and a double ;  
being the Batchelor's pleasure, and the married  
Man's trouble.

To a pleasant new Tune called *With a hie dildo, dill.*



As I walkt forth of late,  
where grasse and flowers spring,  
I heard a Batchelor  
within an Harbour sing.

The tennor of his song  
    contain'd much melodie,  
It is a gallant thing  
    to live at liberty :  
*With hae dilldo dill,*  
    *hie ho dildurlie :*  
*It is a delightfull thing*  
    *to live at liberty.*

Wee Batchelors can flaunt  
    in Country and in Towne,  
And in good company  
    may meryly spend a crowne ;  
Wee may doe as wee list,  
    our lives from cares are free,  
O 'tis a gallant thing  
    to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.*

No cradle have wee to rocke,  
    nor children that doe cry,  
No land-lords rent to pay,  
    no nurses to supply :  
No wife to scould and brawle,  
    now we still keepe good company  
With them that take delight  
    to live at liberty :  
*With hae dill, &c.*



While married men doe lie  
 with wordly cares opprest,  
 Wee Batchelors can sleepe,  
 and sweetly take our rest :  
 O, married men must seeke  
 for gossips and a nurse,  
 Which heavie makes the heart,  
 but light it makes the purse.  
*With hie dill, &c.*

For candell and for soape  
 and many knacks beside,  
 For clouts and swadling bands,  
 hee likewise must provide,  
 To pay for sops and wine  
 hee must also agree,  
 O 'tis a delightfull thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.*

A man that doth intend  
 to lead a quiet life  
 Must practise day and night  
 to please his longing wife ;  
 New fashions must bee had  
 as oft as shee them see,

O 'tis a pleasant thing  
to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill do dill,*  
*hie, hoe, dildurly :*  
*It is a delightfull thing,*  
*to live at liberty.*



The taylor must be payd  
for making of her gowne,  
The shoemakers for fine shoes,—  
or else thy wife will frowne

For bands, fine ruffles, and cuffes,  
thou must dispence as free :  
O 'tis a gallant thing  
to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.*

A wife must also have  
a beaver of the best,  
That shee may flaunt it out  
and gossip with the rest ;  
Wrought quaiffes and cobweb lawne  
her dayly weare must bee ;  
O 'tis a lightsome thing  
to live at liberty :  
*With hie, &c.*

Yet all this pleaseth not,  
except that thou dost burse  
Both gold and silver coyne,  
to carry in her purse ;  
To Taverne then shee hies,  
where shee will merry bee,  
O 'tis a gallant thing  
to live at liberty :  
*With hie, &c.*

Some thinks a single life  
to bee a dayly trouble,  
But many men doe wed  
and makes his sorrowes double ;  
Therefore I wish young men  
in time be rul'd by mee,  
And learne to sing this song,  
to live at liberty :

*With hie, &c.*

Except a vertuous wife  
a young man chance to find,  
That will industrious be  
and beare a modest mind,  
Hee better were to live  
still single, as wee see,  
For 'tis a gallant thing  
to live at liberty :

*With hie, &c.*

Now will I heere conclude,  
I will no one offend,  
Wishing that every shrew  
her qualities would amend,  
And that all batchelors  
may now be rul'd by mee,

To chuse a loving wife,  
or live at liberty,  
*With hie dildo, dill,*  
*hie ho dildurle :*  
*It is a gallant thing*  
*to live at liberty.*

Finis.

L.P.

Printed at London at I. W. the younger, dwelling at  
the upper end of the Old Bayly.

An Excellent New Medley,  
Which you may admire, (without offence)  
For ev'ry line speaks a contrary sence. .

To the tune of *Tarleton's Medley*.



IN Summer time when folkes make Hay,  
All is not true which people say,  
The foole's the wisest in the play,  
tush! take away your hand :  
The Fidler's boy hath broke his Base,  
Sirs, is not this a pittious case ?  
Most gallants loath to smell the Mace  
of Woodstreet.



The Citty followes Courtly pride,  
 Ione swears she cannot Iohn abide,  
 Dicke weares a Dagger by his side.

come tell vs what's to pay.

The Lawyers thriue by others fall,  
 The weakest alwaies goes to th' wall,  
 The Shoemaker commandeth all  
 at 's pleasure.

The Weauer prays for Huswiues store,  
 A pretty woman was Iane Shore,  
 Kicke the base Rascalls out th' doore :

peace, peace, you bawling Curses.

A Cuckold's band weares out behinde,  
 'Tis easie to beguile the blinde,  
 All people are not of one minde,  
 hold Carmen.

Our women cut their haire like men,  
 The Cocke's ore mastred by the Henne,  
 There's hardly one good friend in ten,  
 turne there on your right hand :

But few regard the cryes o'th poore,  
 Will spendeth all vpon a whore,  
 The Souldier longeth to goe ore,  
 braue knocking.

When the fifth Henry sail'd to France,  
Let me alone for a Countrey dance,  
Nell doth bewaile her lucklesse chance,  
    fie on false-hearted men.

Dicke Tarleton was a merry wagge,  
Harke how that prating asse doth bragge,  
Iohn Dory sold his ambling Nagge,  
    for Kicke-shawes.

The Saylor counts the Ship his house,  
I'le say no more but dun's the Mouse,  
He is no man that scornes a Louse,  
    vaine pride vndoes the Land :  
Hard hearted men make Corne so deare,  
Few Frenchmen love well English beere,  
I hope ere long good newes to heare,  
    hey Lusticke.

Now hides are cheape the Tanner thriues,  
Hang those base men that beate their wiues,  
He needs must goe that the Deuill driues,  
    God blesse vs from a Gun :  
The Beadles make the lame to runne,  
Vaunt not before the battaile's wonne,  
A Cloud sometimes may hide the Sunne,  
    chance medley,

The second part to the same tune.



The Surgeon thriues by fencing schooles,  
 Some for strong liquor pawne their tooles,  
 For one wise man ther's twenty foolles,  
     O when shall we be married ?  
 In time of youth when I was wilde,  
 Who toucheth Pitch must be defil'd,  
 Moll is afraid that shee's with childe,  
     peacc Peter.

The poore still hope for better daies,  
I doe not loue these long delays,  
All loue and charity decayes,  
    in the daies of old :  
I'me very loth to pawne my cloake,  
Meere pouerty doth me prouoke,  
They say a scald head is soone broke,  
    poore trading.

The Dutchmen thriue by Sea and Land,  
Women are ships and must be man'd,  
Let's brauely to our Colours stand,  
    Courage, my hearts of gold :  
I read in moderne Histories,  
The King of Sweden's Victories,  
At Islington ther's Pudding pies,  
    hot Custards.

The Tapster is vndone by chalke,  
Tush ! 'tis vaine to prate and talke,  
The Parrat pratles, "walke, knaues, walke,"  
    Duke Humfry lies in Paul's,  
The Souldier hath but small regard,  
Ther's weekely newes in Paul's Churchyard,  
The poore man cries the world growes hard,  
    cold Winter.

From Long-lane cloathe and Turnestile boots,  
 O fie upon these scabbed cootes,  
 The cheapest meat is Reddish rootes,  
     come, all these for a penny :  
 Light my Tobacco quickly heere,  
 There lies a pretty woman neere,  
 This boy will come to naught I feare,  
                     proud Coxcombe.

The world is full of odious sinnes,  
 'Tis ten to one but this horse winnes,  
 Fcoles set stooles to breake wise men's shinnes,  
     this man's more knaue than foole :  
 Iane oft in priuate meets with Tom,  
 Husband y'are kindly welcome home,  
 Hast any money ? lend me some,  
                     I'me broken.

In ancient times all things were cheape,  
 'Tis good to looke before thou leape,  
 When corne is ripe 'tis time to reape,  
     once walking by the way.  
 A iealous man the Cuckoo loaths,  
 The gallant complements with oathes,  
 A wench will make you sell your cloaths,  
                     run Broker.

The Courtier and the country man,  
Let's liue as honest as we can,  
When Arthur first in Court began,  
His men wore hanging sleeues.  
In May when Grasse and Flowers be green,  
The strangest sight that ere was seene,  
God blesse our gracious King and Queene,  
from danger. Amen.

Finis.

M.P.

Printed at London for H. G.



# An excellent new Medley.

To the tune of the Spanish Pauin.

When Philomel begins to sing,  
the grasse growes green and flowres spring,  
Me thinks it is a pleasant thing  
to walk on Primrose hill.  
Maides, have you any Connie-skins  
To sell for Laces or great Pinnes ?  
The Pope will pardon veniall sinnes :  
Saint Peter.

Fresh fish and newes grow quickly stale :  
Some say good wine can nere want sale,  
But God send poore folkes Beere & Ale  
enough untill they die.  
Most people now are full of pride,  
The Boy said no, but yet he lyde,  
His Aunt did to the Cuck-stoole ride  
for scolding.

Within oure Towne faire Susan dwells :  
Sure Meg is poyson'd, for she swells.  
My friend, pull off your bozzard's bells,  
and let the haggard fly.  
Take heed you play not at Tray-trip,  
Shorte heeles forsooth will quickly slip,  
The beadle makes folke with his whip  
dance naked.

Come, Tapster, tell us what's to pay,  
Iane frownd and cryde, "good Sir, away!"  
She tooke his kindnesse, yet said "nay,"  
as Maidens vse to do :  
The man shall have his Mare agen,  
When all false knaues proue honest men,  
Our Sisly shall be Sainted then,  
true Roger.

The Butcher with his masty Dog,  
At Rumford you may buy a Hog,  
I' faith Raph Goose hath got a clog,  
his wench is great with childe.  
In pillory put the Baker's head  
For making of such little bread,  
Good conscience now-a-dayes is dead,  
Pierce plowman.

The Cutpurse and his Companie,  
Theeues finde receivers presently ;  
Shun Brokers, Bawdes and Vsury,  
for feare of after-claps.  
Lord, what a wicked world is this,  
The stone lets Kate, she cannot pisse ;  
Come hither, sweet, and take a kisse,  
in kindenesse.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,  
She had two buckets to a well,  
Would not a dog for anger swell,  
    to see a pudding creepe ;  
The Horse-leach is become a Smith,  
When halters faile, then take a with :  
They say an old man hath no pith,  
    Round Robin.

Simon doth suck up all the egges,  
Franke neuer drinks without nutmegs,  
And pretty Parnell shewes her legs,  
    as slender as my waste :  
When faire Ierusalem did stand,  
The match is made, giue me thy hand,  
Maulkin must have a cambrick band,  
    blew starched.

The cuckow sung hard by the doore,  
Gyll brawled like a butter-whore,  
Cause her buckeheaded Husband swore  
    the Miller was a knave.  
Good Poets leaue off making playes,  
Let players seek for Souldiers' payes,  
I doe not like the drunken fraies  
    in Smithfield.

Now Roysters spurs do gingle braue,  
Iohn Sexton play'd the arrand knaue  
To digge a coarse out of the grave  
and steal the sheet away.

The wandring Prince of stately Troy,  
Greene sleeves were wont to be my ioy,  
He is a blinde and paultry boy,  
god Cupid.

Come hither friend and giue good eare,  
A leg of mutton stuft is rare,  
Take heed you do not steal my mare :  
it is so hot it burns.

Behold the tryall of your loue,  
He took a scrich-owle for a doue,  
This man is like ere long to proue  
A Monster.

'Tis merry when kinde Maltmen meet :  
No cowards fight but in the street :  
Mee thinks this wench smels very sweet  
of muske, or somewhat else.

There was a man did play at Maw  
The whilest his wife made him a daw,  
Your case is altered in the law  
quoth Ployden.

The Weaver will no-shuttle shoote,  
 Goe bid the Cobler mend my boot,  
 He is a foole will go a-foot  
     and let his horse stand still;  
 Old Iohn a Nokes and Iohn a Stiles  
 Many an honest man beguiles,  
 But all the world is full of wiles  
     and knauery.

Of treason and of Traytors spight,  
 The house is haunted with a sprit,  
 Now Nan will rise about midnight  
     and walke to Richards house :  
 You courtly states and gallants all,  
 Climbe not too hie for feare you fall ;  
 If one please not another shall,  
     King Pipping.

Diana and her darlings deere,  
 The Dutchmen ply the double beere,  
 Eoyes rings the bells and make good cheere,  
     When Kempe returnes from Rome.  
 O man, what meanes thy heaui<sup>e</sup> looke ?  
 Is Will not in his Mistris booke ?  
 Sir Rouland for a refuge tooke  
     Horne-Castle.

Rich people haue the world at will,  
Trades fade, but Lawiers flourish still,  
Iacke would be married unto Gyll ;

but care will kill a Cat.

Are you there, Sirrah, with your beares ?

A Barbers shop with nittie haire,  
Doll, Phillis hath lost both her eares  
for coozning.

Who list to lead a souldier's life ?

Tom would eat meat but wants a knife,  
The Tinker swore that Tib his wife  
would playe at uptailes all.

Beleeve my word without an oath,  
The Tailor stole some of her cloath :

When George laysicke, & Ioane made him broath  
with Hemlocke.

The Patron gelt the parsonage,  
And Esau sold his heritage,  
Now Leonard lack-wit is foole age  
to be his Father's heire.

Ther's many scratch before it itch,  
Saul did ask counsel of a Witch,  
Friend, ye may haue a Bacon fitch  
at Dunmow.



King David plaid on a Welch Harpe,  
 This threed will neuer make a good warpe,  
 At wise mens word's each foole will carpe  
     and shoote their witlesse bolts.  
 Ione, like a ram, wore hornes and wooll.  
 Knew you my Hostis of the Bull ?  
 Squire Curio once was made a gull  
     in Shoreditch.

The blackamores are blabber-lipt,  
 At Yarmouth are the herrings shipt,  
 And at Bridewell the beggers whipt,  
     a man may liue and learne.  
 Grief in my heart doth stop my tongue,  
 The poore man still must put up wrong,  
 Your way lies there, then walk along  
     to Witham

There lies a Lasse that I loue well,  
 The Broker hath gay clothes to sell  
 Which from the Hangmans budget fell,  
     are you no further yet ?  
 In Summer times when peares be ripe  
 Who would give sixpence for a tripe ?  
 Play, Lad, or else lend me thy pipe  
     and Taber.

Saint Nicholas Clarkes wil take a purse,  
Young children now can sweare and curse,  
I hope yee like me nere the worse  
for finding fault therewith.

The servant is the Masters mate,  
When gossips meet thers too much prate,  
Poore Lazarus lies at Diues gate  
halfe starued.

Make haste to Sea and hoyst up sailes,  
The hogs were seru'd with milking pales :  
From filthy sluts and from all ioayles,  
good Lord, deliver us all!

I scorne to ride a raw-boned iade,  
Fetch me a mattocke and a spade,  
A Gravesend toste will soone be made,  
Saint Dennis.

But for to finish up my Song,  
The Ale-wife did the brewer wrong,  
One day of sorrow seems as long  
as ten daies do of mirth.  
My Medly now is at an end,  
Haue you no bowles or trayes to mend ?  
'Tis hard to finde so true a friend  
as Damon.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

# The Bride's Good-Morrow.

To a Pleasant New Tune.



The night is passed, & ioyfull day appeareth  
most cleare on every side ;  
With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,  
good morrow, Mistris Bride !

From sleepe and slumber now awake you out of hand :  
    your bridegroome stayeth at home,  
Whose fancy, favour & affection still doth stand  
    fixed on thee alone :  
Dresse you in your best array,  
This must be your wedding day,  
    God almighty send you happy ioy,  
In health and wealth to keep you still ;  
And, if it be his blessed will,  
    God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy !

This day is honour now brought into thy bosome,  
    and comfort to thy heart :  
For God hath sent you a friend for to defend you  
    from sorrow, care, and smart ;  
In health and sicknes, for thy comfort day & night  
    he is appointed and brought .  
Whose love and liking is most constant, sure, and  
    right :  
    then love ye him as ye ought.  
Now you have your hearts desire,  
And the thing you did require.  
    God almighty send you happy ioy,  
In health and wealth to keepe you still ;  
And, if it be his blessed will,  
    God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy !

There is no treasure the which may be compared  
unto a faithfull friend ;

Gold soone decayeth and worldly [wealth] con-  
sumeth,

and wasteth in the winde :

But love, once planted in a perfect & pure minde,  
indureth weale and woe :

The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde,  
cannot the same overthrowe.

A bit of bread is better cheare,

Where loue and friendship doth appeare,  
then dainty dishes stuffed full of strife ;

For where the heart is cloyd with care,

Sower is the sweetest fare,

and death far better then so bad a life.

Sweet Bride, then may you full well contented  
stay you,

and in your heart reioyce :

Sith God was guider both of your heart and fancy  
and maker of your choice ;

And he that preferd you to this happie state  
will not behold you decay,

Nor see you lack reliefe or help in any rate,  
if you his precepts obay.

To those that ask it faithfully  
The Lord will no good thing deny ;  
    this comfort in the Scriptures may you finde :  
Then let no worldly grieffe and care  
Vexe your heart with foule dispaire,  
    which doth declare the unbeleeuing minde.

All things are ready and euery whit prepared :  
    to beare you company  
Your friends and parents do give their due attend-  
    ance  
    together courtously :  
The house is drest and garnisht for your sake  
    with flowers gallant and green ;  
A solem feast your comely cooks do ready make  
    where all your friends will be seen :  
Youngmen and maids do ready stand,  
With sweet Rosemary in their hand,  
    a perfect token of your virgins life :  
To wait upon you they intend,  
Vnto the Church to make an end :  
    and God make thee a ioyfull wedded wife.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.



# Friendly Counsaile.

Or,

Here's an answer to all Demanders,  
The which I'le declare to all By-standers,  
Thereby to teach them how to know  
A perfect Friend from a flattering Foe.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I could fancy pretty Nancy.*



It was my chance, not long time since,  
To be where was much conference ;  
And amongst their questions all,  
One did me to answer call,  
*Thus demanding how to know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.*

Being much amazed in my minde,  
How this Theame might be defin'd,  
Yet I answer'd thus againe,  
That I would resolute them plaine

*In what kinde they well might know  
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.*

If that thou haue a friend, be kinde—  
Here in true loue thou soone may finde  
Hee'l not leaue thee in distresse,  
But will helpe thee more or lesse ;

*Hereby you may plainly know  
A faithfull, &c.*

On the contrary, marke my words,  
Flattering tongues are worse than swords,  
They'l speake you fair while you them feed,  
But quite forsake thee in thy need :

*These are perfect signes to know  
A faithfull, &c.*

If you want meanes, and haue a friend,  
Hee'l something giue, and something lend,  
He will not see thee for to perish,  
But will thee relieue and cherish :

*Hereby you may finde and know  
A faithfull, &c.*

The flatterer, whilst thou hast chinke,  
 Will proffer meate and giue thee drinke,  
 But for it thou shalt dearely pay,  
 For he will bring thee to decay :

*Then I advise thee how to know  
 A faithfull, &c.*

Thy friend will griue to see thee lacke,  
 Hee'le speake thee faire behind thy backe,  
 In words and deeds hee'l still agree,  
 Hee'l griue to see thy misery :

*Hereby you may plainely know  
 A faithfull, &c.*

Thy foe indeed is nothing so,  
 For hee'l reioyce still at thy woe,  
 And if thou once grow poore and bare,  
 Then for thee he no more will care :

*Thus thou plainely here maist know  
 A faithfull, &c.*

Thy friend will wish thee keep thy meanes,  
 And not to waste it on lewd Queanes,  
 Hee'l bid thee for to haue a care,  
 Cards, Dice and Whores, are dangerous ware :

*Hereby you may plainely know  
 A faithfull, &c.*

The other he will thee intice  
To drunkennesse, Cards, Whores, and Dice ;  
Hee'l aduise thee for to roare,  
To spend thy meanes, and so be poore :  
*Thus thou here maist plainly know  
A faithfull, &c:*

---

The Second Part, To the same tune.



Thy friend such lewdnesse soon will check  
And tell thee thou art like to lacke,  
Hee'l bid thee alwaies haue a care  
Of that which thou dost little feare,  
And that is, pouerty will grow,  
Which thy true friend would not haue so.

The false and fained Flatterer  
 Will seeke to trap thee in his snare,  
 His words most sweet shall still appeare  
 To get thy money, wine, and beere ;  
*These are certaine signes to know*  
*A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.*

If that thy friend be true indeed,  
 Hee'l not forsake thee in thy need ;  
 Hee'l take thy part in weale and woe,  
 Thy flattering friend will not doe so ;  
*These are certaine signes to know*  
*A faithfull, &c.*

Now some perchance may this obiect,  
 And say they are of the true Sect,  
 But such I'le neuer trust, till I  
 Their inward thoughts doe proue and try :  
*Then I certaine am to know*  
*A faithfull, &c.*

If that you want, then, needs of force,  
 For your reliefe you'l take some course ;  
 Need stands behind, and bids you goe  
 The kindnesse of men's hearts to knowe ;  
*And where once you haue try'd it so,*  
*You'l know your friend, &c.*



Thy friend will wondrous sorry be  
To see thee fall to misery,  
And, to his power, hee'l giue reliefe,  
To ease thy dolour, woe and grieffe :

*These are certaine signes to know  
A faithfull, &c.*

Your fair tongu'd fawning hypocrite  
Will say that you were void of wit  
To spend your meanes so foolishly,  
And lacke so long before you dye.

*These are certaine signes to know  
A faithfull, &c.*

Then this aduice take then of me,—  
Before need comes, goe thou and see ;  
Try whilst thou hast of thine owne,  
And see where fauour may be showne :

*Then thou soone shalt finde and know  
A faithfull, &c.*

And looke, where thou didst fauour finde,  
There be not wauering like the winde ;  
If that thy friend proue iust and true,  
Then doe not change him for a new :

*Thus to all men I doe show  
The difference 'twix a friend and foe.*



For my part, I may plainly say,  
 That friends are apt for to decay ;  
 In wealth a man shall haue great store,  
 But very few, if once growne poore ;

*This I write for men to know*

*A faithfull friend, &c.*

When I had means, then I had friends,  
 But now I want, their friendship ends ;  
 Now but few will take my part,  
 Nor helpe release me of my smart :

*This I have writ for men to know*

*A faithfull, &c.*

Thus to conclude and end my Song,  
 Let me aduise both old and young,—  
 If thou doe wish for many friends,  
 Then haue a care and get some meanes ;

*Then you need not care to know.*

*A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.*

FINIS.

C.R.

London : Printed for *Richard Harper*, in Smithfield.

## A Bill of Fare :

For A Saturday nights Supper, A Sunday morning  
Breakfast, and A Munday Dinner, Described in  
a pleasant new merry Ditie.

TO THE TUNE OF *Cooke Laurell*, OR, *Michaelmas  
Terme.*



I'le tell you a Jest which you'l hardly beleue—  
No matter for that, you shall hear't, right or wrong—  
A hungry appetite may perhaps grieve  
To heare such a Banquet set forth in a Song :  
He rather would haue it then heare on't, hee'l say,  
But I cannot promise him such a faire sight ;  
All that I can doe, is with words to display  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

*Imprimis*, foure Fancies, two boyld, and two roast,  
 A large dish of Endimions (good for one's drinke),  
 Six Pelican Chickens, as hote as a toast,  
 And six Birds of Paradise—braue meate I thinke  
 A couple of Phœnix, a Cocke and a Hen,  
 That late from Arabia had tane their flight ;  
 I thinke such a Banquet was ne're made for men,  
 As we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Two paire of Elephants Pettitoes boyld  
 A greene Dragon Spitchcock (an excellent dish),  
 One messe by the Cooke was like to be spoil'd,  
 And yet, by good hap, 'twas to euery one's wish :  
 It was a Rhenoceros boyld in Alegant,  
 To all who did taste it gaue great delight :  
 Iudge whether we haue not occasion to vaunt  
 Of this our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A Calues head was roast with a pudding i'th' belly  
 (Of which all the women did heartily feed),  
 A dish of Irish Harts' hornes boyld to a Ielly  
 (Which most men esteem'd as a good dish indeed).  
 I had almost forgotten to name sowc'd Owle  
 Brought vp to the Master o'th' Feast, as his right ;  
 He lou'd it, he said, aboue all other Fowle,  
 And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

The next in due course was foure golden Horshooes,  
Exactly dissolued through a Woodcock's bill,  
Six Camelions in greene-sawce (Maids commonly  
chuse

This dish euery day, if they may haue their will).

The chine of a Lyon, the haunch of a Beare,  
Well larded with Brimstone and Quicksiluer bright :  
Iudge, Gentlemen, was not this excellent cheere  
That wee had to Supper on Saturday night ?

A whole Horse sowst after the Russian manner,  
Twelue Figs of a strange Capadocian Bitch,  
Six dozen of Estridges rost (which a Tanner  
Did send out of Asia by an Old Witch).

A Leg of an Eagle carbonadoed (in Snow)  
The Pluck of a Grampoise stew'd till it was white ;  
And thus in particular I let you know  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Then came in an Ell of a Iackanapes taile,  
Seru'd in vpon Sippets as dainty as may be ;  
O that is a dainty, which rather then faile,  
Might well serue to feast an Vtopian Lady !  
Twelve Maids were stew'd in the shell of a Shrimp  
And cause it was meat that was held very light,  
They had for their Sawce a salt-pickled Pimpe,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

## The second part, To the same tune.

Two Beares sowst pig fashion, sent whole to the  
board,  
And 4 black swans seru'd by 2 in a dish,  
With a Lobster fried in steaks—take my word,  
I know not well whether it was Flesh or Fish.  
Two Cockatrices, and three Baboones boyld,  
Two dry Salamanders, a very strange sight ;  
A Ioale of a Whale soundly butter'd and oyl'd ;  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

A good dish of Modicums, I know not what,  
In Barbary Vinegar boyld very soft ;  
I mus'd how my Hostis became so huge fat,  
I find 'tis with eating these Modicums oft :  
A Grosse of Canary birds, roasted aliue,  
That out of the dishes (for sport) tooke their flight,  
And euery one present to catch them did striue :  
This was our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A shoale of Red-herrings with bels 'bout their  
necks,  
Which made such rare sport that I saw such ;  
They leaped and danced, with other fine tricks ;  
A man may admire how they could doe so much.



Two Porposes, parboil'd in May-dew and Roses,  
That vnto the smell yeelded so much delighte,  
Some (fearing to lose them) laid hold on their noses :  
All this was at Supper on Saturday night.

Three dozen of Welsh Ambassadors bak't,  
Which made such a noise it was heard through ye  
town ;

Some, hearing the eccho, their foreheads so ak t,  
That many a smile was orecome with a frowne ;  
A dish of Bonitoes, or Fish that can flie,  
That out of the Indies came hither by flight ;  
To close vp our stomacks, a Gridiron Pye  
We had to our Supper on Saturday night.

But what commeth after must not be forgotten,  
The Fruit and the Cheese, as they follow by course,  
A West Indian Cheese (not a bit of it rotten),  
That's made of no worse then the milke of a Horse ;  
A dish of Pine-apples, two bushels at least,  
An hundred of Cokernuts for our delight :  
The world may admire at this wonderful feast  
Which we had at Supper on Saturday night.

Six Pumpians, codled with exquisite art,  
To pleasure the palate of euery one there ;  
Then we at the last had a great Cabbage Tart ;  
Thus haue I exactly described our Cheere :



What all this amounted to, I cannot tell,  
 It cost me nothing—no, faith, not a mite ;  
 The Master o' th' Feast (whom I know very well)  
 Did pay for this Supper on Saturday night.

Wee rose from our mirth with the 12 a clock chimes,  
 Went euey one home as his way did direct,  
 And I, for my part, on the morning betimes,  
 Had a Breakfast prepar'd, which I did not expect :  
 My wife, because she was not bidden to Supper,  
 (It seemes by the story) she bare me a spight ;  
 The Breakfast she gaue me, to you I will vtter—  
 It passed our Supper on Saturday night.

#### SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST.

First had I a dish of Maundering broath,  
 So scolding hote that I could not abide it,  
 But I, like a patient man (though I was loath)  
 Must swallow all down, 'cause my wife did prouide  
 it :

A many small Reasons she put in the same ;  
 Her Nose yeelded Pepper that keenly did bite :  
 Thought I, here's a Breakfast (I thank my good  
 dame)

That passes our Supper on Saturday night.

A great Carpe Pye, and a dish of sad Pouts,  
 With Crocodile Vinegar,—sawce very tart ;

Quoth she, thou last night wast among thy sound trouts,  
Now fall to thy Breakfast, and comfort thy heart ;  
Then had I a Cup full of stout Wormwood Beere,  
(It seems that in Physicke she has good insight,)  
This shewed me the difference 'twixt the homely cheere  
And our dainty Supper on Saturday night.

## MUNDAY DINNER.

On this sorry Fare all that day I did feed,  
And on Munday morning, on purpose to win her,  
I went and got money to furnish her need,  
And now you shall heare what I had to my Dinner  
A Pye made of Conies, with Ducks and Pigs eyes,  
With a deale of sweet Hony, my taste to delight,  
With sweet Lambe and Chicken my mind to suffice :  
These passed my Supper on Saturday night.

Another Pye made with a many Sheepes eyes,  
With sweet Sugar Candy, that pleased my pallet ;  
These seuerall Banquets my Muse did aduise,  
And with her assistance I made this mad Ballett :  
There's no man that's wise will my paines reprehend,  
For most married men will confesse I say right ;  
Yet on no occasion this Ditie was pen'd,  
But to show our rare Supper on Saturday night.

FINIS.

M.P.

London. Printed by *M. P.* for *Fr. Grove* neere the  
Sarazen's head without Newgate.

# Blew Cap for me :

Or,

A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing,  
Shee'l have bonny blew-cap, all other refusing.

TO A CURIOUS NEW SCOTTISH TUNE CALLED *Blew-cap*.



Come hither, the merri'st of all the nine,  
come, sit thee down by me, and let vs be iolly,  
And in a full cup of Apollo's wine  
wee'll drowne our old enemy, mad melancholy :  
Which when wee haue done,  
wee'll betweene vs deuse  
A dainty new ditty  
with art to comprise ;

And of this new ditty,  
the matter shall be—  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me.*

There livers a blithe Lasse in Faukeland towne,  
and shee had some suitors, I wot not how many ;  
But her resolution she had set downe,  
that shee'd haue a Blew-cap gif e're she had any :  
An English man,  
when our good king was there,  
Came often vnto her,  
and loued her deere :  
But still she replide, " Sir,  
I pray let me be,  
*Gif ever I haue a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."*

A Welchman, that had a long sword by her side,  
red pritches, red Tublet, red Coat, and red Peard,  
Was make a creat shew with a creat deal of pride, :  
and tell her strange tale that the like was nere  
heard ;  
Was reckon her pedigree  
long before Prute ;  
No body was by her  
that can her confute :

But still she replide, "Sir,  
 I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."*

A Frenchman, that largely was booted and spur'd,  
 long lock't, with a Ribon, long points and breeches,  
 Hee's ready to kisse her at euery word,  
 and for further exercise his fingers itches :

" You be pritty wench,  
 Mistris, par ma foy ;  
 Be gar, me doe loue you,  
 then be not you coy."  
 But still she replide, " Sir,  
 I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."*

An Irishman, with a long skeane in his hose,  
 did tinke to obtaine her it was no great matter ;  
 Vp stayres to her chamber so lightly he goes,  
 that she ne're heard him vntil he came at her.

Quoth he, " I doe loue you,  
 by fate and by trote,  
 And if you will haue me,  
 experience shall shote."



But still she replide, " Sir,  
I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."*

---

The second part, To the same tune.



A Dainty spruce Spanyard, with haire black as jett  
long cloak with round cape, a long Rapier and  
Ponyard ;



Hee told her if that shee could Scotland forget,  
 hee'd shew her the Vines as they grow in the  
 Vineyard.

“ If thou wilt abandon  
 this Country so cold,  
 Ile shew thee faire Spaine,  
 and much Indian gold.”  
 But still she replide, “ Sir,  
 I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,  
 Blew-cap for me.*”

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,  
 a proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes ;  
 He weepes if the Lasse vpon him doe but frowne,  
 yet he's a great Fencer that comes to ore-match  
 vs.

But yet all his fine fencing  
 could not get the Lasse ;  
 She deny'd him so oft,  
 that he wearyed was ;  
 For still she replide, “ Sir,  
 I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,  
 Blew-cap for me.*”

A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,  
whose cheekes did resemble two roasting Pom-  
waters ;

To this Cany Lasse he his sute did aduance,  
and, as taught by nature, he cunningly flatters :—

“ Isk, will make thee,” said he,  
“ sole Lady o’ th’ Sea,  
Both Spanirds and Englishman  
shall thee obey.”

But still she replide, “ Sir,  
I pray let me be ;

*Gif ever I have a man,  
Blew-cap for mee.”*

These sundry Sutors, of seuerall Lands,  
did daily solícite this Lasse for her fauour ;  
And euery one of them alike vnderstands  
that to win the prize they in vain did endeauour :

For she had resolued  
(as I before said)

To haue bonny Blew-cap,  
or else bee a maid.

Vnto all her suppliants  
still replyde she,

*“ Gif ever I have a man,  
Blew-cap for mee.”*

At last came a Scottish-man (with a blew-cap),  
and he was the party for whom she had tarry'd ;  
To get this blithe bonny Lasse 'twas his gude hap,—  
they gang'd to the Kirk, & were presently  
marry'd.

I ken not weele whether  
it were Lord or Leard ;  
They caude him some sike  
a like name as I heard ;  
To chuse him from au  
she did gladly agree,—  
And stil she cride, "*Blew-cap,*  
*th'art welcome to mee.*"

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert.*

# A Pleasant new Court Song.

Betweene a yong Courtier and a Countrey Lasse.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.



Vpon a Summer's time,  
in the middle of the morne,  
A bonny Lasse I spide,  
the fairest ere was borne ;  
Fast by a standiug poole,  
within a meddow greene,  
She laide herselfe to coole,  
not thinking to be seene.

She gathered louely flowers,  
and spent her time in sport,  
And if to Cupid's bowers  
she daily did resort.

The fields afford content  
 vnto this maiden kinde,  
 Much time and paines she spent  
 to satisfie her minde.

The Cowslip there she cropt,  
 the Daffadill and Dazie ;  
 The Primrose lookt so trim,  
 she scorned to be lazie :  
 And euer as she did  
 these pretty posies pull,  
 She rose and fetcht a sigh,  
 and wisht her apron full.

I, hearing of her wish,  
 made bold to step vnto her ;  
 Thinking her loue to winne,  
 I thus began to wooe her :—  
 “ Faire maide, be not so coy,  
 to kisse thee I am bent.”  
 “ O fie,” she cride, “ away !”  
 yet, smiling, gaue consent.

Then did I helpe to plucke  
 of euery flower that grew ;  
 No herbe nor flower I mist,  
 but onely Time and Rue.

Both she and I tooke paines  
to gather flowers store,  
Vntill this maiden said,  
“ kinde sir, Ile haue no more.”

Yet still my louing heart  
did proffer more to pull ;  
“ No, sir,” quoth she, “ ile part,  
because mine aprons full.  
So, sir, ile take my leaue,  
till next we meet againe :”  
Rewards me with a kisse,  
and thanks me for my paine.





The Second part, To the same Tune.



It was my chance of late  
to walke the pleasant fields,  
Where sweet tun'd chirping birds  
harmonious musicke yeelds.  
I lent a listening eare  
vnto their musicke rare ;  
at last mine eye did glance  
vpon a Damsell faire.

I stept me close aside,  
vnder a Hawthorne bryer ;  
Her passions laid her downe,  
ore-rul'd with fond desire.  
“ Alacke, fond maide,” she cride,—  
and straight fell a weeping,—  
“ Why sufferest thou thy heart  
within a false ones keeping ?

Wherefore is Venus Queene,  
whom maids adore in mind,  
Obdurate to our prayers  
or, like her fondling, blinde,  
When we doe spend our loues,  
whose fond expence is vaine ?  
For men are growne so false,  
they cannot loue againe.

The Queene of loue doth know  
best how the matter stands ;  
And, Hymen knows, I long  
to come within her bands.  
My loue best knowes my loue,  
and loue repaies with hate ;  
Was euer virgin's loue  
so much vnfortunate ?

Did my loue fickle proue,  
then had he cause to flye ;  
But Ile be iudg'd by loue,—  
I lou'd him constantly.”  
I, hearing of her vowes,  
set bashfulnesse apart,  
And striu'd, with all my skill,  
to cheere this maiden's heart.

I did instruct her loue  
where loue might be repaid :  
“ Could I,” quoth she, “ find loue,  
I were an happy maid.”  
I straight, in loue, replide,  
“ in me thou Loue shalt finde ;”  
So made the bargaine sure,  
and eas'd the Maiden's mind.

FINIS.

# A pleasant Countrey new Ditty ;

Merrily shewing how  
To driue the cold Winter away.

TO THE TUNE OF *When Phœbus did rest, etc.*



All hayle to the dayes  
That merite more praise  
    then all the rest of the yeare ;  
And welcome the nights,  
That double delights  
    as well for the poore as the peere :  
Good fortune attend  
Each merry mans friend  
    that doth but the best that he may,  
Forgetting old wrongs,  
with Carrols and Songs,  
    *to driue the cold winter away.*

Let misery packe,  
 With a whip at his backe,  
     to the deep Tantalian flood :  
 In the Lethe profound  
 Let enuy be drown'd  
     that pines at another mans good ;  
 Let sorrowes expence  
 Be banded from hence,  
     all payments of grieffe delay :  
 And wholly consort,  
 With mirth and with sport,  
     *to driue the cold winter away.*

'Tis ill for a mind  
 To anger inclin'd  
     to ruminare iniuries now ;  
 If wrath be to seeke,  
 Do not let her thy cheeke,  
     nor yet inhabite thy brow.  
 Crosse out of those bookes  
 Maleuolent lookes  
     both beauty and youthes decay :  
 And spend the long night  
 In honest delight,  
     *to driue the cold winter away.*

The Court in all state  
Now opens her gate,  
    and bids a free welcome to most ;  
The City likewise,  
Though somewhat precise,  
    doth willingly part with her cost ;  
And yet, by report  
From City and Court,  
    the Countrey gets the day :  
More Liquor is spent,  
And better content,  
    *to drive the cold winter away.*

The Gentry there  
For cost do not spare,  
    the Yeomanry fast [but] in Lent ;  
The Farmers, and such,  
Thinks nothing too much,  
    if they keep but to pay their Rent.  
The poorest of all  
Do merrily call  
    (Want beares but a little sway,)  
For a Song or a Tale  
Ore a Pot of good Ale,  
    *to drive the cold winter away.*



Thus none will allow  
Of solitude now,  
    but merrily greets the time,  
To make it appeare,  
Of all the whole yeare,  
    that this is accounted the Prime.  
December is seene  
Apparel'd in greene,  
    and Ianuary, fresh as May,  
Comes dancing along,  
With a cup or a Song,  
    *To driue the cold winter away.*

---

The second part, To the same tune.



This time of the yeare  
Is spent in good Cheare ;  
    kind neighbours together meet  
To sit by the fire,  
With friendly desire  
    each other in loue to greet :  
Old grudges forgot  
Are put in the pot  
    all sorrowes aside they lay ;  
The old and the yong  
Doth carroll his Song,  
    *to driue the cold winter away.*

Sisley and Nanny  
More iocund then any,  
    (as blithe as the month of Iune)  
Do caroll and sing  
Like birds of the spring,  
    no Nightingale sweeter in tune :  
To bring in content,  
When summer is spent,  
    In pleasant delight and play ;  
With mirth and good cheere  
To end the old yeere,  
    *And driue the cold winter away.*

The Shepheard, the Swaine,  
 Do highly disdain  
     to waste out his time in care ;  
 And Clim of the Clough  
 Hath plenty enough,  
     if but a penny he spare  
 To spend at the night,  
 In ioy and delight,  
     now after his labours all day :  
 For better then Lands  
 Is helpe of his hands,  
     *to driue the cold winter away.*

To Maske and to Mum  
 Kind neighbours will come  
     with Wassels of nut-browne Ale,  
 To drinke and carouse  
 To all in this house,  
     as merry as bucks in the pale ;  
 Where Cake, Bread and Cheese,  
 Is brought for your fees,  
     to make you the longer stay  
 At the fire to warme  
 Will do you no harme,  
     *to driue the cold winter away.*

When Christmas tide  
Comes in like a Bride,  
    with Holly and Iuy clad,—  
Twelue dayes in the yeare  
Much mirth and good cheare  
    in euery houshold is had :  
The Countrey guise  
Is then to devise  
    some gambole of Christmas play ;  
Whereas the yong men  
Do best that they can  
    *to driue the cold winter away.*

When white-bearded Frost  
Hath threatened his worst,  
    and fallen from Branch and Bryer,—  
Then time away cals  
From Husbandry Hals,  
    & from the good Countryman's fire,  
Together to go  
To Plow and to sow,  
    to get vs both food and array :  
And thus, with content,  
The time we haue spent,  
    *to driue the cold winter away.*

FINIS.

# The Catholick Ballad,

Or an Invitation to Popery upon Considerable  
Grounds and Reasons.

TO THE TUNE OF *Eighty eight.*

Since Pop'ry of late is so much in debate,  
And great strivings have been to restore it,  
I cannot forbear openly to declare  
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute no more then, these Heretical men  
Have exposed our Booke unto laughter  
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way  
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O, the Catholick Cause! now assist me, my Muse,  
How earnestly do I desire thee!  
Neither will I pray to St. Bridet to day,  
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholic  
Rome?

I wonder much at your folly!  
For St. Peter was there, and left an old chair,  
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,  
If our doctors may be believed,  
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear  
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up,—  
Though his nature we know to be evil,—  
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,  
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in the seat but our father the Pope ?  
Which is a plain demonstration,  
As clear as noon-day, we are in a right way,  
And all others are doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet, to open your eyes,  
Which are blinded with bad education,  
We have arguments plenty, and miracles twenty,  
Enough to convince a whole nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host  
bleed,  
And, if any thing can persuade ye,  
An image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak  
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see, without doubt, the Devil cast out,  
As of old, by Erra Pater ;  
He shall skip about and tear, like a dancing bear,  
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have reliques most rare,—  
We can shew you the sacred manger ;  
Several loads of the cross, as good as e'er was,  
To preserve your souls from danger.



Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,  
 But I spare you a little for pity,  
 That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,  
 For the Second Part of my Ditty.

---

## The Second Part, To the same Tune.

Now listen again, to those things that remain,  
 They are matters of weight, I assure you ;  
 And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away,  
 'Tis impossible else for to cure you.

O that pestilent Book ! never on it more look,—  
 I wish I could sing it out louder,—  
 It has done men more harm, I dare boldly affirm,  
 Than th' invention of guns and powder.

As for matters of faith, believe what the church saith,  
 But for Scripture, leave that to the learned ;  
 For these are edge-tools, and you laymen are fools,—  
 If you touch them, y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for, that you make all this stir ?  
 You must read, you must hear, and be learned :  
 If you'l be on our part, we will teach you an art,  
 That you need not be so much concerned.

Be the churches good son, and your work is half  
done,

After that you may do your own pleasure :  
If your beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary well,  
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure.

For the Pope keeps the keys, and can do what he  
please,

And without all, peradventure,  
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door  
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first, by the way, you must make a short stay

At a place called Purgatory,  
Which, the learned us tell, in the buildings of Hell,  
Is about the middlemost story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace,

In the torment on't long to endure ;  
None are kept there but fools, and poor pitiful souls  
Who can no ready money procure.

[For] a handsom round sum you may quickly be gon,

So the Church has wisely ordein'd,  
And they who build crosses and pay well for masses,  
Would not there be too long detein'd.

And that 'tis a plain case, as the nose on one's face,  
They are in the surest condition,  
Since none but poor fowls, & some niggardly owls,  
Can fall into utter perdition.

[If] they fail you then, O ye great and rich men,  
[ 'Tis] that you will not hearken to reason ;  
[For] as long as y' have pence, y' need scruple no  
offence,  
For murther, adultery, treason.

And ye sweet-natur'd women, who hold all things  
common,  
My addresses to you are most hearty ;  
And to give you your due, you are to us most true,  
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your pennance is small,  
And although you cannot forgo it,  
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure,  
To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,  
To those who affect the French nation;—  
Hereby we advance the religion of France,  
The religion thats only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail (as how can they fail ?)  
To have Popery entertain'd,  
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,  
What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small happi-  
ness),  
And again we shall see restored  
The Italian trade, which formerly made  
This land to be so much adored.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,  
The good words as sweet as honey,  
All this and much more shall be brought to our door,  
For a little dull English money.

Then shall Iustice and Love, and whatever can move,  
Be restored again to our Britain ;  
And Learning so common, that every old Woman  
Shall say her Prayers in Latin.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State shall  
obey,  
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder ;  
And the proudest of Kings, with all Temporal things,  
Shall submit and trickle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,  
And have handled us with so much Terror,  
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more),  
They may chance to acknowledge their Error.

If any Man, yet, shall have so little Wit  
As still to be Refractory,  
I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass,  
And so there's an end of the Story.

FINIS.

[London, printed for Henry Brome at the  
Gun, the west end of St. Pauls Church-  
yard, MDCLXXVIII.]

Written by Walter Pope, A.M., of the Royal Society,  
and sometime Fellow of Wadham College.]

# The Cruell Shrow;

Or the  
Patient Mans Woe.

Declaring the misery, and the great paine,  
By his vnquiet wife he doth dayly sustaine.

TO THE TUNE OF *Cuckolds all arowe.*



Come, Batchelors and Married men,  
and listen to my Song,  
And I will shew you plainely, then,  
the iniury and wrong  
That constantly I. doe sustaine  
by the vnhappy life,  
The which does put me to great pain,  
by my vnquiet wife.



She neuer linnes her bauling,  
     her tongue it is so loud ;  
 But alwaies shee'le be railing,  
     and will not be contrould ;  
 For shee the Briches still will weare,  
     although it breedes my strife :—  
 If I were now a Batchelor,  
     I'de neuer haue a Wife.

Sometime I goe i' the morning  
     about my dayly worke,—  
 My wife she will be snorting,  
     and in her bed shy'le lurke  
 Vntil the Chimes do goe at Eight,  
     then she'le beginne to wake ;  
 Her morning's draught, well spiced straight,  
     to cleare her eyes, she'le take.

As soone as shee is out of bed  
     her Looking-glasse shee takes,  
 So vainely is she dayly led ;  
     her mornings worke shee makes  
 In putting on her braue atyre,  
     that fine and costly be,  
 Whilst I worke hard in durt and mire,—  
     alacke ! what remedy ?

Then she goes foorth a Gossiping  
amongst her own Comrades ;  
And then she falls a boweing  
with all her merry blades.  
When I come home from my labour hard,  
then shee'le begin to scould,  
And calls me Rogue, without regard,  
which makes my heart full cold.

When I come home into my house,  
thinking to take my rest :  
Then she'le begin me to abuse  
before she did but Iest,  
With " out, you Raskall ! you have beene  
abroad to meet your Whoore !"—  
Then shee takes vp a Cudgel's end,  
and breaks my head full sore.

When I, for quietnesse-sake, desire  
my wife for to be still,  
She will not grant what I require,  
but swears she'le haue her will.  
Then if I chance to heaue my hand,  
straight-way she'le murder ! cry :  
Then iudge all men that here doe stand,  
in what a case am I.

The second Part, To the same Tune.



And if a friend by chance me call  
to drinke a pot of Beere,  
Then she'le begin to curse and brall,  
and fight, and scratch, and teare,  
And swears vnto my work she'le send  
me straight, without delay,  
Or else, with the same Cudgels end,  
shee will me soundly pay.

And if I chance to sit at meat  
    vpon some holy day,  
She is so sullen, she will not eate,  
    but vexes me euer and aye :  
She'le pout, and loure, and curse, & bann—  
    this is the weary life  
That I doe leade, poore harmelesse man,  
    with my most dogged wife.

Then is not this a pitteous cause ?  
    let all men now it trie,  
And giue their verdicts, by the Lawes,  
    betweene my wife and I ;  
And judge the cause, who is to blame,—  
    Ile to their Judgement stand,  
And be contented with the same,  
    and put thereto my hand.

If I abroad goe any where,  
    my business for to doe,  
Then will my Wife anone be there,  
    for to encrease my woe :  
Straight way she such a noise wil make  
    with her most wicked tongue,  
That all her mates, her part to take,  
    about me soone will thronge.

Thus am I now tormented still  
with my most cruell Wife ;  
All through her wicked tongue so ill,  
I am weary of my life :  
I know not truely what to doe,  
nor how my selfe to mend ;  
This lingring life doth breede my woe,  
I would 'twere at an ende.

O that some harmelesse honest man,  
whom Death did so befriend,  
To take his Wife from off his hand,  
his sorrowes for to end,  
Would change with me, to rid my care,  
and take my wife aliue  
For his Dead wite vnto his share,  
then I would hope to thriue.

But so it likely will not be,  
that is the worst of all !  
For, to encrease my dayly woe,  
and for to breed my fall,  
My wife is still most froward bent—  
such is my lucklesse fate !—  
There is no man will be content  
with my vnhappy state.

Thus to conclude and make an ende  
of these my Verses rude,  
I pray all wiues for to amende,  
and with peace to be endude.  
Take warning, all men, by the life  
that I sustained long,  
Be carefull how you'le chuse a Wife,  
and so I'le ende my Song.

FINIS.

*Arthur Halliarg.*

London, Printed by *M. P.* for *Henry Gosson*, on  
London Bridge, neere the Gate.



# The Cooper of *Norfolke*;

Or,

A pretty Iest of a Brewer and the Coopers Wife :  
And how the Cooper served the Brewer  
in his kind.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Wiving Age*.



Attend, my Masters, and listen well  
Vnto this my Ditty, which briefly doth tell  
Of a fine merry Iest which in *Norfolke* befell.  
A braue lusty Cooper in that Countie did dwell,  
And there he cry'd, Worke for a Cooper ;  
Maids, ha' ye any worke for a Cooper ?

This Cooper he had a faire creature to 's Wife,  
Which a Brewer i'th Towne lou'd as deare as his  
    life ;

And she had a tricke which in some wiues is rife,  
She still kept a sheath for another man's knife,  
    And often cornuted the Cooper,  
    While he cry'd, More worke for a Cooper.

It hapned one morning the Cooper out went,  
To worke for his liuing it was his intent ;  
He trusted his house to his wiues gournment,  
And left her in bed to her owne hearts content,  
    While he cry'd, What worke for a Cooper,  
    Maids, ha' ye any worke for a Cooper ?

And as the Cooper was passing along,  
Still crying and calling his old wonted song,  
The Brewer, his riual, both lustie and yong,  
Did thinke now or neuer to doe him some wrong,  
    And lie with the wife of the Cooper,  
    Who better lov'd him than the Cooper.

So, calling the Cooper, hee to him did say,  
Goe home to my house, and make no delay,  
I haue so much worke as thou canst doe to-day ;  
What euer thou earnest, Ile 'bountifully pay.

    These tidings well pleased the Cooper :  
    Oh, this was brave newes for the Cooper.

Away went the Cooper to th' house of the Brewer,  
Who, seeing him safe at his worke to indure,  
Thought he, now for this day the Cooper is sure ;  
He goe to his wife, her green-sicknesse to cure ;  
    Take heed of your forehead, good Cooper,  
    For now I must worke for the Cooper.

So straightwaies he went to the Coopers dwelling ;  
The goodwife to giue entertainment was willing ;  
The Brewer & she like two pigeons were billing ;  
And what they did else they haue bound mee from  
    telling.

He pleased the wife of the Cooper ;  
Who better lov'd him than the Cooper.

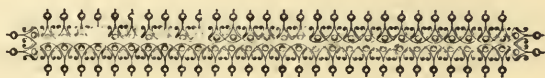
But marke how it happened now at the last :  
The sunshine of pleasure was soone ouer-past ;  
The Cooper did lacke one of 's Tooles, and in haste,  
He came home to fetch it, and found the doore fast.  
    Wife, open the doore, quoth the Cooper,  
    And let in thy husband the Cooper.

Now when the good wife and the Brewer did heare,  
The Cooper at doore, affrighted they were :  
The Brewer was in such a bodily feare,  
That for to hide himselfe he knew not where,  
    To shun the fierce rage of the Cooper :  
    He thought he should die by the Cooper.

The good wife perceiuing his wofull estate,  
She hauing a subtill and politicke pate,  
She suddenly whelm'd downe a great brewing Vat,  
And closely she couer'd the Brewer with that.

Then after shee let in the Cooper.

What's under this Tub? quoth the Cooper.



## The second Part, To the same Tune.

She hearing her husband that question demand,  
She thought it was time to her tackling to stand :  
“ Take heed how you moue it,” quod she, “ with  
your hand,

For there's a liue Pig, was sent by a friend :

Oh, let it alone, good Cooper.”

Thus she thought to couzen the Cooper.

“ Is it a Sow pig?” the Cooper did say ;

“ Let me hau't to my Supper—” the good wife said,

“ nay,

It is, sir, a Bore-pig,” quoth she, “ by my fay ;

'Tis for my owne diet, 'twas giu'n me to-day.

It is not for you, Iohn Cooper ;

Then let it alone, Iohn Cooper.”

“ I would it were in thy belly,” quoth *John*.  
 “ Indeed,” quoth the goodwife, “ so it shall be anon ;  
 What ere I do with it, faith, thou shalt haue none ;  
 Why stand’st thou here prating ? I prethee be gone :  
     Make haste to thy worke, Iohn Cooper ;  
     Worse meat’s good enough for a Cooper.

“ Cannot a good wife haue a bit now and than,  
 But there must be notice tane by the good man ?  
 Ile hau’t to my dinner, sir, doe what you can ;  
 It may be I long to haue all or none.  
     Then prethee content thyselfe, Cooper ;  
     Oh, goe to thy worke, Iohn Cooper.”

The Cooper mistrusted some knauerie to be  
 Hid vnder the brewing Vat, and therefore hee  
 Was fully resolu’d for his mind-sake to see.  
 Alas! thought the Brewer, now woe be to me ;  
     Oh, what shall I say to the Cooper ?  
     I would I were gone from the Cooper.

“ You whore,” quod the Cooper ; “ is this your  
     Bore-pig ?  
 He has beene well-fed, for hee’s growne very big :  
 Ile either of him haue an arme or a leg ;  
 Ile make him vnable his taile for to wrig ;  
     Before he gets hence from Iohn Cooper  
     Ile make him remember the Cooper.”



Oh, pardon me, Neighbour, the Brewer did say,  
And for the offence I haue done thee this day  
I am well contented thy wrath to allay,  
And make restitution for this my foule play ;  
    O prethee forgive me, Iohn Cooper,  
    And Ile be a friend to Iohn Cooper.

“ If from this offence thou wilt set me cleere,  
My bounty and loue to thee shall appeare:  
Ile freely allow thee and thine all the yeare,  
As much as yee’l drink, either strong Ale or Beere.  
    Then prethee forgive me, Iohn Cooper,  
    Accept of my proffer, Iohn Cooper.”

“ Oh, no” quoth the Cooper, “ I’de haue thee to  
    thinke,  
That I with my labour can buy myselfe drinke ;  
Ile geld thee, or lame thee, ere from me thou shrink.”  
These words made the Brewer with fear for to stink.  
    He feared the rage of the Cooper,  
    Yet still he intreated the Cooper.

The Cooper by no meanes would let go his hold ;  
The Brewer cry’d out to the Cooper and told  
Him, there was the key of his siluer and gold,  
And gaue him free leaue to fetch what he would.  
    Oh, then he contented the Cooper ;  
    These tidings well pleased the Cooper.



“It thou,” quoth the Cooper, “wilt sweare with an oath,

To doe all thou tell’st me, although I am loath,  
I will be contented to pardon you both.”

“Content,” quoth the Brewer “I will, by my troth.  
Here, take thou my key, Iohn Cooper.”

“Yea, with a good will,” quoth the Cooper.

On this condition they both went their way,  
Both Iohn and the Brewer, but *Iohn* kept the key  
Which open’d the Coffe, where more money lay  
Than *Iohn* the Cooper had seene many a day.

This is a brave sight, thought the Cooper.  
He furnish my selfe, thought the Cooper.

*Iohn* was so farre in affection with that,  
That he tooke up handfuls and filled his Hat.  
“I will haue my bargaine,” quoth *Iohn*, “that is flat;  
The Brewer shall pay well for using my Vat;  
He cry no more Worke for a Cooper;  
Farewell to the trade of a Cooper.”

Thus money can pacifie the greatest strife;  
For *Iohn* never after found fault with his wife.  
Hee left of his Adz, his Saw and his Knife,  
And after liu’d richly all days of his life.

Hee cry’d no more, “Work for a Cooper;”  
Oh, he left off the trade of a Cooper.

And in his merry mood oft he would say,  
“ If that I had hoop’t twenty tubs in one day,  
I should not haue got so much wealth by my fay ;  
Gramercie, kind wife, for thy wit found the way  
    To make a rich man of Iohn Cooper.  
    Oh; what a good wife has Iohn Cooper.”

Let no marry’d couple, that hear this tale told,  
Be of the opinion this couple did hold,  
To sell reputation for siluer or gold  
For credit and honesty should not be sold.  
    Thus ended the song of the Cooper,  
    That cry’d, Ha’ ye any worke for a Cooper ?

M. P.

Finis.

Printed at London, for *Francis Grove*, on Snow-hill.

## Choice of Inuentions,

Or

Seuerall sorts of the figure of three,  
That are nevvly compos'd as you may here see ;  
Then lend your attention. you shall heare anon ;  
It goes to the tune of *Rock the Cradle, sweet John.*



There were three men of Gotam,  
as I haue heard men say,  
That needs would ride a hunting  
vpon Saint *David's* day.

Though all the day they hunting were,  
yet no sport could they see,  
Vntill they spide an Owle,  
as she sate in a tree.

The first man said it t'was a Goose.  
the second man said nay,

The third man said it was a Hawke,  
but his Bels were falne away :

*There was an Ewe had three Lambes,  
and one of them was blacke ;*

*There was a man had three sonnes,  
Ieffery, Iames, and Iacke ;*

*The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,*

*The third was lost and never found,*

*The old man he fell in a sownd :*

*come, fill vs a cup of Sacke.*

There were three London Lasses  
did loue a bonney Lad,

And either of these Wenchs thought  
this young man to haue had.

These Damsels all together met,  
and wrought a strange deuice,

That she should haue the man that could  
throw most vpon three Dice ;

Their maiden-heads must be the stake.

now marke what did befall,  
The young man threw the greatest cast,  
and brauely wonne they all.  
*There was an Ewe, &c.*

There were three good old women  
that would not be contrould,  
And each of them must take her cup,  
to keepe them from the cold.  
The one of them a Taylors wife,  
the other was a Weauer,  
The third a merry Coblers wife,  
that praid for dirty weather ;  
To sit and chat of this and that,  
it was then their hearts desire ;  
So long they staid till two were drunk,  
the third fell in the fire.  
*There was an Ewe, &c.*

The Piper pip't his wife a daunce,  
and there sprung vp a Rose ;  
The Cobler drunke strong Ale so long  
till he had wrong'd his Hose ;  
His wife came with a Broomstaffe,  
and strooke him on the head,  
That euery one did surely thinke  
the Cobler had beene dead :  
But being to his senses come,

“sweet wife,” said he, “be quiet,  
This twelue months day Ile take small Beere  
or water for my diet,”  
*There was an Ewe, &c.*

A man that hath a sluttish wife  
is in a beastly taking :  
And he that hath a cleanly wife  
is of another making ;  
He that hath a dogged wife  
my fancy cannot brooke,  
But he that hath a vertuous wife  
hath farre more better lucke :  
He that hath a drunken wife,  
that spends all at the Alehouse,  
Were better take a Cord in hand,  
and hang himselfe at the Gallowes.  
*There was a Ewe had three Lambs,  
and one of them was blacke ;  
There was a man had three sonnes,  
Ieffery, Iames, and Iacke ;  
The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,  
The third was lost and neuer found,  
The old man he fell in a sownd ;  
come, fill vs a cup of Sacke.*



The Second Part, to the same tune.



There was a Lasse had three Louers,  
the one of them a Taylor,  
The second was a monied man,  
the third a Iouiall Saylor :  
The Taylor gaue his Loue a Gowne,  
in loue and kinde good will ;  
The Vsurer, with his money-bags,  
her purse did often fill ;

The Saylor in the Euening came  
vnto his hearts delight,  
And brauely carried the wench away,  
the childe and all, by night.

*There was a Ewe had three Lambes,  
and one of them was blacke ;*

*There was a man had three sonnes,  
Ieffery, Iames, and Iacke ;*

*The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,*

*The third was lost and neuer found,*

*The old man he fell in a sownd :*

*come, fill vs a cup of Sacke.*

There were three roaring Fidlers  
came lately out of France,

That light and nimbly can  
teach maidens how to daunce.

In Turnbull-street and Clarckenwell,

Pickt-hatch, and faire Bloomsberry,

These fidlers taught their scholler there  
to sing, daunce, and be merry :

Yet bid all Fidlers haue a care  
of dauncing in this kinde,

Lest they from Tiburne chance to fall,  
and leaue the Crowd behinde.

*There was, &c.*

A man that hath a signe at his doore,  
 and keeps good Ale to sell,  
 A comely wife to please his guests,  
 may thriue exceedingly well ;  
 But he that hath a scolding wife,  
 his fortune is the worse,  
 For shee'll not onely brawle and chide,  
 but picke her husbands purse :  
 And he that hath a foole to his wife,  
 her neighbours oft will flout her ;  
 But he that hath a Whore to his wife,  
 were better be without her.

*There was, &c.*

There were three lusty souldiers  
 went through a towne of late,  
 The one lou'd Besse, the other Sisse,  
 the third lou'd bouncing Kate.  
 These maidens were three Landresses,  
 to wash mens shirts and bands,  
 And for their pains these souldiers gaue  
 them wages in their hands.  
 The Gallants are to Sweathland gone—  
 all this is truth I tell yee—  
 And left these Lasses for to cry,  
 “ woe and alas ! my belly !”

*There was, &c.*

Three Gallants in a Tauerne  
did brauely call for Wine ;  
But he that loues those dainty Cates  
is sure no friend of mine ;  
Giue me a cup of Barley broth, .  
for this of truth is spoke,  
These Gallants drunke so hard that each  
was forct to pawne his Cloake :  
The oyle of Barley neuer did  
such iniury doe to none,  
So that they drinke what may suffice,  
and afterwards be gone.

*There was a Ewe had three Lambes,  
and one of them was blacke ;*

*There was a man had three sonnes,  
Ieffery, Iames, and Iacke ;*

*The one was hangd, the other drownd,  
The third was lost and never found,  
The old man he fell in a sownd :  
come, fill vs a cup of Sacke.*

# The Country-mans new Care away.

TO THE TUNE OF *Loue will find out the way.*



If there were employments  
for men, as haue beene,  
And Drummes, Pikes, and Muskets  
in th' field to be seene,  
And every worthy Souldier  
had truely their pay,  
Then might they be bolder  
to sing "Care, away!"

If there were no Rooking,  
but plaine dealing vsed,  
If honest Religion  
were no wayes abused ;  
If pride in the Country  
did not beare sway,  
The poore and the Gentry  
might sing "Care, away!"

If Farmers consider'd  
the dearenesse of graine,  
How honest poore Tradesman  
their charge should maintaine,  
And would bate the price on't  
to sing "Care, away!"  
We should not be nice on't  
of what we did pay.

If poore Tenants Landlords  
would not racke their rents,  
Which oft is the cause of  
their great discontents ;  
If, againe, good-house-keeping  
in th' Land did beare sway,  
The poore that sits weeping  
might sing "Care, away!"



If to liue vprightly  
all men were concurring,  
If Lawyers with Clients  
would vse no demurring,  
But kindly would vse them,  
for what they did pay,  
They need not sit musing,  
but sing "Care, away!"

If Spendthrifts were carefull,  
and would leaue their follies,  
Ebriety hating,  
Cards, Dice, Bowling-Alleyes,  
Or with wantons to dally  
by night or by day,  
Their wiues might be merry  
and sing "Care, away!"



The Second Part, To the same tune.



If Children to Parents  
would dutifull be,  
If Seruants with Masters  
would deale faithfully;  
If Gallants poore Tradesman  
would honestly pay,  
Then might they have comfort  
to sing "Care, away!"

There is no contentment  
 to a conscience that's cleare ;  
 That man is most wretched  
 [who] a bad mind doth beare  
 To wrong his poor Neighbour  
 by night or by day :  
 He wants the true comfort  
 To sing " Care, away !"

But he that is ready  
 by goodness to labour  
 In what he is able  
 to helpe his poore Neighbour,  
 The Lord will euer blesse him  
 by night and by day ;  
 All ioyes shall possesse him  
 to sing " Care, away !"

Would wiues with their husbands,  
 and husbands with wiue[s],  
 In loue and true friendship  
 would so lead their liues  
 As best might be pleasing  
 to God night and day,  
 Then they, with hearts' easing,  
 might sing " Care, away !"

No crosse can be greater  
vnto a good mind  
Than a man to be matched  
with a woman vnkind,  
Whose tongue is never quiet,  
but scolds night and day,  
That man wants the comfort  
to sing "Care, away !"

A vertuous woman  
a husband that hath  
That's giuen vnto lewdnesse,  
to enuy and wrath,  
Who after wicked women  
does hunt, for his prey,  
That woman wants comfort  
to sing "Care, away !"

Where there no resorting  
to houses of vice,  
Or were there no courting  
a wench that is nice,  
Yet, ere she will refuse it,  
the wanton will play,  
Poore men might be merry,  
and sing "Care, away !"

Like true subjects loyall,  
to God let us pray,  
Our good King so Royall  
to preserue night and day :  
With the Queen, Prince, and Nobles,  
the Lord blesse them aye :  
Then may we all haue comfort  
to sing "Care, away!"



Come, buy this new Ballad, before you doe goe :  
If you raile at the Author, I know what I know.

*To the Tune of Ile tell you but so.*



It is an old saying,  
that few words are best  
And he that sayes little  
shall liue most at rest ;



And I, by experience,  
doe finde it right so,  
Therefore ile spare speech,  
*But I know, what I know.*

Yet shall you perceiue well,  
though little I say,  
That many enormities  
I will display.  
You may gusse my meaning  
by that which I show ;  
I will not tell all,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be some great climbers,  
compos'd of ambition,  
To whom better-borne men  
doe bend, with submission :  
Proud *Lucifer*, climbing,  
was cast very low ;  
Ile not stay these men,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many Foxes  
that go on two legges  
They steale greater matters  
then Cocks, Hennes, and Egges ;

To catch many Guls  
in Sheepes cloathing they goe ;  
They might be destroy'd,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many men  
that Deuotion pretend,  
And make us beleeeue  
that true Faith they'le defend :  
Three times in one day  
to Church they will goe ;  
They cozen the world,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many rich men,  
both Yeomen and Gentry,  
That for their owne priuate gaine,  
hurt a whole Countrey  
By closing free Commons ;  
yet they'le make as though  
'Twere for common good,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be diuers Papists  
that, to saue their Fine,  
Come to Church once a moneth  
to heare Service Divine.

The Pope giues them power,  
as they say, to doe so ;  
They saue money by't too,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many Vpstarts,  
That spring from the Cart,  
Who, gotten to th' Court,  
Play the Gentlemans part :  
Their fathers were plaine men ;  
they scorne to be so ;  
They thinke themselues braue,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many Officers,  
men of great place,  
To whom if one sue  
for their fauour and grace,  
He must bribe their seruants,  
while they make as though  
They know no such thing,  
*but I know, &c.*



The Second Part, To the same Tune.



There be many Women  
That seeme very pure ;  
A kisse from a stranger  
they'le hardly endure.  
They are like *Lucretia*  
modest in show ;  
I will accuse none,  
*but I know, &c.*

Likewise there be many  
 dissembling men  
 That seeme to hate Drinking  
 and Whoring, yet when  
 They meet with a Wench,  
 to the Tauerne they'le goe,  
 They are ciuill all day,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many Batchelors  
 that, to beguile  
 Beleeuing kind Lasses,  
 vse many a wile ;  
 They all sweare that they loue  
 when they meane nothing so  
 And boast of these trickes,  
*but I know, &c.*

There's many an Vsurer  
 that, like a Drone,  
 Doth idly liue  
 vpon his moneys Lone ;  
 From Tens vnto Hundreds  
 his money doth grow ;  
 He sayes he doth good,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many Gallants  
that goe in gay Rayment  
For which the Taylor  
did neuer receiue payment ;  
They ruffle it out  
with a gorgeous show ;  
Some take them for Knights,  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many Rorers,  
That swagger and rore  
As though they in th' warres had be[en]  
seuen yeeres and more ;  
And yet they neuer lookt  
in the face of a Foe ;  
They seeme gallant Sparkes,  
*but I know, &c.*

There's many, both Women  
an Men, that appeare  
With beautifull Out-sides,  
the World's eyes to bleare ;  
But all is not Gold  
that doth glister in show ;  
They are fine with a Pox,  
*but I know, &c.*



There's many rich Trades-men  
 who liue by Deceit,  
 And in Weight and Measure  
 the poore they do cheat ;  
 They'le not swear an Oath,  
 but indeed, I and No;  
 They "truely protest,"  
*but I know, &c.*

There be many people  
 so giuen to strife,  
 That they'le goe to Law  
 for a two-penny Knife :  
 The Lawyers nere aske them  
 why they doe so ;  
 He gets by their hate,  
*but I know, &c.*

I know there be many  
 Will carpe at this Ballet,  
 Because it is like  
 sowre Sawce to their Pallet ;  
 But he, shee, or they,  
 let me tell ere I goe,  
 If they speake against this Song,  
*I know what I know. Finis.*

A new Ballad, containing a communication between the carefull Wife and the comfortable Husband, touching the common cares and charges of House-hold.



THE CAREFUL WIFE.

How shall we, good husband, now live, this hard  
    yeare,  
This world is so queasie, and all things so deare,  
And so little taking of money for ware,  
Makes me lye waking with no little care :

Then had you need, Husband, to looke to the Fore,  
 Whose crafty conveyance will empty your bore,  
 With faire fawning speeches some credit to crave,  
 Or else to bee surety for more than you have.

Then, Husband, bee carefull and not over large,  
 For unto Hous-keeping there 'longeth a charge :  
 In wiving and thriving, it is an old song,  
 More then the bare legs to bed doe belong.  
 What you spend on mee, I take for my paine  
 For doing such duties as you would disdain ;  
 For dressing your dyet, in washing and wringing,  
 And much paines I take, man, with faire babies  
                   bringing.

And what you doe get, Sir, that will I save ;  
 What better good will in a Wife can you have ?  
 Be sure of my promise “ for better, for worse,”  
 I will be a huswife, to husband your purse.  
 I must provide, man, for many an odde thing  
 That you never looke to buy or to bring ;  
 To welcome your neighbours, your Nurse, and your  
                   friend,—  
 To furnish a houshold 'longs many an odde end.

What need, man, such odding betwixt you and me ?  
 All shall bee even, man, if wee two agree ;  
 Even you, my good husband, and I, your good wife,  
 Will passe this hard yeere, man, without any strife ;

And I, for my part, will doe what I may,  
With Spinning and Reeling, to passe time away ;  
Providing, and getting to pay for my flaxe,  
That none shall come chatting to you for such lacks.

As just as you will, man, I will be content,  
Pay you the Brewer and the Landlord his rent,  
The Butcher, the Baker, and the Collier his score,  
And then the Woodmonger, and I aske no more ;  
Then a good Newyeers gift, good husband, give  
    mee,  
And a good Newyeers gift I doe give thee :  
Thou hast a good wife, that a huswife will bee,  
Both this yeare and many to bee merry with thee.



#### THE COMFORTABLE HUSBAND.

Wife, as wee get little, so temper our dyet  
With any small morsell to live and be quiet,  
Though home be but homely, and never so poore,  
Yet let us keepe, warily, the Wolfe from the doore.  
Nay, there lay a straw—Wife, I am not so mad ;  
Well payd is well sold, wife ; a man may be glad  
With any light gaine to fill up the purse,  
Meane state to maintaine, but not make it worse.

I know it is true, goodwife, that you say,  
 He that doth marry, must cast much away ;  
 For looke, whatsoeuer I spend upon you,  
 Comes never againe, (wife), I think this is true.  
 Looke what you would haue, Wife, let mee know,  
 I grutch not at any thing that you bestow ;  
 Be content and pleased, lacke shall bee no let ;  
 Ile see your cares eased as fast as I get.

But looke no more in, wife, then I looke without ;  
 You looke in my purse, wife, too often, I doubt ;  
 But when you looke in, would you bring in as fast ?  
 Then, though you still look'd, the longer 'twould last.  
 Vpon the odds, wife, I perceiue still you goe ;  
 With the oddes I have gotten a verry odde shrow ;  
 The oddes may sometimes, wife, make a faire lay,  
 And the oddes may hazard to make all away.

A merry new life makes a merry beginning ;  
 Let goe : this is past, wife ; be it losing or winning,  
 I will play the good husband the best that I can,  
 To live with good credit and pay every man.  
 Then shall wee lacke nothing, wife, I doe beleewe,  
 Nor no man shall take you or me by the sleeve  
 For scoring, or tallying, or taking on trust,  
 But cleare quittance making is ioyfull and iust.



That I shall doe, wife, with a very good will,  
 To pay that I owe, my meaning is still,  
 And shall have to pay, I hope, while I live,  
 What old yeare affords not, the new yeere will give.  
 God grant it bee true all this that you say,  
 To his onely glory, to whom let us pray,  
 That wee in his feare may seem to amend  
 Our former sinnes passed unto our lives' end.



The Householders New-yeeres Gift,  
 containing a pleasant Dialogue betwixt the Hus-  
 band and Wife, pleasant to be regarded.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Where is my true love?*

Grieve no more, sweet Husband,  
 to grieve it is in vaine ;  
 Little it availeth  
 to grieve or else complaine ;  
 Then shew thy need to no man,  
 for it doth breed disdain :  
 Now comes a good new yeare.



H. Alacke, and alas for woe !  
 how can I chuse ?  
 The world is grown so cruell,  
 the friendship few doe vse ;  
 Flattery gets credit,  
 plaine troth is overthrowne :  
 O Lord, send a good new yeere !

W. The world it is deceitfull,  
 then trust it not, my deare,  
 But take this comfort to thee,  
 thy saddest thoughts to cheare,  
 The Lord will never leave them  
 where true love doth appeare :  
 And God send a merry new yeare !

H. What comfort can I take, Wife,  
 when sorrow is so great ?  
 Misery on all sides  
 doth us alwayes threat,  
 When labour is too little  
 to finde us bread and meat :  
 O Lord, send a good new yeare !

Scarcitie is planted  
 in Village and in towne ;  
 We see our neighbours' children  
 goe begging up and downe ;

Few persons doe relieve them,  
but all of them doe frowne :  
O Lord, send'a good new yeare !

W. Greedinesse is causer,  
good husband, of this ill ;  
Pride, that madding monster,  
kind charitie doth kill :  
Lord Iesus, soone amend it,  
according to thy will,  
And send us a merry new yeare !

H. Corne, in every Market,  
So deare we dayly see,  
Wee pay more for a bushell  
then we were wont for three :  
This cuts the hearts of poore men,  
and this undoeth me :  
O Lord, send a good new yeare !

W. Why, husband, this hath caused  
so many, at this day,  
To pinch their pretty bellies  
within their garments gay,  
And all they thinke too little  
upon themselves to lay :  
Good Lord send a merry new yeare !

H. Sweet wife, a thousand sorrowes  
doe yet torment my minde,  
To thinke for all my labour  
how I am still behinde,  
And for the same no remedy,  
alacke ! that I can finde :  
Good Lord send a merry new yeere !

W. Take courage, gentle Husband,  
and hearken what I say,—  
After freezing Ianuary  
commeth pleasant May;  
There is no storme so cruell,  
but comes as faire a day :  
Good Lord send a merry new yeere !

H. Gentle Wife, I tell thee,  
my very heart is done ;  
The worlds great calamitie  
no way can I shunne ;  
For still in debt and danger  
more and more I runne :  
Good Lord send a merry new yeere !

W. Be content, sweet Husband,  
and hearken unto mee :—  
The Lord is still as mercifull  
as he was wont to bee :

Goe thou and ply thy labour, . . .  
and I will worke with thee :  
Good Lord, send a merry new yeere !

I will not be idle,  
but I will Card and Spin ;  
I will save together  
that thou bringest in :  
No man for debt is hanged,  
then passe thou not a pin :  
And God, send a merry new yeere !

H. Deere Wife, thy gentle speeches  
revive me at the heart,  
To see thee take my poverty  
in such a gentle part :  
If God doe ever raise me,  
thou shalt have thy desert :  
And God send a merry new yeere !

W. Poverty, sweet Husband,  
oft time hath been blamed,  
But poverty with honesty  
never yet was shamed :  
The rich man discontented  
may bee a poore man call'd :  
But God, send a merry new yeere !

What thou want'st in riches  
I will supply in love ;  
Thou shalt be my honey,  
and I thy Turtle Dove :  
Thou art my beloved,  
no sorrow shall remove :  
And God send a merry new yeere !

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in Old-Bayly.

.....

Come worldling[s] see what paines I here do take,  
To gather gold while here on earth I rake.

What the Father gathereth by the Rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the Forke.



Come, come, my brave gold,  
Which I love to behold,  
come to me, and Ile give you rest ;



Where as you may sleepe,  
 And I safely will keepe  
     you lock't in my yron-bound chest ;  
 No thieves you shall feare  
 You in pieces to teare,  
     such care of you still I will take ;  
 Come to me, and flye,  
 Gold Angels, I cry,  
     *And Ile gather you all with my Rake.*

Come, silver and all,  
 When as I doe call,  
     your beauties to me are so bright,  
 I love you so deare,  
 I pray you come neere,  
     and be you not wavering or light ;  
 Your weight so you have—  
 Come, glistering and brave,  
     then you I will never forsake,  
 But heape you together  
 Against rainy weather,  
     *And gather you all with my Rake,*

Rich Jewels and plate  
 By no meanes I hate,  
     with *Diamonds, Saphirs, or rings ;*

The *carbuncle* red  
Stands me in like stead,  
    or any other rich things ;  
The *Emerold*, greene,  
Like the spring that is seene,  
    gold chains, or the like, I wil take ;  
I have a kind heart,  
With my coyne I will part,  
    *so I may get all with my Rake.*

But yet, here me, friend,  
No money Ile lend  
    without a good pawn you do bring ;  
But Ile tell to thee  
How a knave cheated me  
    one time with a base copper Ring  
With me it bred strife,  
It neere cost me my life,  
    halfe a crowne on the same he did take,  
But Ile have more care  
Of such knaves, to beware  
    *how such copper together I rake,*

On leases or lands,  
On very good bands,  
    good security likewise provide ;

If we can agree,  
 Then my coyne it flyes free ;  
     if not, your could suit is deny'd.  
 To foe or to friend  
 No money Ile lend ;  
     as they brew, so let them bake ;  
 This rule I observe,  
 Let them hang, or starve,  
     *if I cannot get with my Rake.*

And those that doe lacke,  
 To the highth I doe racke,  
     I know that they money must have ;  
 Some morgage their lands  
 Which fall in my hands  
     to domineers and to goe brave.  
 If they faile of their day,  
 And have not to pay,  
     a seisure on all I doe make ;  
 Although I goe bare,  
 Yet I have a care  
     *my gold and my silver to Rake.*

Let the poore widdowes cry,  
 Let their children dye,  
     let their Father in prison goe rot ;

What is that to me ?  
Their wealth is my fee,  
for I have their livings now got.  
Whole Lordships and Lands  
Are false to my hands,  
and use of them all I will make ;  
My bags full of coyne,  
And my purse I doe lyne  
*with that which together I rake.*

Thus rich usury,  
Ne're thinking to dye,  
nor on his poore soule have a care,  
With one foot in the grave,  
Yet more wealth he doth crave,  
and his backe and his belly doth spare ;  
At whose cost he dine,  
With good cheere and wine,  
he cares not at whose hands he take ;  
Not a penny hee'l spend,  
Nor without a pawne lend,  
*The Divell and all he will Rake.*

But now comes grim death,  
And ceaseth his breath,  
his tree of life is wetherèd ;

This wretch, so unkind,  
His wealth leaves behind,  
    and is a poore worme, being dead.  
But now pray give eare  
To that you shall heare,  
    his heire what a course he will take :  
That day he did dye,  
In his grave he did lye,  
    *And the Sexton the earth on him Rake.*



## Second Part.

Come, Prodigals, your selves that loves to flatter,  
Behold my fall, that with the Forke doth scatter.

TO THE TUNE OF, *To drive the cold winter away.*



Roome, roome for a friend  
That his money will spend,  
    old Flatcap is laid in his grave ;  
Hee kept me full poore,  
But now I will roare,—  
    his lands and his livings I have.



The tide of gold flowes,  
 And wealth on me growes,  
   hee's dead, and for that 'tis no matter;  
 Great use he did take,  
 And for me did rake,  
   *which now with the forke I will scatter.*

I now must turne gallant,  
 That have such a talent,  
   what need I to take any care  
 I tell thee, good friend,  
 'Tis mine owne which I spend,  
   for I was my Father's owne heire.  
 No Blade here shall lacke ;  
 Give us claret and sacke ;  
   hang pinching ! it is against nature ;  
 Let's have all good cheere,  
 Cost it never so deare,  
   *for I with my forke will scatter.*

Let me have a Lasse  
 That faire *Venus* doth passe ;  
   give me all delights that I may ;  
 Ile make my gold fly  
 Aloft in the skie,  
   I thinke it will never be day :  
 Let the welkin roare,  
 Ile never give o're  
   Tobacco, and, with it, strong water ;

I meane for to drinke  
Vntill I doe sinke,  
*for I with my forke will scatter.*

And let musicke play,  
To me night and day,  
I scorne both my silver and gold ;  
Braue gentlemen all,  
Ile pay what you call,  
with me I beseech you be bold :  
Dice run low or high,  
My gold it shall fly,  
I meane for to keep a brave quarter ;  
Let the Cards goe and come,  
I have a great sum  
*that I with my forke will scatter.*

Let Carouses goe round  
Till some fall to the ground,  
and here's to my Mistresse her health ;  
Then let's take no care,  
For no cost wee'l spare,  
hang money, I have store of wealth.  
My Father it got,  
And, now falne to my lot,  
I scorne it as I doe mortar ;  
For coyne was made round,  
To stand on no ground,  
*And I with my forke will scatter.*

My Lordships to sell  
 I thinke would doe well,  
     ill gotten goods never doe thrive :  
 Let's spend while we may ;  
 Each Dog hath his day ;  
     Ile want not while I am alive.  
 Come, Drawers, more sacke,  
 And see what we lacke,  
     for money Ile send a porter ;  
 Brave gallants, ne're feare,  
 For wee'l domineere,  
     *For I with my forke will scatter.*

Come, drinke to my friend,  
 And let the health end,  
     my Coffers and Pockets are empty ;  
 I now have no more,  
 That had wont to have store,  
     ther's scarcity where there was plenty.  
 My friends are all gone,  
 And left me alone,  
     I think I must now drink cold water :  
 There's nought but sad woe  
 Vpon me doth grow,  
     *Because with my forke I did scatter.*

Now this is the story  
 Of prodigall glory,  
     who thought that he never shold lack

No drink nor no meat  
Now he hath to eate,  
    nor cloathes for to put on his back :  
His friends they forsake him,  
And woe doth o're take him,  
    because he was too free of nature,  
That never did mind  
How time comes behind,  
    *who mows, though with the forke he did scatter.*

His leaves they grew greene,  
But they were not seene,  
    for *Autumne* them quickly did kill :  
Then let youth beware,  
And have a great care,  
    and trust not too much to their will,  
Least a prison them catch,  
Or a house without thatch.  
    and glad of brown bread & cold water.  
To God thanks lets give,  
And in a meane live,  
    *having a care how we doe scatter.*

Finis.

N. P.

London, Printed for Henry Gosson, dwelling on  
London Bridge.

# The cunning Northerne Begger,

Who all the By-standers doth earnestly pray,  
To bestow a penny upon him to day.

*To the Tune of Tom of Bedlam.*



I am a lusty begger,  
and live by others giving ;  
I scorne to worke,  
But by the highway lurke,  
And beg to get my living :  
I'le i'th wind and weather,

And weare all ragged Garments ;

Yet, though I'm bare,

I'm free from care,

A fig for high preferments.

*For still will I cry good your worship, good sir,*

*Bestow one poore denier, sir,*

*Which, when I've got,*

*At the Pipe and Pot*

*I soone will it casheere sir.*

I have my shifts about me,

Like *Proteus* often changing,

My shape, when I will,

I alter still

About the Country ranging :

As soone as I a Coatch see,

Or Gallants by come riding,

I take my Crutch,

And rouse from my Couch,

Whereas I lay abiding.

*And still doe I cry, &c.*

Now like a wandring Souldier,

(That has i'th warres bin maymed

With the shot of a Gunne,)

To Gallants I runne.

And begg sir, helpe the lamed.



I am a poore old Souldier,  
And better times once viewed,  
Though bare now I goe,  
Yet many a foe  
By me hath bin subdued.”  
*And therefore I cry, &c.*

Although I nere was further  
Then Kentish street in Southwarke  
Nor ere did see  
A Battery  
Made against any Bulwarke ;  
But, with my Trulls and Doxes,  
Lay in some corner lurking,  
And nere went abroad  
But to beg on the road,  
To keepe my selfe from working.  
*And alwaies to cry, &c.*

Anon I'm like a saylor,  
And weare old Canvas cloathing ;  
And then I say  
“ The Dunkerks away  
Took all, and left me nothing ;  
Sixe ships set all upon us,  
'Gainst which wee bravely ventur'd  
And long withstood,  
Yet could doe no good,  
Our ship at length they enter'd.”

*And therefore I cry, good your worship, good sir,  
Bestow one poore denier, sir ;  
which when I've got,  
at the pipe and pot, &c.*

---

The second part, To the same tune.



Sometimes I, like a Cripple,  
Vpon the ground lye crawling,  
for money I begge,  
as wanting a legge  
To beare my corps from falling.

Then seeme I weake in body,  
 And long t' have been diseased,  
 And make complaint,  
 As ready to faint,  
 As of my griefes increased ;  
*And faintly I cry, good your worship good, 'sir,*  
*Bestow one poore desire, sir,*  
*which when I've got,*  
*at the Pipe and Pot*  
*I soone will it casheere, sir."*

My flesh I so can temper  
 That it shall seem to feister,  
 And looke all or'e  
 Like a raw sore,  
 Whereon I sticke a plaister.  
 With blood I daub my face then,  
 to faigne the falling sicknesse,  
 That in every place  
 They pittie my case,  
 As if it came through weaknesse.  
*And then I doe cry, &c.*

Then, as if my sight I wanted,  
 A Boy doth walke beside me,  
 Or else I doe  
 Grope as I goe,  
 Or have a Dog to guide me :

And when I'm thus accounted,  
To th' highway side I hye me,  
and there I stand,  
' with cords in my hand,  
And beg of all comes nye me.  
*And earnestly cry, good your worship. good, sir,  
Bestow one poore denier," &c.*

Next, to some Country fellow  
I presently am turned,  
And cry alacke!  
With a childe at my backe,  
" My house ann goods were burned."  
Then me my Doxs followes  
Who for my wife's believed,  
and along wee two  
together goe,  
With such mischances grieved.  
*And still we doe cry, good your worship, &c.*

What, though I cannot labour,  
Shall I therefore pine with hunger  
No, rather, than I  
Will starve where I lye!  
I'le beg of the money monger ;

No other care shall trouble  
 My minde, nor griefe disease me ;  
 Though sometimes the slash  
 I get or the lash,  
 'Twill but a while displease me :  
*And still I will cry, good your worship, good sir,  
 Bestow one," &c.*

No tricks at all shall 'scape me,  
 But I will, by my maunding,  
 Get some reliefe  
 To ease my griefe  
 When by the highway standing:  
 'Tis better be a Begger,  
 And aske of kinde good fellowes.  
 And honestly have  
 What we doe crave,  
 then steale and goe to th' Gallows.  
*Therefore I'le cry, "good your worship, good sir,  
 Bestowe one poor denier, sir,  
 Which, when I've got,  
 At the Pipe and Pst  
 I soone will it casheere, sir."*

Finis.

Printed at London for *F. Coules.*

## [The Life of Man.]

A comparison of the life of Man,  
Concerning how ficke his estate doth stand,  
Flourishing like a Tree, or Vine, or dainty flower,  
Or like a ship, or raine, that's turn'd each houre.

TO THE TUNE OF *Sir Andrew Barton.*



As I lay musing all alone,  
Great store of things I thought vpon,  
And specially of man's estate,  
And how hee's subject vnto Fate.



First Ile compare him to a tree,  
Which you sometimes all greene may see ;  
But suddenly his leafes doe fall  
That he was beautify'd withall.

The Tree likewise is known by's fruit  
Better then by his fine greene sute ;  
He may show comely to the eye,  
Yet his fruit may taste bitterly.

So men sometimes make a faire showe ;  
All fresh and greene they seeme to growe ;  
But when the winter of grieffe and thrall  
Doth on them seize, their greene leaues fall.

But for the difference of men's fruit,  
I must indeed be something mute ;  
But those that grow like Cedars tall,  
Yield little fruit, or none at all.

Yet doe they flourish fresh and greene,  
Much like the pleasant sommer Queene;  
They are bedect with fragrant flowers,  
And they doe dwell in stately Towers.

But as the Tree is great and tall,  
The great and mightier is his fall:  
And as he falls, so doth he lye,  
Vntill the builder him apply.

What though a man haue store of wealth,  
It cannot him assure of health ;  
By his fruits he must sure be try'd,  
Either condemn'd or justify'd.

Againe, a man is like a Vine,  
That from the earth doth flourish fine,  
Adorn'd with nature's ornament,  
With store of Grapes to giue content.

But with a knife, or such a thing,  
The Vine is soone set a bleeding,  
And then those Grapes will soone decay  
And, piningly, will wast away.

Euen so stands the life of man ;  
If that his blood from him be drawne,  
Then suddenly his life doth yield,  
And vnto death he is compell'd.

Man flourisheth euen like a flower  
Which liues and dyes within an houre ;  
He growes, perhaps, vntill his prime,  
Or he may dye in's budding time.

He may chance liue till hee is old,  
And bide the brunt of Winters cold ;  
But then hee'l lose the smell and shew,  
And will no more be worth the view.

So many men dye in their prime,  
And some dye in their budding time ;  
But he that liues the longest life  
Shall find but sorrow, care, and strife.

Mans life is like a ship o' th' Seas,  
Which is sometimes as Fortune please,  
Sometimes in safety ; yet not still so  
Euen, as proud *Boreas'* blasts doe blow.

When Winds are still and weather's faire,  
Then Mariners are free from care ;  
But when as stormes make dark the skye,  
Then must each man his labour plye.

---

The second part, To the same tune.



So is't with man the selfe same case ;  
His life's a ship that seas doth trace,  
And oft is like to goe to wracke  
When winds and storms doe tacklings crack.

We men, when sicknesse doth assaile  
Our bodies, and makes vs looke pale.  
Then would we doe all things we may,  
So that our health we might enjoy.

But when the Fates on vs doe smile,  
Like Saylers, we forget our toyle;  
We hang out colours for a show,  
But take them in when stormes doe grow.

I may compare a man againe  
Euen like vnto a turning vaine,  
That changeth euen as doth the wind.  
Indeed so is mans fickle mind.

The mind of man doth often change ;  
Hee's apt with euery gale to range  
He standeth tottering to and fro,  
Euen as his foolish fancies goe.

Againe, I may mans life compare  
Like to a bird that flyes i' th' aire,  
And suddenly she sees a bayt,  
Which is to take her with deceit.

The bird no sooner is betray'd,  
But comes me him that the bait lay'd,  
And, hauing taken her in his Net,  
She dyes, and he for more doth bait.

Euen so is man by cunning caught,  
When as thereof he hath no thought ;  
He soareth high, and feares no fall,  
Yet then hee's in most danger of all.

Make tryall of this, any one,  
And you shall find that I haue showne  
A prospect where you may behold  
The difference in the earthy mold.

This life is fickle, fraile, and vaine ;  
Seeke euerlasting life to gaine :  
All worldly treasures soone decay,  
And mortall man returnes to clay.

Before thou dyest bid pride adieu,  
Which doth so often shape thee new ;  
Call out for mercy with loud voice,  
And let her be thy onely choice.

If thou have liu'd in gluttony,  
Forgetting quite that thou shalt dye,  
Then quickly charity imbrace,  
That she may plead well in thy case.

If thou by couetousnesse haue liu'd  
And hast thy neighbours poore deceiu'd,  
Then suddenly restor't againe,  
For feare thou feele hells burning paine.

Perchance in wrath thou hast shed blood,  
Which wrath should alwayes be withstood ;  
Yet arme thee with a patient heart,  
And neuer more act such a part.



If thou hast enuy'd at thy brother,  
Repent with speed, that blacke sinne smother  
And let true loue be thy delight,—  
Thou mayst depart with life this night.

If thou hast slothfull beene, and lewd,  
Neglecting God's most holy word,  
Apply thy selfe most speedily,  
Redeeme thy time spent idly.

If thou lasciuious hast beene giuen,  
Doe so no more, but pray to heauen ;  
That hateful sinne God may forgiue !  
Chastise thy selfe, repent and griue.

Thus to conclude, let me intreat  
All those that heare what I relate,  
That they seeke heauen's grace to find,  
And alwayes beare an vpright mind.

Finis.

R. C.

*Printed at London for Francis Coules.*

# Cuckold's Haven :

Or,

The marry'd man's miserie, who must abide  
The penaltie of being Hornify'd :  
He unto his Neighbours doth make his case knowne,  
And tels them all plainly, The case is their owne.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Spanish Gipsie.*



Come, Neighbours, follow me,  
that Cuckollized be,  
That all the Towne may see  
our slauish miserie :

Let every man who keeps a Bride  
take heed hee be not hornify'd.

Though narrowly I doe watch,  
and vse Lock, Bolt, and Latch,  
My wife will me o're match,  
my forehead I may scratch :  
For though I wait both time and tide,  
I oftentimes am hornify'd.

For now the time's so growne,  
men cannot keepe their owne,  
But every slaue, vnknowne,  
will reape what we haue sowne :  
Yea, though we keep them by our side,  
we now and then are hornify'd.

They haue so many wayes  
by nights or else by dayes,  
That though our wealth decays,  
yet they our hornes will raise :  
And many of them take a pride  
to keepe their Husbands hornify'd.

O what a case is this :  
O what a griefe it is !  
My wife hath learn'd to kisse,  
and thinkes 'tis not amisse :  
Shee oftentimes doth me deride,  
and tels me I am hornify'd.

What euer I doe say,  
    shee will haue her owne way ;  
Shee scorneth to obey ;  
    Shee'll take time while she may ;  
And if I beate her backe and side,  
    In spight I shall be hornify'd.

Nay, you would little thinke  
    how they will friendly link,  
And how they'l sit and drink  
    till they begin to wink :  
And then, if Vulcan will but ride,  
    some Cuckold shall be hornify'd.

A woman that will be drunk,  
    will eas'ly play the Punck ;  
For when her wits are sunk  
    all keyes will fit her Trunk :  
Then by experience oft is tride,  
    poore men that way are hornify'd.

Thus honest men must beare,  
    and 'tis in vaine to feare,  
For we are ne're the neare  
    our hearts with grieffe to teare :  
For, while we mourne, it is their pride  
    the more to keepe us hornify'd.

And be we great or small,  
 we must be at their call ;  
 How e're the Cards doe fall,  
 we men must suffer all :  
 Doe what we can, we must abide  
 the paine of being hornify'd.

The second part, To the same tune.



If they oncè bid vs goe,  
 we dare not twice say no,

Although too well we know  
'Tis to our griefe and woe :  
Nay, we are glad their faults to hide,  
though often we are hornify'd.

If I my wife prouoke  
with words in anger spoke,  
Shee swears shee'll make all smoke,  
and I must be her Cloake :  
Her basenesse and my wrongs I hide,  
and patiently am hornify'd.

When these good Gossips meet  
In Alley, Lane, or Street,  
(Poore men, we doe not see't !  
with Wine and Sugar sweet  
They arme themselues, and then, beside,  
their husbands must be hornify'd.

Not your Italian Locks  
which seemes a Paradox  
Can keepe these Hens from Cocks,  
till they are paid with a P— :  
So long as they can goe or ride,  
They'l haue their husbands hornify'd.

The more you haue intent  
the business to preuent,



The more her mind is bent  
 your will to circumuent :  
 Such secret meanes they can provide  
 to get their husbands hornify'd.

For if we them doe blame,  
 or tell them of their shame,—  
 Although the men we name  
 with whom they did the same,—  
 They'l sweare who euer spake it ly'd :  
 thus still poore men are hornify'd.

All you that single be  
 avoid this slauery :  
 Much danger is, you see,  
 in womens company ;  
 For he who to a wife is ty'd,  
 may looke still to be hornify'd.

Yet must I needs confesse  
 (though many doe transgresse)  
 A number numberlesse  
 which vertue doe possesse.  
 And to their Husbands are a guide,—  
 by such no man is hornify'd.

They who are of that race,  
 this Ditie, in any case,

Is not to their disgrace ;  
they are not for this place :  
To such this onely is apply'd  
by whom good men are hornify'd.

Finis.

*Printed at London by M. P. for Francis Grove, neere  
the Sarazen's head without Newgate.*



## Christmas Lamentation

For the losse of his Acquaintance, showing how he is  
forst to leaue the Country, and come to London.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Now the spring is come.*



Christmas is my name, farre haue I gone,  
Haue I gone, haue I gone, haue I gone  
without regard,

Whereas great men, by flockes, there be flowne,  
There be flown, there be flown, there be flowne,  
to London-ward.

Where they in pomp and pleasure doe waste  
That which Christmas was wonted to feast,  
Welladay !

Houses where musicke was wont for to ring,  
Nothing but Batts and Howlets doe sing ;

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*where should I stay ?*

Christmas beefe and bread is turn'd into stones,  
Into stones, into stones, into stones  
and silken rags ;

And Ladie money sleepes, and makes moanes,  
And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and &c.  
in Misers' bags.

Houses where pleasures once did abound,  
Nought but a Dogge and a Shepheard is found ;  
Welladay !

Places where Christmas Reuells did keepe,  
Is now become habitations for sheepe ;

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*where should I stay ?*

*Pan*, the Shepheards god, doth deface,  
Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface  
Lady *Ceres'* crowne,  
And tillage that doth goe to decay,  
To decay, to decay, to decay  
in euery Towne.

Landlords their rents so highly inhance  
That Pierce the Plowman barefoot may dance;

Welladay !

And farmers that Christmas would entertain,  
Haue scarce wherewith themselues to maintain.

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*where should I stay ?*

Come to the Countryman, he will protest,  
Will protest, will protest, will protest  
and of bull-beefe lost ;

And for the Citizen, hee is so hot,  
Is so hot, is so hot, is so hot  
he will burne the rost.

The Courtier he good deeds will not scorne,  
Nor will he see poore Christmas forlorne ;

Welladay !

Since none of these good deeds will doe,  
Christmas had best turne Courtier too.

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*where should I stay ?*

The second Part, to the same Tune.



Pride and luxury they doe deuoure  
Doe deuoure, doe deuoure, doe deuoure

house-keeping quite,

And beggery that doth beget,  
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget

in many a Knight.

Madam, forsooth, in her Coach she must wheell,  
Although she weare her hose out at heele ;

Welladay !



And on her backe weare that, for a weed,  
Which me and all my fellowes would feed ;

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*where should I stay ?*

Since pride, that came vp with yellow starch,  
Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,  
poore folkes doe want,

And nothing the rich men will to them giue,  
To them giue, to them giue, to them giue,  
but doe them taunt ;

For charity from the Country is fled,  
And in her place hath left nought but need.

*Welladay !*

And Corne is growne to so high a price,  
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes.

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*Welladay !*

*where should I stay ?*

Briefely for to end, here I doe find,

I doe find, I doe find, I doe find

so great vacation,

That most great houses seeme to attaine

To attaine, to attaine, to attaine

A strong purgation ;

Where purging pills, such effects they haue shewed,  
That forth of doores they their owners haue spewed;

Welladay!

And where as Christmas comes by and calls,  
Nought but solitary and naked walls :

*Welladay!*

*Welladay!*

*Welladay!*

*where should I stay?*

*Phelomes* cottage was turn'd into gold,  
Into gold, into gold, into gold

for harboring *Iove*;

Rich men their houses for to keepe,  
For to keepe, for to keepe, for to keepe  
might their greatnesse moue.

But in the City they say they doe liue,  
Where gold by handfulls away they doe giue.

Ile away!

And thither therefore I purpose to passe,  
Hoping at London to finde the golden Asse.

*Ile away,*

*Ile away,*

*Ile away,*

*for here's no stay.*

.....  
Or,

Cupid's wrongs vindicated :  
Wherein he that *Cupid's* wiles did discover,  
Is proved a false dissembling Lover :  
The Mayd shewes such cause that none can her  
condemne,  
But on the contrary the fault's layd on him.

TO THE TUNE OF *Cupid's* cruell torments.



The guilefull Crocodile,  
when he his prey would gain,  
That none may spie his wile,  
A mournfull noyse doth feigne :

So thou, false Hypocrite,  
Thy foule deceit to couer,  
Dost act the part aright  
of a distracted Louer ;  
*But raile no more on Loue,*  
*Nor doe young Cupid wrong,*  
*For thou didst never proue*  
*What doth to loue belong.*

Hienna-like, thou feign'st  
words of a dying man,  
But falsely thou complain'st !  
with woe I proue it can :  
For, like a cheating wretch  
thou dost on me exclaime,  
But this is but a fetch,  
for thou deseru'st the blame.  
*Why dost thou raile on loue ?*  
*Or doe, &c.*

Thou knowst I lou'd thee well,  
and purpos'd thee to haue,  
Thy conscience this can tell,  
thou false dissembling knaue !  
But when I did perceiue  
thy fickle, wauering mind,  
'Twas time to take my leaue,  
and serue thee in thy kind.

*Then raile no more on loue,  
 Nor Cupid's cruell wrong,  
 For thou didst neuer proue  
 What doth to loue belong.*

Let any one that will  
 be judge 'twixt thee and mee ;  
 Why should I loue thee still,  
 when thou lou'st two or three ?  
 Dost thinke Ile stand at stake  
 to helpe at the last cast ?  
 When all doe thee forsake,  
 then I must serue at last ?

*O raile no more on loue,  
 Nor Cupid's cruell wrong,  
 For thou didst neuer proue  
 What doth to loue belong.*

Thou com'st to me i'th' morne  
 and goest to *Madge* at night ;  
 Thy mind will quickly turne  
 to which comes next in sight.  
 Thou'lt promise and protest  
 thou wilt haue none but me ;  
 But when thou seest the rest,  
 those vowes forgotten bee.

*Then raile no more on loue,  
 Nor Cupid's, &c.*

Dost thinke I cannot heare  
 how thou playst fast and loose ?



Long *Mall* gaue thee good cheere,  
both Cony, Hen, and Goose!  
Alas! man, I haue friends  
that note thy actions well;  
Thou lou'st for thine owne ends,  
but I thy knauery smell.

*Then raile no more on loue,  
Nor Cupid's cruell wrong;  
For thou didst never proue  
What doth loue belong.*

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



I saw, last Thursday night,  
when thou wentst to the Swan



With *Kate* and *Winifrite*,  
 and, after you, came *Nan* ;  
 I know what wine you had,  
 and also what was payd ;  
 Alas poore harmelesse lad,  
 wilt thou dye for a Mayd ?  
*Eye raile no more on loue,*  
*Nor Cupid's cruell wrong ;*  
*For thou didst never proue*  
*What does to loue belong.*

I cannot choose but smile  
 to thinke how cunningly  
 Thou wouldst the world beguile  
 with foule hypocrisy ;  
 For I the wrong sustaine,  
 and thou from grieffe art free,  
 Yet still thou dost complaine  
 that I am false to thee.  
*Eye neuer raile on love,*  
*Nor Cupid's cruell wrong ;*  
*For thou didst never proue*  
*What does to loue belong.*

To either man or Mayd  
 For censure Ile appeale,  
 Which of us may be sayd  
 disloyally to deale :

Did euer I seeme nice  
till I was told for truth,  
More oft then once or twice,  
thou was't a faithlesse youth ?  
*Fye ! do not raile, &c.*

Thou mak'st the world beleeeue  
thou for my loue dost pine ;  
Indeed thou sore dost grieue  
with wenches, Cakes, and wine.  
For my part, 'tis my lot  
to pray for patience still,  
Vntill I haue forgot  
thy ouer-reaching skill.  
*Then doe not raile, &c.*

Yet though I suffer wrong,  
I needs must prayse thy art ;  
Sure thou hast study'd long  
to act a Mad-mans part.  
Thou canst not sleep nor wake  
for fancies in thy head ;  
Now I doe thee forsake  
I muse thou art not dead.  
*Fye ! doe not raile, &c.*

That Lasse which shall haue thee,  
Who ere has that ill hap,  
Let her learne this of me,  
shee's caught in follie's trap.  
He that dissemble can  
with one, in such a way,  
Hee'l nere proue honest man,  
beleeeue me what I say.

*Then doe not raile on loue,  
Nor Cupid's cruell wrong;  
For thou didst neuer proue  
What doth to loue belong.*

Finis.

M. P.

*Printed at London for F. G.*

## The Countrey Lasse.

To a daintie new Note, Which if you can hit,  
There's another tune will as well fit.

To the tune of, *The mother beguild daughter.*



Although I am a Countrey Lasse,  
a loftie mind I beare a,  
I thinke my selfe as good as those  
that gay apparrell weare a ;  
My coate is made of comely Gray,  
yet is my skin as soft a,  
As those that with the chiefest Wines  
do bathe their bodies oft a.

*Downe, downe dery, dery downe,  
 hey downe, a downe, a downe a,  
 A dery, dery, dery dery downe,  
 heigh downe, a down, a dery.*

What though I keepe my Father's sheep  
 a thing that must be done a ;  
 A garland of the fairest flowers  
 shall shrewd me from the Sunne a :  
 And when I see them feeding be  
 where grasse and flowers spring a,  
 Close by a Crystall fountaine side  
 I sit me downe, and sing a,  
*Downe, &c.*

Dame nature crownes vs with delight,  
 surpassing Court or Citie;  
 We pleasures take from morne to night  
 in Sports and pastimes pretty.  
 Your City Dames in Coaches ride  
 abroad for recreation,  
 We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,  
 and keepe the Countrey fashion.  
*Downe, &c.*

Your City Wiues lead wanton liues ;  
 and if they come i' th' Countrey,  
 They are so proud, that each one striues  
 for to outbraue our Gentry.

We countrey lasses homely be  
for seat nor wall we striue not ;  
We are content with our degree ;  
our debtors we depriue not.

*Downe, &c.*

I care not for the fane or Maske  
when *Titan's* heat reflecteth ;  
A homely Hat is all I aske,  
which well my face protecteth :  
Yet am I, in my Countrey guise,  
esteemed Lasse as pretty  
As those that euey day deusie  
new shapes in Court or City.

*Downe, &c.*

In euey season of the yeare  
I vndergoe my labour,—  
No Showre nor Winde at all I feare,—  
my Limbes I do not fauour :  
If Summer's heat my beauty staine,  
it makes me nere the sicker,  
Sith I can wash it off againe  
with a Cup of Christmas Liquor.

*Downe, downe dery, dery downe,  
heigh downe, a downe, a downe a  
A dery, dery, dery dery downe,  
heigh downe, a downe, a dery.*



The second part, To the same tune.



At Christmas time, in mirth and glee,  
I dance with young men neatly ;  
And who i' th' City, like to me,  
shall surely taste compleatly ?  
No Sport but Pride and Luxury  
i' th' City can be found then ;  
But the bounteous Hospitality  
i' th' Countrey doth abound then.

*Downe, &c.*

I' th' Spring my labour yeelds delight,  
to walke i' th' merry Morning  
When *Flora* is, (to please my sight,)  
the ground with flowres adorning.

With merry Lads to make the Hay  
I goe, and do not grumble,  
My worke doth seeme to be but play,  
when with young men I tumble.

*Downe, &c.*

The Larke & Thrush from Bryar to Bush  
do leape, and skip, and sing a ;  
And all this then to welcome in  
the long and lookt for Spring a.  
We feare not *Cupid's* arrowes keene  
Dame *Venus* we defie a ;—  
*Diana* is our honored Queene,  
and her we magnifie a.

*Downe, &c.*

That which your City Damsels scorne,  
we hold our chiefest Jewell ;  
Without, to worke at Hay and Corne ;  
within, to Bake and Brew well :  
To keepe the Dayrie decently,  
and all things cleane and neatly,  
Your Citie Minions doe defie,  
their scorne we weigh not greatly.

*Downe, &c.*

When we together a milking go  
with payles vpon our heads a,  
And walking ouer Woods and Fields  
where Grasse and Flowers spreads a ;

In honest pleasure we delight,  
 which makes our labour sweet a,  
 And Mirth exceeds on euery side  
 when Lads and Lasses meete a.

*Downe, &c.*

Then do not scorne a country Lasse,  
 though she be plaine and meanly :  
 Who takes the Country Wench to Wife  
 (that goeth neat and cleanly)  
 Is better sped then if he wed  
 a fine one from the City ;  
 For then they are so nicely bred,  
 they must not worke for pitie.

*Downe, &c.*

I speake not this to that intent  
 (as some may well conjecture),  
 As though to Wooing I were bent,—  
 no, I nere learn'd Louer's lectures  
 But what I sing is in defence  
 of all plaine Country Lasses,  
 Whose modest, honest innocence  
 all City Girles' surpasses.

*Downe, downe dery, dery downe, &c.*

**FINIS.**

*Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke*

The Complaint of a Lover forsaken  
of his Love.

*To a pleasant new Tune.*



A Poore Soule sate sighing by a Sicamore Tree,

*O Willow, willow, willow ;*

His hand on his bosome, his head on his knee,

*O Willow, willow, willow,*

*O Willow, willow, willow ;*

*Sing, O the greene Willow shall be my Garland.*

He sigh'd in his singing, and, after each groane,

*O Willow, willow, willow,*

“Aduē to all pleasure, my true loue is gone.

*O Willow, willow, willow,*

*O Willow, willow, willow,*

*Sing O the greene Willow shall be my Garland.*

Oh, false she is turned ; vntrue she doth proue ;

*O willow, &c.,*

She renders me nothing but hate for my loue.

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

Oh, pittie me” (cride he), “you Louers each one,

*O willow, &c.,*

Her heart's hard as Marble, she rues not my moane.”

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

The cold streames ran by him, his eyes wept apace,

*O willow, &c.,*

The salt teares fell from him, which drowned his  
face ;

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

The mute Birds sate by him, made tame by his  
moane,

*O willow, &c.,*

The salt teares fell from him, which softned the  
stone.

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

“ Let no body blame me,—her scornes I doe  
proue,—

*O willow, &c.,*

She was borne to be false, and I dye for her loue.

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard,

*O willow, &c.,*

My true loue rejecting without all regard!

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

Let Loue no more boast him, in Pallace or Bowre,

*O willow, &c.,*

For Women are trothlesse and fleet in an houre.

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

But what helps complaining in vaine I complaine;

*O willow, &c.,*

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

Come, all you forsaken, and sit downe by me,

*O willow, &c.,*

He that plaineth of his false loue, mine's falser then  
she.

*O willow, &c.,*

*Sing O the greene, &c.*



The Willow wreath weare I, since my Loue did fleet  
*O willow, &c.,*

A garland for louers forsaken most meet.”

*O willow; &c.,*

*Sing O the greene Willow shall be my Garland.*

Finis.

The second Part, To the same Tune.



“ Low layde by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,  
*O Willow, willow, willow,*  
Against her, too cruell, still, still I complaine :  
*O Wilow, willow, willow,*  
*O Willow, willow, willow,*  
*Sing O the greene Willow shall be my Garland.*

O Loue too injurious! to wound my poore heart,  
O willow, &c.,

To suffer her triumph, and ioy in my smart.

O willow, &c.,

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

O Willow, Willow, Willow, the Willow Garland,

O willow, &c.,

A signe of her falseness, before me doth stand ;

O willow, &c.,

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

As heere lying, payned, it stands in mine eye,

O willow, &c.

So hang it, (friends,) ore me, in Graue where I lye :

O willow, &c.,

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

In Graue when I rest me, hang this to the view

O willow, &c.,

Of all that doe know her, to blaze her vntrue :

O willow, &c.,

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

With these words ingrauen, as Epitaph meete,

O willow, &c.,

'Heere lyes one drunke Poyson, for potion most  
sweete.'

O willow, &c.

*Sing O the greene, &c.*

Though she thus vnkindly haue scorned my loue,

O willow, &c.,

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I proue ;

*O willow, &c.,*  
*Sing O the greene, &c.*

I cannot against her unkindly exclaime,

*O willow, &c.,*

Cause once well I loude her and honourde her  
name :

*O willow, &c.*  
*Sing O the greene, &c.*

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine eare,

*O willow, &c.,*

It raise my heart lightly—the name of my deare.

*O willow, &c.,*  
*Sing O the greene, &c.*

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieve,

*O, willow, &c.*

It now brings me anguish; then, brought me reliefe.

*O willow, &c.,*  
*Sing O the greene, &c.*

Farewel, faire. false-hearted, plaints end with my  
breath,

*O, willow, &c.*

Thou dost loth me,—I loue thee, though cause of  
my death."

*O Willow, willow, willow,*  
*O Willow, willow, willow,*  
*Sing O the green Willow shall be my Garland.*

Finis.

London, Printed by M. P. for Edward Wright at his  
Shop, neere Christ-Church-gate.

# The Constancy of True Loue,

Or,

An Excellent Relation of the Vntimely Death of Two  
Faithfull Louers.

TO THE TUNE OF *Downe by a Forrest.*



In that faire, fragrant month of May,  
When earth her curtaines doth display,  
I did by chance my corps repose  
Vpon a banke, which Woods did close  
With greene and leaury bowres about—  
A place to shunne the teadious rout  
Of *Tibs* and *Toms*—for this intent,  
This flowrie seat I did frequent.

Nature had stroue to shew her feate  
In the composure of this seat ;  
For in a Valley-plaine was found  
This place by hills incircled round.  
Both lofty Beech and Cedars tall  
Did shelter this rich Siluan hall ;  
Heere Satires and the Naiades,  
Heere Siluans and the Driades ;

Here rurall gods and tripping Nymphs  
Did bath their corps in the pure lymphs  
And christal streams, which made a noise  
Incompassing this place of ioyes :  
No fairer place nor Fountaine found  
*Dian* with golden tresses crown'd  
And, Lady, guarded in this seate,  
The whistling wind, cool'd summer's heat.

Here the nine Muses usde to dance ;  
Here the kind graces usde to prance ;  
Here *Phæbé* his warbling harpe did tune  
The lifesome monthes of *May* and *Iune* ;  
Here *Philomel* tun'd melody ;  
Hither the chirping birds did fly ;  
Here the Thrush & blackbird frō their throats  
Strain'd diuers sundry pleasant notes.

Here the Nymph *Eccho*, in hollow ground,  
Did the last syllabe resound ;  
What harbour could the world spare  
More trim, more neat, more sweet, more rare ?  
Here, as I sate musing alone,  
Me thought I heard one griue and groane,  
“ Ah me, poore wretch !” this creature said,  
Whereat my senses grew afraid.

I started, looking here and there,  
To viewe the subject of this feare ;  
A Lady, obiect to mine eyes,  
I found the effect of all these cries.  
I hasted to enquire the cause  
Which did her weeping eyes amaze :  
“ Behold,” quoth she, “ my Loue (alas !)  
Whose crimson blood here dyes the grasse.”

“ The sweetest creature here lyeth dead  
That famous *Europe* euer bred ;  
I haue my wronged Louer slaine,  
His death shall be the death of twaine.”  
I praid her then for to relate  
The cause of his vntimely fate :  
She then, scarce fetching of her breath,  
Beginnes the Story of his death.



“Blinde *Cupid*,” (quoth she) “with his dart,  
In tender yeares did wound his heart,  
Made subiect to the loue of me,  
An actor of this tragedie.  
His heart and mind together tried,  
His loue and mine together tied ;  
Our parents sought to crosse our will,  
But we continued constant still.

Though time the disadvantage gaue,  
And we no place for loue could haue,  
Yet still we sought to recompence  
Loue with true loue, without offence.  
We dwelt in neighbouring houses nie,  
And, getting conference thereby,  
We did appoint vnder this tree  
To meet, but disapointed bee.



*The Second Part, to the same Tune.*



“ When bright *Aurora* peepéd out,  
And *Phæbus* newly look'd about,  
I first (according to my vow)  
made haste vnto this plighted bough ;

Heere as I stay'd for my Loue,  
 Whose comming over-late did proue,  
 A Lyon with inhumane pawes,  
 Came to that well to coole his jawes.

His mouth was all with blood besmear'd ;  
 This instrument of Death I fear'd :  
 I fled to hide myselfe for feare,  
 And left behind my mantle there.  
 The Lyon, hauing slak'd his thirst,  
 Ran where I left my garment first ;  
 But when he saw no place for prey,  
 He foul'd with blood my Liuerie.

And having musled thus the same,  
 Thither he went whence first he came ;  
 But I knew not that hee was gone,  
 And therefore stayd I hid alone.  
 In the mean time (Oh griefe !) came hee  
 Who promis'd had to meet with mee,  
 And vnder this our plighted bough,  
 He sought performance of our vow.

Hee found not mee but found my Coat  
 All bloudied by the Lyons throat ;  
 Which when he saw with bloud belay'd  
 My absence made him sore afraid :

What should he thinke, but that some beast  
Vpon my carkasse made his Feast ?  
He thought that the grim Lyons whelpe  
Devoured mee, being voyd of helpe.

While hee these events thus did brooke,  
The instrument of death he tooke,  
A naked sword, which by his side,  
Ready for Combats, hee had tyed :  
I haue, quoth hee, wrought my Loue's death ;  
The end of her shall end my breath.'  
And thereupon thrust to the hilt  
His sword, and thus his blood he spilt .

That the first Passenger might know  
The dismall euent of this woe,  
He wrote, and pinn'd a note thereof  
Vpon his Hatt to shew the profe :  
Which I, being voyd of feare at last,  
And thinking all the danger past,  
Returning from that hideous bed  
Whereto I from the Lyon fled,

I found this Copie of his death,  
And his dead carkasse, voyd of breath.  
No sobs, no sighes, no griefes, on groanes,  
No trickling tears, no mournfull moanes,

No ejaculations, no cries,  
 No dolefull Dittie, or Elagies,  
 Shall serue for to bewaile his end,  
 Which for my loue his life did spend.

In life his loue did mee pursue,  
 But by his death hee prou'd it true ;  
 If he then for my sake did die,  
 As much for him why should not I ?  
 Since death hath vs denied our right,  
 Then friendly death shall vs vnite,  
 And I will follow him in haste,  
 Who thought he followed me, being past,"

These words as soone as shee had spoke,  
 Shee gaue her selfe a deadly stroke,  
 Shee drew the sword out of his breast,  
 And in her owne the same shee thrust :  
 And as in life their hearts were one,  
 So are their liues together gone.

In spight of parents, time, or place,  
 Fond loue will runne his wished race !

Thus have you heard a Tragedy  
 Acted by louers' constancy ;  
 God send such louers better speed,  
 Where feruency true love doth breed.

Finis.

Imprinted at London for Francis Coules, and are to  
 be sould at his shop in the Old-Bayley.

A Courtly New Ballad of the  
Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London by  
King Edward.

TO THE TUNE OF *Bonny sweet Robbin.*

Faire Angell of *England*! thy beauty most bright  
Is all my heart's treasure, my ioy and delight ;  
Then grant me, sweet Lady, thy true Love to be,  
That I may say welcome, good fortune, to me.

The Turtle, so true and chaste in her love,  
By gentle perswasions her fancy will move ;  
Then be not intreated, sweet Lady, in vaine,  
For Nature requireth what I would obtaine.

What Phenix so faire, that liveth alone,  
Is vowèd to chastity, being but one ;  
But be not, my Darling, so chaste in desire,  
Lest thou like the Phenix, do penance in fire.

But alas ! (gallant Lady) I pittie thy state,  
In being resolved to live without mate ;  
For if of our courting the pleasure you knew  
You shall have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtaine,  
Yet I am requited with scornefull disdain ;  
But if you will grant your good will to me,  
You shall be advancèd to Princely degree.



Promotions and honours may often entice  
 The chastest that liveth, though never so nice :  
 What woman so worthy but will be content.  
 To live in the Palace where Princes frequent ?

Two Brides, yong and princely, to Church have I  
 led ;

Two Ladies most lovely have deckèd my bed ;  
 Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart  
 Than all their contentments whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot men's tears much abide,  
 And women least angry when most they do chide ;  
 Then yeeld to me kindly, and say that at length  
 Men doe want mercy, and poore women strength.

I grant that faire Ladies may poore men resist,  
 But Princes will conquer and love whom they list ;  
 A King may command her to lie by his side,  
 Whose feature deserveth to be a King's Bride.

In granting your love you shall purchase renowne,  
 Your head shall be deckt with *England's* fair crown,  
 Thy garment most gallant with gold shall be  
 wrought,

If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy traine,  
 Most richly attired with scarlet in graine :  
 My chamber most Princely thy person shall keepe,  
 Where Virgins with musicke shal rock thee asleepe.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,  
Command them, sweet Lady, thy mind to content ;  
For Kings' gallant Courts, where Princes do dwel,  
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love wel.

Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,  
But print in thy bosome the words I have said ;  
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,  
That I may say, welcome, sweet Virgin, to me.

---

The faire Maid of London's answer  
to King Edward's wanton Love.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Oh, wanton King *Edward*, thy labour is vaine  
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine,  
Which getting, thou locest, and having, dost wast it,  
The which if thou purchase, is spoil'd if thou hast it.

But if thou obtainst it, thou nothing hast won ;  
And I, losing nothing, yet quite am undone ;  
But if of that Jewell a King doe deceive me,  
No King can restore, though a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last ;  
My favour is vanisht, my beauty is past ;  
The Rose's red blushes that sate on my cheekes  
To palenesse are turned, which all men mislikes.

I passe not what Princes for love do protest,  
 The name of a Virgin contenteth me best ;  
 I have not deserved to sleepe by thy side,  
 Nor to be accounted for King *Edward's* bride.

The name of a Princesse I never did crave,  
 No such tipe of honour thy hand-maid will have ;  
 My brest shall not harbour so lofty a thought,  
 Nor be with rich proffers to wantonnesse brought.

If wild wanton *Rosamond*, one of our sort,  
 Had never frequented King *Henrie's* brave Court,  
 Such heapes of deepe sorrow she never had seene,  
 Nor tasted the rage of a jealous Queene.

All men have their freedome to shew their intent,  
 They win not a woman except she consent ;  
 Who, then, can impute to a man any fault,  
 Who still goes uprightly while women doe halt.

'Tis counted kindnesse in men for to try,  
 And vertue in women the same to deny ;  
 For women inconstant can never be prov'd,  
 Untill by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If women and modesty once doe but sever,  
 Then farewell good name and credit for ever !  
 And, royall King *Edward*, let me be exildé  
 Ere any man knows my body's defil'd.

No, no, my old Father's reverent teares  
Too deepe an impression within my soule beares ;  
Nor shall his bright honour that blot, by me, have  
To bring his gray haire with grieffe to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I should dye,  
That any such sinne upon my soule lye ;  
If I have kept me from doing this sinne,  
My heart shall not yeeld with a Prince to beginne.

Come rather with pittie to weepe on my Tombe,  
Then, for my birth, curse my deare mother's Womb,  
That brought forth a blossome that stained the tree  
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave me (most noble King), tempt not, in vaine,  
My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain :  
Though *England* will give me no comfort at all,  
Yet *England* shall yeeld mee a sad buriall.

Finis.

London Printed for Henry Gosson.

# The Bride's Buriall.

To THE TUNE OF *the Ladies fall.*



Come, mourr, come mourn with me,  
you loyall lovers all ;  
Lament my losse in weedes of woe,  
whom griping grieffe doth thrall.  
Like to the dropping vine  
cut downe by gardner's knife,  
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,  
doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By Death (that grisly Ghost)  
my turtle Dove is slaine,  
And I am lost, unhappy man !  
to spend my daies in paine.

Her beauty, late so bright,  
like Roses in their prime,  
Is wasted, like the mountaine's snow,  
by force of *Phæbus'* shine.

Her faire red-coloured lips  
now pale and wan ; her eyes  
That late did shine like christall stars,  
alas ! her light it dies :  
Her pretty lilly hands,  
with fingers long and small,  
In colour lie like earthly clay,  
yea, cold and stiffe withal.

When as the morning gray  
her golden gate had spred,  
And that the glistring sunne arose,  
forth from faire *Thetis'* bed,  
Then did my loue awake,  
most like a lilly flower,  
And, as the louely Queene of heauen,  
so shin'd she in her bower.

Attired she was then  
like *Flora* in her pride,  
As faire as braue *Dianaes* Nimphs—  
so lookt my louely Bride.



And as faire *Hellens* face  
 gaue *Grecian* Dames the lurch,  
 So did my deare exceed in sight  
 all Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the knot  
 of holy wedlock's band,  
 Like Alabaster ioyn'd to iett,  
 so stood we hand in hand :  
 Then loe ! a chilling cold  
 struk every vitall part,  
 And griping grieffe, like pangs of death,  
 seiz'd on my true Loves heart.

Downe in a s[w]ound she fell,  
 as cold as any stone.  
 Like *Venus'* picture, lacking life,  
 so was my Love brought home.  
 At length arose a red  
 throughout her comely face;  
 As *Phæbus'* beames with wat'ry clouds  
 ore coveréd her face.

Then, with a grievous groane :  
 and voyce most hoarse and dry,  
 Farewell ! quoth shee, my loving friends,  
 for I this day must die :

The messenger of God  
with Golden Trumpe I see,  
With many other Angels more,  
doth sound and call for me.

Instead of musicke sweet,  
goe tole my passing-bell,  
And with these flowers strow my grave,  
that in my chamber smell :  
Strip off my Brides array,  
my Corke-shooes from my feet ;  
And, gentle mother, be not coy,  
to bring my winding-sheet.

My Wedding-dinner drest  
bestow upon the poore,  
And on the hungry, needy, maim'd,  
that craveth at the doore  
Instead of Virgins young  
my Bride-bed for to see,  
Goe cause some cunning Carpenter  
To make a chest for mee.

My Bride-laces of silke,  
bestow'd on maidens meete,  
May fitly serve, when I am dead,  
to tie my hands and feete :

And thou, my Lover true,  
    my husband and my friend,  
Let me intreate thee here to stay  
    untill my life doth end.

Now leave to talke of love,  
    and, humbly on your knee,  
Direct your prayer unto God,  
    but mourne no more for me.  
In love as we have lived,  
    in love let us depart ;  
And I, in token of my love,  
    doe kisse thee with my heart.

O stench thy bootlesse teares,  
    thy weeping is in vaine ;  
I am not lost, for we in heaven  
    shall one day meet againe.  
With that she turn'd her head,  
    as one disposed to sleepe,  
And like a Lambe departed life  
    while friends full sore did weepe.

Her true Love, seeing this,  
    did fetch a grievous groane,  
As though his heart did burst in two,  
    and thus he made his moane :—

O dismall, heavy day,  
a day of grieffe and care,  
That hath bereft the Sun so high,  
whose beames refresht the ayre.

Now woe unto the world,  
and all that therein dwell !  
O that I were with her in heaven,  
for here I live in hell !  
And now this Lover lives  
a discontented life,  
Whose Bride was brought unto the grave  
a Maiden and a Wife.

A garland, fresh and faire  
of Lillies there was made,  
In signe of her Virginitie,  
and on her Coffin lain :  
Sixe maidens, all in white,  
did beare her to the ground ;  
The Bells did ring in solemne sort,  
and made a solemne sound.

In earth they laid her then,  
for hungry wormes a prey :  
So shall the fairest face alive  
at length be brought to clay.

Finis.

London Printed for H. Gosson.

An excellent Ballad  
Intituled : The Constancy of Susanna.  
TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.



There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,  
of reputation great by fame ;  
He tooke to wife a faire woman,  
*Susanna* she was call'd by name ;  
A woman faire and vertuous :  
Lady, Lady,  
Why should wee not of her learne thus  
to liue godly ?

Vertuously her life she led,  
she feared God, she stood in awe,  
As in the storie we haue read,  
was well brought up in *Moses'* Law.

Her parents they were godly folke,  
Lady, Lady ;  
Why should we not then sing and talke  
of this Lady ?

That yeare two Iudges there was made,  
which were the Elders of *Babylon* ;  
To *Ioachims* house was all their trade,  
who was *Susannaes* husband then :  
*Ioachim* was a great rich man,  
Lady, Lady ;  
These Elders oft to his house came  
for this Lady.

*Ioachim* had an Orchard by,  
fast ioyning to his house or place,  
Wherese *Susanna* commonly  
her selfe did daily their solace :  
And that these Elders soone espy'd,  
Lady, Lady ;  
And priuily themselues did hide  
for that Lady.

Her chaste and constant life was tride  
by these two Elders of *Babylon* ;  
A time conuenient they espide  
to have this Lady all alone,



In his Orchard it came to passe,  
Lady, Lady,  
Where she alone her self did wash  
her faire body.

These Elders came to her anon,  
& thus they said, Fair dame, God speed  
Thy doors are fast, thy Maids are gone,  
Consent to vs and doe this deed ;  
For we are men of no mistrust,  
Lady, Lady,  
And yet to thee we haue a lust,  
O faire Lady.

If that to us thou dost say nay,  
a testimoniall we will bring ;  
Wee will say that one with thee lay,  
how canst thou then auoid the thing ?  
Therefore consent, and to us turne,  
Lady, Lady ;  
For we to thee in lust doe burne,  
O fair Lady !"

Then did she sigh, and said, alas  
now woe is me on euery side ;  
Was euer wretch in such a case  
shall I consent and doe this deed

Whether I doe or doe it not,  
Lady, Lady,  
it is my death, right well I wot.  
O true Lady!

Better it were for me to fall  
into your hands this day guiltlesse,  
Then that I should consent at all  
to this your shamefull wickednesse.  
And euen with that (whereas she stood),  
Lady, Lady,  
Unto the Lord she cryed aloud  
pitifully.

These Elders both likewise againe  
against *Susanna* aloud they cry'd,  
Their filthy lust could not obtaine,  
their wickednesse they sought to hide ;  
Unto her friends they then her brought,  
Lady, Lady,  
And with all speed the life they sought  
of that Lady.

---

The Second part, To the same tune.



On the morrow she was brought forth  
before the people there to stand,  
That they might heare & know the truth,  
how these two Elders *Susanna* found.  
The Elders swore, and thus did say,  
Lady, Lady,  
How that they saw a young man lay  
with that Lady.

Iudgement there was, for no offence,  
*Susanna* causelesse then must dye ;  
These Elders bore such euidence,  
against her they did verifie,

Who were belieu'd then indeed,  
Lady, Lady,  
Against *Susanna* to proceed,  
that she should dye.

*Susannaes* friends that stood her by,  
they did lament, and were full woe,  
When as they saw no remedy,  
but that to death she then must goe.

[ \* \* \* \* \* ]

Lady, Lady,  
In God was all her hope and trust  
to him did cry.

The Lord her voice heard, and beheld  
the Daughters cry of *Israel* ;  
His spirit he raised in a child,  
whose name was call'd young *Daniel*,  
Who cryed aloud whereas he stood,  
Lady, Lady,  
I am cleare of the guiltless blood  
of this Lady.

Are you such fooles ? quoth *Daniel* then ;  
in iudgement you haue not done well,  
Nor yet the right way haue you gone  
to iudge a daughter of *Israel*

By this witness of false disdain ;  
    Lady, Lady,  
Wherefore to iudgement turne againe,  
    for that Lady.

And when to iudgement they were set,  
    he called for those wicked men,  
And soone he did them separate,  
    putting the one from the other, then  
He asked the first where he did see  
    that faire Lady ;  
He said under a mulberry tree ;  
    who lyed falsely,

Thou lyest, said *Daniel*, on thy head  
    thy sentence is before the Lord!  
He bad that forth he might be led,  
    and bring the other that bore record,  
To see how they two did agree  
    for this Lady ;  
He said under a Pomgrannat tree ;  
    who lyed falsely.

Said *Daniel*, as he did before,  
    behold the messenger of the Lord  
Stands waiting for you at the doore,  
    euen to cut thee with a sword.

And, euen with that, the multitude  
aloud did cry,  
Giue thanks to God, so to conclude,  
for this Lady.

They dealt like with these wicked men  
according as the Scripture saith,  
They did, as with their neighbour, then,  
by *Moses* law were put to death !  
The innocent preserued was,  
Lady, Lady,  
As God by *Daniel* brought to passe  
for this Lady.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Iohn Wright, neere Pye-  
corner.



# A Compleate Gentle-woman

Described by her feature ;

Her person slender, her beauty admirable, her wit  
excellent, her carriage modest, her behaviour  
chast, with her constancie in love.

TO THE TUNE OF Sabina



You Muses all your aide to mee assigne,  
To speake in praise of the true loue of mine,  
Strike up with ioy,  
Strike up with ioy,  
Strike up with ioy your instruments of mirth,  
Till piercing Ecchoes ring 'twixt heaven and earth.

Let Pan with speed prepare himselfe to play,  
And sweetly chaunt my loue a roundelay,  
    While Satyres peepe,  
    While Satyres peepe,  
While Satyres peepe to see her louely face,  
Let Citterne, harpe, and lute her meeting grace.

Let all the Poets company combine  
Their wits in one for my sweet Rosaline,  
    And say that shee,  
    And say that shee,  
And say that shee Queene Venus doth excell,  
For beauty, loue, and wit she beares the bell.

And to recite the substance of her feature,  
That all may say shee is a comely creature,  
    From head to foot,  
    From head to foot,  
From head to foot I will unfold aright  
The shape of her which is my hearts delight.

First, is her haire like threds of golden wyre,  
Upon her head is set a seemly tyre,  
    Which doth protect,  
    Which doth protect,  
Which doth protect her crimson cheeks from wind,  
From Titans heate and Boreas blasts unkinde.

Her glistring eyes excell the diamond light :  
 When I behold her countenance by night,  
     I doe admire,  
     I doe admire,  
 I doe admire to see her beauteous brow,  
 In whom Diana châstnesse doth allow.

---

The second part, To the same tune.



Her rubie lips which doth inclose the tongue  
 From whence rare elegies are sweetly sung,

That may amaze,  
That may amaze,  
That may amaze each rurall swaine to heare  
Her Siren songs with voice so shrill and cleare.

Her Iuorie necke with golden gems compleate,  
Her armes and shoulders framéd fine and neate,  
Her lilly hand,  
Her lilly hand,  
Her lilly hand and fingers long and small,  
With slender wast and person some-what tall.

And farther to devulge some other parts  
Wherein dame Nature shewes her chiefest arts,  
I purpose to,  
I purpose to,  
I purpose to stoope downe unto the toe,  
And so speake of the rest as up I goe.

Her pretty foot and nimble dapper heele,  
Her shaking legge, haue showne such actiue skill,  
Both Coridon,  
Both Coridon,  
Both Coridon and Phillis blush't to see  
Her amourous cariage when she bends the knee.

Not only this which Nature in her plac't,  
But, Ladie, vertue hath her further grac't.

In all respects,  
 In all respects,  
 In all respects each creature doth her finde  
 To passe the Pellican, shee is so kinde.

So constant in her actions still is shee,  
 Shee may compare with chaste Penelope ;  
     Her minde once fix't,  
     Her minde once fix't,  
 Her mind once fix't, it neuer will remoue,  
 Shee'l rather die, like to the Turtle-doue.

Her will to chastitie is so appli'd,  
 Shee scornes ambition, lust, and hatefull pride,  
     Whereby shee gaines,  
     Whereby shee gaines,  
 Whereby shee gaines good wil of great and smal,  
 Strong, weak, high, low, rich, poore, they loue  
     her al.

But since my trembling hand and pen wants skil,  
 To write her fame compleate unto my will,  
     I here conclude,  
     I here conclude,  
 I here conclude, wishing each honest lad  
 May haue so true a choice as I haue had.

L. P.

FINIS.



*Clods Carroll;*

*Or,*

A proper new Iigg, to be sung Dialogue wise, of a  
man and a woman that would needs be married.

To a pleasant new Tune.



MAN. Now in the Garden  
are we well met,

To craue our promise,  
for promise is a debt.

WOM. Come, sit thee down all by my side,  
and when that thou art set,  
say what thou wilt unto mee.

M. Shew me unfaignedly,  
and tell me thy mind,  
For one may haue a yong wench  
that is not ouer-kind.



W. Seeke all the world for such a one,  
 then hardly shall you find  
 a Loue of such perfection.

M. This single life is wearisome :  
 faine would I marry,  
 But feare of ill chusing  
 makes me to tarry :  
 Some sayes that flesh is flexible,  
 and quickly it will vary,

W. It's very true, God mend them.

M. Why speak'st thou ill of women,  
 sith thou thyselfe art one ?

W. Would all the rest were constant  
 saue I myselfe alone ;

M. Faith, good or bad, or howsoe're,  
 I cannot live alone,  
 but needs I must bee married.

W. To marry with a yong wench,  
 shee'l make thee poore with pride :  
 To marry with one of middle age,  
 perhaps she hath beene try'd :  
 To marry with an old one,  
 to freeze by fire side :  
 both old and young are faulty.

M. Ile marry with a yong wench,  
of beauty and of wit.

W. It is better tame a yong Colt  
without a curbing bit.

M. But she will throw her rider downe.

W. I, true, he cannot sit,  
when Fillies fall a wighing.

M. Ile marry one of middle age,  
for she will love me well.

W. But if her middle much be us'd,  
by heauen and by hell!  
Thou shalt find more griefes  
than thousand tongues can tell :  
Ah, silly man, God help thee.

M. Ile marry with an old wench  
that knowes not good from bad.

W. But once within a fortnight  
shee'l make her husband mad.

M. Beshrew thee for thy counsell,  
for thou hast made me sad ;  
but needs I must be married.

W. To marry with a young wench  
me thinkes it were a blisse :  
To marry one of middle age  
it were not much amisse :

I'de marry one of old age,  
 and match where money is ;  
 there's none are bad in chusing.

M. Then thou, for all thy saying,  
 commendst the single life.

W. I, freedome is a popish  
 banishment of strife.

M. Hold thy tongue, fond woman,  
 for I must haue a wife.

W. A Cuckold in reuerson.

When you are once married,  
 all one whole yeare,  
 Tell me of your fortune,  
 and meet with mee here ;  
 To thinke upon my counsell  
 thou wilt shed many a teare ;  
 till which time I will leave thee.

M. Were I but assured,  
 and of a Beggars lot,  
 Still to live in misery  
 and never worth a groat,  
 To haue my head well furnished  
 as any horned Goat :  
 for all this would I marry.

Farewell, you lusty Batchelors,  
to marriage I am bent ;  
When I haue try'd what marriage is,  
Ile tell you the euent,  
And tell the cause, if cause there be,  
wherein I doe repent  
that ever I did marry.

FINIS.

The second part, To the same tune.



W. Good-morrow to thee new married man,  
how doest thou fare ?

M. As one quite marr'd with marriage,  
 consum'd and kill'd with care :

Would I had tane thy counsell.

W. But thou wouldst not beware.

M. Alas ! it was my fortune.

W. What griefe doth most oppresse thee  
 may I request to know.

M. That I haue got a wanton.

W. But is she not a shrow ?

M. Shee's anything that euill is,  
 but I must not say so.

W. For feare that I should flout thee.

M. Indeed, to mocke at misery  
 would adde vnto my griefe.

W. But I will not torment thee,  
 but rather lend reliefe :

And therefore in thy marriage  
 tell me what woes are chiefe ;  
 good counsell yet may cure thee.

W. Is not thy huswife testy,  
 too churlish and too sowre ?

M. The deuill is not so waspish,  
 shee's neuer pleas'd an hower.

W. Canst thou not tame a deuill ?  
 lies not it in thy power ?

M. Alas ! I cannot coniure.

W. What goeth she not a gossiping,  
to spend away thy store :

M. Doe what I can, I promise you,  
shee's euer out of dore ;  
That were I nere so thrifty,  
yet she would make me poore ;  
woe's me ! I cannot mend it.

W. How goeth shee in apparell ?  
delights she not in pride ?

M. No more than Birds doe bushes,  
or harts the riuer side,—  
Witnesse to that, her looking-glasse,  
where shee hath stood in pride  
a whole fore-noone together.

W. How thinkst thou ? was she honest,  
and loyall to thy bed ?

M. I thinke her legs doe fall away,  
for spring-time keeping head ;  
And were not hornes inuisible,  
I warrant you I were sped  
with broad browed Panthers;

W. Thy grieffe is past recouery ;  
no salute will help but this—  
To take thy fortune patiently,  
and brooke her what she is.



Yet many things amended are  
 that have been long amisse;  
 and so in time may she be.

M. I cannot stay here longer,  
 my wife, or this, doth stay ;  
 And he thats bound as I am bound,  
 perforce must needs obey.

W. Then farewell to thee, new-married man,  
 since you will needs away ;  
 I can but grieve thy fortune.

M. All you that be at libertie  
 and would be void of strife :  
 I speake it on experience,  
 ne're venture on a wife ;  
 For if you match, you will be matcht  
 to such a weary life,  
 that you will all repent you.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *A. M.* for *Henry Gosson.*

# Constant, faire, and fine Betty.

Being

The Young-man's praise of a curious Creature.

Faire shee was, and faire indeed,  
And constant alwayes did proceed.

*To the Tune of, Peggy went over Sea with a Souldier.*



Now of my sweet *Bettie*  
I must speake in praise ;  
I never did see  
such a lasse sinmy day :

*Constant, faire, and fine Betty.*

She is kind and loving,  
 and constant to me :  
 Wherefore I will speake  
 of my pretty *Betty*.

*Betty* is comely,  
 and *Betty* is kind ;  
 Besides, shee is pretty,  
 and pleaseth my mind :  
 She is a brave bony Lasse,  
 lovely and free ;  
 The best that ere was  
 is my pretty *Betty*.

Her haire it doth glister  
 like to threads of gold ;  
 All those that doe meet her  
 Admire to behold :  
 Her they take for *Iuno*,  
 so glorious seemes shee,  
 More brighter then *Luna*  
 is pretty *Betty*,

Her eyes they do twinkle  
 like starres in the skie ;  
 She is without wrinkle  
 her forehead is high :

Faire *Venus* for beauty  
the like cannot be ;  
Thus I shew my duty  
to pretty *Betty*.

She hath fine cherry cheekes  
and sweet Corrall lips :  
There is many one seekes  
love with kisses and clips ;  
But she, like *Diana*,  
flies their company ;  
She is my *Tytana*,  
my pretty *Bettie*.

Her Chinne it is dimpled,  
her visage is faire ;  
She is finely templed ;  
she is neat and rare :  
If *Hellen* were living  
she could not please me ;  
I ioy in praise giving  
my pretty *Betty*.

Her skinne white as snow,  
her brest soft as doune,  
All her parts below  
they are all firme and sound :

Shee's chaste in affection  
as *Penelope*.

Thus ends the complexion  
of pretty *Bettie*.

## The Second Part, to the same Tune.



Now of her conditions  
something Ile declare,  
For some have suspicions  
She's false, being faire :

But shee's not false hearted  
in any degree ;  
I'm glad I consorted  
with pretty *Betty*.

Her words and her actions  
they are all as one,  
And all her affection  
is on me alone :  
She hates such a vary  
from true constancy ;  
Long I must not tarry  
from pretty *Betty*.

Well met, my sweet *Hony*,  
my ioy and delight!  
O how hath my *Cony*  
done ere since last night ?  
Oh what saies my dearest,  
what saist thou to me ?  
Of all maids the rarest  
is pretty *Betté*.

Wo. Kind love, thou art welcome  
to me day and night ;  
Why came you not home ?  
I did long for your sight :



*Constant, faire, and fine Betty.*

My ioy and my pleasure  
 is onely in thee ;  
 Thou art all the treasure  
 of pretty *Betté*.

Hadst thou not come quickly  
 I thinke I should dye ;  
 For I was growne sickly,  
 and did not know why.  
 Now thou art my doctor  
 and physicke to me ;  
 In love thou are proctor  
 for pretty *Betté*.

Sweet, when shall we marry  
 and lodge in one bed ?  
 Long I cannot carry  
 not my maiden-head :  
 And there's none shall have the same,  
 but onely thee ;  
 'Tis thee that I crave  
 to love pretty *Betté*.

MAN. *Besse*, be thou contented,  
 wee'l quickly be wed ;  
 Our friends are consented  
 to all hath bin sed :

Thou shalt be my wife  
ere much older I be,  
And Ile lead my life  
with my pretty *Betté*.

These lovers were married,  
and immediately ;  
And all was well carried ;  
and liv'd lovingly :  
Let faire maids prove constant,  
like pretty *Besse*,  
Fine *Besse* hath the praise an't,  
and worthy is shee.

FINIS.

R. C

London, Printed for Iohn Wright the yonger,  
dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

## The Constant Lover,

Who his affection will not move,  
Though he live not where he love,

To a Northern tune called *Shall the absence of my  
Mistresse.*



You loyall Lovers that are distant  
from your Sweet-hearts many a mile,  
Pray come helpe me at this instant  
in mirth to spend away the while

In singing sweetly, and compleately,  
in commendation of my love ;  
Resolving ever to part never,  
though I live not where I love.

My love shee's faire and also vertuous ;  
God grant to me she may prove true  
Then there is naught but death shall part us,  
and Ile nee're change her for a new :  
And though the fates my fortunes hates,  
and me from her doe farre remove,  
Yet I doe vow still to be true,  
though, &c.

My constancy shall ne're be failing,  
whatsoe're betide me here :  
Of her vertue Ile be telling,  
be my bidding farre or neere.  
And though blind fortune prove uncertaine  
from her presence to remove,  
Yet Ile be constant every instant,  
though, &c.

Though our bodies thus are parted,  
and asunder many a mile,  
Yet I vow to be true-hearted,  
and be faithfull all the while :

Though with mine eye I cannot spye,  
for distance great, my dearest Love,  
My heart is with her altogether,  
though, &c.

When I sleepe I doe dreame on her ;  
when I wake I take no rest ;  
But euery moment thinke upon her ;  
she's so fixéd in my brest :  
And though farre distance may be assistance  
from my mind her loue to moue,  
Yet I will neuer or loue disseuer,  
though, &c.

To thinke upon the amorous glances  
that haue beene betwixt us twaine,  
My constancy and love aduances,  
though from her presence I remaine,  
And makes the teares, with groanes & fears  
from watery eyes and heart to moue,  
And, sighing, say, both night and day,  
Alas! I liue, &c.

---

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



I, to her, will be like *Leander*  
if *Hero-like* shee'le prove to me ;  
For her sake through the world Ile wander,  
no desperate danger I will flee ;  
And into the Seas, with little ease,  
the mountains great themselves shal move,  
Ere faith I breake, let me ne're speake,  
though, &c.



*Penelope* shall be unconstant,  
 and *Diana* prove unchaste,  
*Venus* to *Vulcan* shall be constant,  
 and *Mars* far from her shall be plac't  
 The blinded boy no more shall ioy  
 with Arrowes keen lovers to moue,  
 Ere false I be, sweet-heart, to thee,  
 though, &c.

The Birds shall leave their Airy region ;  
 the fishes in the aire shal fly ;  
 All the world shall be at one religion ;  
 all living things shall cease to dye ;  
 Al things shal change to shapes most strange  
 before that I disloyall proue,  
 Or any way my loue decay,  
 though, &c.

If you lines doe come before her,  
 or doe deigne to touch her hand,  
 Tell her that I doe adore her  
 aboue all Maidens in the land ;  
 Remaining still at her good will,  
 and always to her loyall proue,  
 Till death with dart doe strike my heart,  
 though, &c.

And tell my mistresse that a Louer  
that loves perfect image beares,  
As true as loue it selfe doe love her,  
witnessse his farre-fetcht sighes and teares,  
Which forth he groanes with bitter moanes,  
and from his troubled breast he moues,  
And day nor night takes no delight,  
because, &c.

So with my duty to her commended,  
her loyall seruant Ile be still,  
Desiring I may be befriended  
with loue againe for my good will ;  
And wish that she as true may be,  
as I to her will constant proue,  
And night and day I still will pray  
and wish I may live where I loue.

FINIS.

P. L.

London, Printed for Henry Gosson.

## A discourse of Man's life.

Comparing him to things that quickly passe,  
As bubble, shuttle, blossome, streame, and grasse.  
To the Tune of Ayme not too high.

Now to the discourse of man I take in hand,  
In what estate his fickle life doth stand.  
Hee in this world is as a pilgrimage,  
And maketh hast to trauaile to old age.

Mans life compared is unto a Flower  
That grows and withers all within one houre ;  
And like to grasse that groweth in the field.  
Or like true courage, which is loath to yeeld.

The flower's cut, and now can beare no shew ;  
The grasse is withered which was green to view ;  
True courage wronged by o'er many foes,  
And death doth make a man his life to lose.

Mans life is like the damaske Rose you see,  
Or like the blossome that growes on the tree ;  
Or like unto the dainty flowers in May ;  
Or like the morning that begins the day.

The Rose is withered & the blossome blasteth,  
The flowers fade, & fast the morning hasteth.  
Euen such is man, whose thread is quickly spun,  
Drawn out and cut, and suddenly is done.

Mans life is like the Sun, or like the shade,  
Or like unto the gourd which Ionas had ;  
Or like an houre, or like unto a span,  
Or like unto the singing of a Swan.

The Sun doth set, and fast the shaddow flies,  
The gourd consumes, and man he quickly dies.  
The houre is short, for and the span not long,  
The swan neer death, man's life is quickly don.

Man's life is like the grasse that's newly sprung,  
Or like unto a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird which we doe see to-day  
Or like the pearlie dew that is in May.

The grasse is wither'd, and the tale is ended,  
The bird is flowne, and up the dew ascended ;  
Euen such is man, who liueth by his breath,  
Is here; now there, still subiect unto death.

Mans life is like the bubble in the Brook,  
Or like a glasse wherein a man doth look ;  
Or like a shuttle in a Weauer's hand,  
Or like the writing that is in the sand.

The bubble's broke, and soone the looke's forgot ;  
The shuttle's flung, for and the writings blot ;  
Euen such is man, that liueth on the earth,  
Hee's alwaies subiect for to loose his breath.

---

## The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Mans life is like a thought, or like a dreame,  
Or like the gliding of a running streame ;  
Or like a race ; or like unto a goale ;  
Or like the dealing of a rich mans doale.

The thought is past, for and the dreame is gone ;  
The water glides, euen so mans life is done.  
The race soon run, so is the goale soon won,  
The dole soon dealt, mans life is quickly done,

Mans life is like an arrow from the bow,  
Or like sweet course of waters that doth flow,  
Or like the time betwixt the floud and ebbe,  
Or like unto the Spider's tender web.

The arrowe's shot, for and the floud soon spent ;  
The time's no time, the Spider's web is rent :  
Euen such is man, and of as brittle state,  
Hee's alwaies subiect unto Enuie's hate.

Mans life is like the lightning in the sky,  
Or like a Post that suddenly doth hye ;  
Or like a Quauer singing of a song,  
Or like a iourney that's not very long.

The lightnings past, for and the Post must goe ;  
The Note is short, and so's the iourney too :  
Euen such is Man the which doth heap up sorow,  
That liues to-day, and dyes before to-morrow.

Mans like unto the snow when summer's come,  
Or like a Peare, or like unto a Plum ;  
Or like a tree that groweth fresh and green ;  
Or like the wind which can no waies be seen.

The Peare doth rot, for and the Plum doth fall  
The snow dissolues, and so wee must doe all ;  
The tree's consum'd that was so fresh and faire ;  
The wind's uncertaine that blowes in the ayre.



Mans like the seed put into the earth's womb,  
Or like dead Lazarus that's in his Tombe,  
Or like Tabitha being in a sleep,  
Or like to Ionas that was in the deep.

The seed it springeth, Lazarus now standeth ;  
Tabitha wakes, and Ionas he hath landed :  
Thus are wee certain life wee shall obtaine,  
Though death doth kill, yet shall we liue againe.

God, of his mercy, grant to us his grace,  
That we may lead our liues in such a case  
That, when wee are departed hence away,  
Wee then may liue with him in ioy for aye.

Grant, Lord, that wee may please thy will diuine ;  
Lord, let thy louing favour on us shine,  
And turne from us thy heauy wrath and ire,  
And grant us mercy, Lord, wee thee require.

Lord, make us like the fruitfull Vines,  
To bring forth fruits in our due tides & times,  
Unto the honour of thy glorious name.  
Amen, good Lord, grant we may doe the same.

Now to conclude, God blesse our gracious *Charles*,  
With all his worthy Subiects, Lords and Earles ;  
And grant us, Lord, true faith, with loue & peace,  
And let thy Gospell more and more encrease.

FINIS.

London, Printed for H. G.

## The Dead Mans Song.

Whose dwelling was neere unto Basings Hall in  
London.

To the tune of *Flying Fame*.



Sore sick, deare friends, long time I was,  
and weakely laid in bed ;  
And for five hours, in all men's sight,  
at length I lay as dead.

The bel rung out, my friends came in,  
and I key-cold was found ;  
Then was my carcasse brought from bed,  
and cast upon the ground.

My loving wife did weepe full sore,  
and children loud did cry ;  
My friends did mourne, yet thus they said :  
All flesh is borne to dye.

My winding sheet prepared was,  
my grave was also made,  
And five long houres, by just report,  
in this same case I laid :

During which time my soule did see  
such strange and fearfull sights,  
That for to heare the same disclos'd  
would banish all delights.

Yet, sith the Lord restor'd my life,  
which from my body fled,  
I will declare what sights I saw  
that time that I was dead.

Me thought along a gallant greene,  
where pleasant flowers sprung,  
I tooke my way, whereas I thought  
the Muses sweetly sung.

The grasse was sweet, the trees full fair,  
and lovely to behold,  
And full of fruit was every twig,  
which shin'd like glittering gold,

My chereful heart desired much  
to taste the fruit so faire ;  
But as I reacht, a faire young man  
to me did fast repaire.

Touch not (qd he) that's none of thine,  
but wend and walke with me,  
And see thou marke each severall thing  
which I should show to thee.

I wondred greatly at his words,  
yet went with him away,  
Till, on a goodly pleasant banke,  
with him he bad me stay.

With branches then of Lillies white  
mine eyes there wiped he :  
When this was done, he bad me look  
what I farre off could see.

I looked up, and loe ! at last  
I did a City see,  
So faire a thing did never man  
behold with mortal eye :

Of Diamonds, pearles, and precious stones  
it seem'd the wals were made ;  
The houses all with beaten gold  
were til'd and overlaid.

More brighter than the morning Sun  
the light thereof did show,  
And every creature in the same  
like crownèd Kings did goe.

The fields about this City faire  
were all with Roses set,  
Gilly-flowers, and Carnation faire,  
which canker could not fret :

And from these fields there did proceed  
the sweet'st and pleasant'st smell  
That ever living creature felt,  
the scent did so excell.

Besides, such sweet triumphant mirth  
did from the City sound,  
That I therewith was ravishèd,  
my ioy did so abound.

With musick, mirth, and melody  
Princes did there embrace ;  
And in my heart I long'd to be  
within that ioyfull place :

The more I gaz'd, the more I might,  
the sight pleas'd me so well ;  
For what I saw in every thing  
my tongue can no way tell.

Then of the man I did demand  
what placè the same might be  
Whereas so many Kings do dwell  
In ioy and melody ?



Quoth he, That blessed place is heaven,  
where yet thou must not rest ;  
And those that do like Princes walke  
are men whom God hath blest.

Then did he turne me round about,  
and on the other side  
He bad me view, and marke as much  
what things are to be spide.

With that I saw a cole-blacke den,  
all tan'd with soot and smoake,  
Where stinking Brimstone burning was,  
which made me like to choake.

An ugly creature there I saw,  
whose face with knives was slasht,  
And in a caldron of poyson'd filth  
his ugly corps were washt.

About his necke were fiery ruffes,  
that flam'd on every side.  
I askt, and lo ! the Young man said  
that he was damm'd for pride.

Another sort then did I see,  
whose bowels Vipers tore,  
And grievously, with gaping mouth,  
they did both yell and rore.

---

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



A spotted person by each one  
stood gnawing on their hearts,  
And this was conscience, I was told,  
that plagu'd their envious parts.

These were no sooner out of sight  
but straight came, in their place,  
A sort still throwing burning fire,  
which fell against their face.

And ladles full of melted gold  
were pourèd downe their throats,  
And these were set (it seem'd to me)  
in midst of burning boats.

The formost of this company  
was *Judas*, I was told,  
Who had, for filthy lucre sake,  
his Lord and Master sold.

For covetousnesse these were condemn'd,  
so it was told to me :  
And then methought another rout  
of Hel-hounds I did see :

Their faces they seem'd fat in sight,  
yet all their bones were bare ;  
And dishes full of crawling Toades  
was made their finest fare.

From armes, from hands, from thighs and feete,  
with red hot pincers, then  
The flesh was pluckt, even from the bone,  
of those vile gluttonous men.

On cole-black beds another sort  
in grievous sort did lye,  
And, underneath them, burning brands  
their flesh did burne and fry.

With brimstone fierce their pillowes eke  
whereon their heads were laid,  
And fiends, with whips of glowing fire,  
their lecherous skins off flaid.

Then did I see another come,  
stab'd in with daggers thicke,  
And filthy fiends with fiery darts  
their hearts did wound and pricke.

And mighty bowles of corrupt blood  
was brought for them to drink ;  
And these men were for murther plagu'd  
from which they could not shrinke.

I saw, when these were gone away,  
the Swearer and the Lier,  
And these were hung up by the tongues  
right over a flaming fire.

From eyes, from eares, from navell & nose,  
and from the lower parts  
The blood, methought, did gushing runne,  
and clodded like men's hearts.

I askèd why that punishment  
was upon swearers laid :  
Because, quoth one, wounds, blood, & heart,  
was still the oath they made.

And there withall from ugly Hell  
such shriekes and cryes I heard  
As though some greater grieffe and plague  
had vext them afterward.

So that my soule was sore afraid  
such terrour on me fell.  
Away then went the young man quite,  
and bad me not farewell.

Wherefore unto my body straight  
my spirit return'd againe,  
And lively blood did afterwards  
stretch forth in every veine.

My closèd eyes I openèd,  
and, raised from my swound,  
I wondred much to see my selfe  
laid so upon the ground :

Which when my neighbours did behold,  
great feare upon them fell,  
To whom soone after I did tell  
the newes from heaven and hell.

A Dialogue between Master *Gues-*  
*right* and poore neighbour *Needy*,

Or,

A few proofes both reall and true,  
Shewing what men for money will doe.

To a pleasant new tune, called, But I know what  
I know.



Well met, neighbour *Needy* ; what ! walking alone,  
How comes it, I pray, that you thus sigh and  
groane

The cause by your physiognomie straight I can tell,  
And know by the same that all is not well.



In truth, master *Guesright*, you speak very true ;  
 For money I want, and beleeve so do you ;  
 And therefore, eene say and do what you please,  
 I know you are sicke of my sore disease.

For me, Neighbour *Needy*, the world is so hard  
 That solely my selfe I now cannot guard ;  
 Besides, young and old loves coyne so intire,  
 That have it they will, though out of the fire.

Nay, good neighbour *Needy*, I pray say not so,  
 For then you will wrong a many I know :  
 Besides, I nò way perswaded can be  
 That money is loved in the highest degree.

Money, if you thinke so, I instant will prove  
 That few or none but money do love ;  
 And, when I have done, I know you will say  
 'Tis all reall truth : then harken I pray.

*Imprimis*, your Tailor is loving and kind,—  
 Nor doe I with him any fault find ;  
 But rest you assurèd, and take it from mee,  
 That most he doth, he doth for his fee.

Your Mercer in courtesie, seldome forbeares  
 To show you the prime and best of his wares ;  
 But if that a reason you'd have me to show,  
 'Tis cause he would get by the bargaine, I know.

Your Barber most nimbly will trimme your fine  
Patto,

And, if that you please, turne up your mouchatto ;  
But marke you what followes, my kind loving  
neighbour,

He lookes to be gratified well for his labour.

Your Vintner will spread you his linnen most fine,  
And bring you both Sugar, Tobacco, and Wine ;  
And, having so done, requires but this,  
To pay him his shot, which you must not misse.

Againe, this is true as I do now tell yee,  
A Cooke in Pye-Corner will fill up your belly ;  
And when you are satisfied, he, like an Asse,  
Desirès no money but eene for his sawce.

he Second Part to the same Tune.



Your Tapster is growne a right honest man,  
 For he will misreckon no more than he can,  
 For by his Jug, his Pot, and his Pipe  
 He has danc't himselfe an Officer ripe.

Your out-landish Doctour most ready will be  
 To cure you of your infirmity ;  
 Which being effected, he, for his skill,  
 Desirès no more but a golden Pill.

Nay, what makes your Land-lord let housen by  
 lease  
 That you may live in 'em daily [in] peace,  
 But that he imagines, and has an intent,  
 You will not faile for to pay him his rent.

What makes your In-keeper to harbour the-poore,  
 And unto all comers set open his dore,  
 But that he intends, if [he] possibly can,  
 To have his reward, of every man ?

What makes the Usurer ever your friend,  
 And be so officious his money to lend,  
 But that he intends to bring you in thrall,  
 And get, if he can, the Devill and all ?

Nay, what makes your hang-man (I tell you but so)  
 Such a base office for to undergoe,  
 But that he hopes, and ever presages,  
 To have all their clothes, as well as his wages ?

What makes your Broker so often to cry  
See what you lack, friend,—what will you buy,  
But that he would, as his neighbours all doe,  
Get, if he could, for one penny, two ?

What makes you Carrier to traverse the land ;  
Nay, what makes your Souldier fight while he can  
stand ;  
But that they intend, my owne deerest honey,  
To gaine this same paultry thing callèd money ?

What makes your tooth-drawer to cut off your  
corne ?

What makes your Sow-gelder to wind up his horne ?  
Nay, what makes the world to do as they doe,  
But that they would purchase this same mony too ?

Nay, neighbour, there's more then all these are yet,  
Which I, for brevitie's sake, doe omit ;  
But these, I hope, will very well prove  
That men doe more for money then love.

Well, neighbour *Guesright*, if this same be true,  
Then home we will straight, without more adoe ;  
And what we intend to none we will tell,  
But keepe to our selves—and so fare you well.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

E. F.

Doctor *Do-good's* directions to cure  
many diseases both in body aud minde,  
lately written and  
set forth for the good of infected persons.

To the tune of *The Golden Age*.



If any are infected, give audience awhile,  
Such Physick Ile teach you shal make you to smile,



It is wholesome and toothsome, and free from all  
guile,  
Which shall breed good blood, and bad humors  
exile.

*Although it may seeme most strange,  
Yet this is most true and strange.*

If any man be troubled with uncomely long hayre,  
Which on his fooles forehead unseemly doth stare,  
I have a medicine will cure him, to prove it I dare,  
Let him take a Razor and shave his head bare,

*He shall be cured most strange,  
O this is a wonderfull change.*

If any be troubled with an idle drousie head  
Whose chiefest delight is to sleepe in his bed,  
With glutting his stomack this folly first bred,  
Let him fall to his worke, and be slenderly fed,

*And he shall be cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

If any man be troubled with a very shallow brayne,  
Whose giddy apprehension can no wisdom attaine,  
If he will be eased of this kinde of paine,  
Strong Beere and hot waters then let him refraine,

*And he shall be cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*



If any man be troubled with a fiery hot nose,  
Which in the midst of cold winter is as red as a  
Rose,

It proceeds from drinking old Sack, I suppose ;  
Small Beere and fayre water, let him drink none but  
those,

*And he shall be cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

If any man be troubled with outrageous teeth,  
Which eat up his riches and make him play the  
theef,

If he will be cured of this kinde of grieffe,  
Let him sew up his lips, and he shall finde releefe,

*And this is a cure most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

If a woman be troubled with a tatling tongue,  
Whose too much vaine babling her neighbours doth  
wrong,

I iudge for her mouth it's something too long,  
Therefore she must cut [it] short while she is yong,

*And she shall be cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

If a man have light fingers that he cannot charme,  
Which will pick men's pockets, and do such like  
harm,

He must be let blood, in a scarfe beare his arme,  
And drink the herbe Grace in a possit luke warme,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.*

---

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



If a man with false dealing hath infected his breast,  
Or hath no good motion in his bosome posset,  
Two handfull of honesty he must eat at the least,  
And hate all vaine glory, and falshood detest,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.*

If any mayd be sick of the sullen disease,  
Or grown out of temper that none can her please,  
She must be kept fasting the space of three dayes,  
And no man speak to her whatsoever she sayes,  
*And she shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.*

If any man be troubled with false hollow heart,  
To cure such a fellow exceedeth my Art,  
But yet my good counsell to him Ile impart,  
Let him take heed he rides not to Tyburn in a Cart,  
*For then heele be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.*

If a mayd be infected with the falling away,  
Which proceeds from a longing desire, some say,  
If she will be preserved and kept from decay,  
She must get her a husband without all delay,  
*And she shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.*

If a man have an ach in his bones at any tide,  
That to do any labour he cannot abide,  
With the oyle of old Holly annoynt well his side,  
And he shall be cured,—this thing hath been tride,  
*And it is a cure most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.*

If a man have a conscience that doth him torment,  
If it be for sinne, then let him repent ;  
He must be right sorry for the time he mispent,  
And drink brinish teares when his heart doth relent,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

If any man's knees are grown stiffe and so sore,  
That he cannot kneele downe to pray any more,  
His heart is right stony ; it is fitting, therefore,  
He get grace and mercy heaven's name to adore,  
*And he shall he cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

If a man be troubled with exceeding light toes,  
Which will run to the Alehouse in spight of his nose,  
If he spend all his mony his credit to lose,  
He shall in close prison be cast by his foes,  
*And then heele be cured most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

Now you that reap profit by the fruit of my quill,  
Give thanks to the Doctor that taught you this skill,  
For sure he deserveth praise for his good will,  
That taught you this Physick your minds to fulfill,  
*For this is a thing most strange,  
O this is most true and strange.*

FINIS.

I.D.

London, Printed for Richard Harper.

# Death's loud Allarum :

Or,

A perfect description of the frailty of Man's life,  
with some admonitions to warne all men and wo-  
men to repentance.

*To the Tune of Aime not too high.*



Lament your sinnes, good people all, lament,  
You plainly see the Messenger is sent,—  
I meane grim Death, and he doth play his part ;  
He stands prepar'd to strike you to the heart ;  
How suddenly, alas ! there's none doth know ;  
We all must yeeld to Death, this death we owe.



Our time is short, we have not long to stay ;  
We are not sure to live one night nor day,  
No, nor one houre, or minut, which is lesse,—  
As God doth please, our time is more or lesse.  
We are all mortall that live here below,  
And all must dye, that is the death we owe.

No strength nor valour can this death prevent,  
Nor can faire beauty hinder his intent ;  
Both rich and poore must all prepare to dye ;  
No King nor Subject can proud Death denye :  
Death feares no friend, nor doth he dread a foe ;  
We all must dye, that is the debt we owe.

Behold and see, all you that smile at death,  
You plainly see how fickle is your breath,  
To-day alive, to-morrow clad in clay,  
Therefore prepare, repent, weep, fast, and pray.  
Our sinnes doe cause the Lord to send us woe :  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Thy brother's dead, and buried in the ground ;  
Prepare thy self,—the mournfull Bell doth sound ;  
The grave stands open ready to receive  
Whom death doth strike,—prepare to take thy  
leave.

The day nor houre there is none that doth know ;  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.



Then why doe we so vainely spend our time,  
And unto wickednesse so much incline ?  
We live as though we never meant to die,  
Spending our dayes most lewd and wantonly ;  
All wickednesse doth daily in us grow,  
Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe.

In pride and lust we daily doe abound ;  
What wicked sinnes but in us may be found ?  
Wrath and revenge, with beastly gluttony,  
With drunkennesse, deceit, and flattery :  
All this appeares apparantly in show,  
Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe.

The hearts of men are growne as hard as stone ;  
They'l not give eare unto the grieve and mone  
Which their poore brethren make, being opprest :  
Take heed, hard heart ! for death will thee arrest,  
And then 'tis doubtfull, will begin thy woe,  
For all must die, that is the debt we owe.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



It is our sinnes doth cause God's wrath to fall,  
For we offend ev'n generally all,  
Both rich and poore, with yong and old also ;  
Let us repent, least God increase our woe :  
If we repent, the Lord will mercy show :  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Some seeme to murmur aud to make complaint,  
But they are those whose faith is weake and faint ;  
They do not truly feare nor serve the Lord,  
Nor doe they note his blessed holy Word.  
Upon repentance he will mercy show ;  
But all must die, that is the debt we owe.

God's mercy goès before his justice still ;  
He's alwayes sure to punish us for ill ;  
He lets us 'scape, in hope we may amend,  
Thus he's to us a father and a friend ;  
But we to him ungracelesse children grow ;  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

What can a father do more for a sonne  
Then our good Father and our God hath done ?  
He made us from the brittle earth and clay,  
And gave us breath, yet him we disobay :  
O wretched creatures ! why should we do so ?  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Over all creatures man a ruler is ;  
Hath not the Lord done much in doing this ?  
O thinke on this, and praise him for the same ;  
Give laud and glory for his holy name,  
All men that's living ought for to doe so :  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

But we forget our duties to our God,  
Wherefore he now doth scourge us with his rod ;  
His punishment we now are like to feele ;  
He shoots his Arrows from his Bow of steele,  
Which Bow doth seeme to strike a deadly blow ;  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

What father alwayes will forgive his child  
That disobays his will and is most vild ?  
Correction doth befit a wicked son ;  
'Tis true we must confesse the same, each one :  
Now God corrects us by one blow,  
In hope thereby that we will better grow.

Then let's amend our lives most speedily ;  
We may live long, or suddenly may die ;  
Let us prepare ourselves for to repent.  
It cannot be long ere our glasse be spent :  
Our time is short, for certaine it is so,  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Happy's the man that is for death prepar'd ;  
Although he die, heaven is his reward ;  
He lives to die, and dies to live againe,  
In joyes eternally for to remaine ;  
Thrice blessed's he that lives and dieth so :  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Then seeing all must die, as that we must,  
While we live here, in God let's put our trust ;  
Then shall we live to die with him in joy  
And happinesse which never will decay :  
Let all true Christians wish it may be so,  
For all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Looke not upon thy pleasures and thy pride,  
But for thy silly soule doe thou provide ;  
Minde not this world, 'tis vaine and transitory ;  
Minde heaven on high, which is a place of glory ;  
Unto which place, Lord, grant that we may goe  
When we do die : Amen, let all say so.

FINIS.

R. C.

Printed at London for JOHN WRIGHT the young[er],  
are to be sold at his shop at the upper end of the  
Old-Bayley.

## A delicate new Ditty

composed upon the Posie of a Ring : being, "*I fancy none but thee alone :*" sent as a New-year's gift by a Lover to his Sweet-heart,

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.



Thou that art so sweet a creature,  
that above all earthly joy  
I thee deme, for thy rare feature,  
kill me not by seeming coy :  
nor be thou mute  
when this my suit



Into thy eares by love is blowne,  
 but say by me,  
 as I by thee,  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

Hadst thou *Cupid's* mother's beauty,  
 and *Dianæ's* chaste desires,  
 Thinke on that which is thy duty,  
 to fulfill what love requires ;  
 'tis love I askc,  
 and 'tis thy taske  
 to be propitious to my moane,  
 for still I say,  
 and will for aye,  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

Let not selfe-conceit ore-straine thee ;  
 woman was at first ordained  
 To serve man, though I obey thee,  
 being by love's law constraigned ;  
 my sobs and teares  
 true witsse beares  
 of my hearts grieffe and heavy moan ;  
 let not thy frown  
 then me cast downe,  
*Who fancies none but thee alone.*

Think what promise thou didst give me  
when I first did thee behold  
There thou vow'dst thou wouldst not leave me  
for a masse of Indian gold ;  
but now I find  
thou art unkind,

all former vowes are past and gone ;  
yet, once againe,  
him entertaine

*Who fancies none but thee alone.*

Let my true affections move thee  
to commiserate my paine ;  
If thou knew'st how deare I love thee,  
sure thou wouldst love me againe :  
I thee affect,  
and more respect  
thy welfare then I do mine owne ;  
let this move thee  
to pittie me,

*Who fancies none but thee alone.*

Why should women be obdurate,  
and men's proffers thus despise ?  
Deare, be rul'd, we have a Curate,  
nuptiall rites to solemnize :  
thou Marigold,  
whose leaves unfold

when *Tytans* rays reflect thereon,  
 on thee Ile shine,  
 for thou art mine,—  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

---

The Second part, Or, the Maidens  
 kind Reply.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Dear, I have receiv'd thy token,  
 and with it thy faithfull love ;  
 Prethee let no more be spoken,  
 I to thee will constant prove ;  
 doe not despaire,  
 nor live in care  
 for her who vowes to be thine owne ;  
 though I seeme strange,  
 I will not change,—  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

Thinke not that I will forgoe thee,  
 though I'm absent from thy sight ;  
 When I find my selfe kept from thee,  
 I'd be with thee day and night ;  
 but well thou know'st  
 how I am crost,

else should my love to thee be showne  
with free accord ;  
yet, take my word,  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

This Proverbe hath oft beene usèd,  
she that's bound must needs obey ;  
And thou seest how I'm includèd  
from thy presence night and day ;  
I dare not show  
what love I owe  
to thee, for feare it should be knowne ;  
yet still my minde  
shall be inclinde  
*To fancie none but thee alone.*

Though my body, for a season,  
be absent from thee perforce,  
Yet, I pray thee, judge with reason,  
that I love thee nere the worse.  
Oh, that I might  
enjoy thy sight !  
then should my love to thee be showne ;  
then do not thinke  
her love to shrinke  
*Who fancies none but thee alone.*

Many times I thinke upon thee  
in my melancholy fits ;  
When I find myselfe kept from thee,  
it deprives me of my wits :  
oft-times I weepe  
when others sleepe,  
producing many a grievous groane !  
then thinke on me  
as I on thee,  
*And fancie none but me alone.*

No fastidious motions move me  
to be from thy sight so long ;  
Doe not then (my deare) reprove me,  
nor suspect I doe thee wrong ;  
for, be thou sure  
I doe indure  
in constancie, surpast by none :  
I long to see  
the time that we  
shall of two bodies be made one.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Gosson on London-Bridge.

or,

A merry discourse 'twixt him and his *Ioane*,  
That sometimes did live as never did none ;  
But now at the last she proves very kinde,  
And doth what hee'd have her, as here you may  
finde.

TO THREE SEVERALL TUNES, CALLED *But I know what  
I know, Captain Ward, AND Gilty Coate Peggy.*



THE TUNE, *But I know, &c.*

MAN.

Come, *Foane*, by thy owne dearest husband sit  
downe,  
And cast away from thee this impudent frowne ;



You know I doe love thee as deere as I doe,  
 Forbeare with a [Tinker] that's honest and true.

WOMAN.

Away! thou dissembling varlot, away!  
 And leave this thy prating and cogging, I say;  
 For whilst like a drunkard thou thus dost remaine,  
 I never shall love thee, I tell thee againe.

[TUNE,] *Captaine Ward.*

MAN.

Oh, Wife, what would'st thou have me doe  
 More then I now have done?  
 Did not I pawne my cloathes for thee,  
 And likewise sould my shune?  
 Put my shirt in lavender?  
 My cloake is likewise sould:  
 Why dost thou, *Joane*, for all this love,  
 Begin with *Facke* to scould?

WOMAN.

Why, thou deboist drunken sot!  
 did'st doe all this for me,  
 Or for the love you always bare  
 to evill company?  
 And therefore hold thyselfe content,  
 and leave this idle prate,  
 Or, as I am thy honest wife,  
 Ile lay the o're the pate.

TUNE, *Gilty Coate Peggy.*

MAN.

Come, chucke, no more of this, but sit thee downe  
by me,  
And then what is amisse Ile mende, in verity ;  
My money I will save out of the Cup and Can,  
And keepe thee fine and brave, as I am an honest  
man :  
Then chide no more, my deere, but all my faults  
remit,  
And then, as I am here, Ile mend my drunken fit.

WOMAN.

How many times hast thou this promised unto me,  
And yet hast broke thy vow ? the more's the shame  
for thee ;  
And therefore Ile be wise, and take your word no  
more,  
But scratch out both your eyes if you go out of dore ;  
And therefore sit you still, and stirre not for your  
life ;  
I once will have my will, although I am your wife.

---

## The Second Part, to the same Tunes.

TUNE, *But I know what, &c.*

MAN.

Well, do what thou wilt, I am thine at command,  
But let not my neighbours of this understand ;  
For that if thou dost, I know it will be  
A shame to thy selfe—disgrace unto me.

WOMAN.

No matter for that, Ile make you to know  
What 'tis for to injure a loving wife so,  
In pawning her goods, and making her be  
A scorne to her neighbours, and all long of thee.

TUNE, *Captaine, &c.*

MAN.

Come, *Joane*, be satisfied, I pray,  
forgive me what is past,  
And I will thee never offend,  
whilst life and breath doth last ;  
My pots, and my Tobacco too,  
Ile turne, for to be briefe,  
Into a dainty house-hold loafe  
and lusty powder-beefe.

WOMAN.

Well if I thought all this were true,  
 and that thou didst intend  
 To doe as thou relates to me,  
 I then should be thy friend ;  
 But I am, *Facke*, so fearfull growne  
 of thy relaps againe,  
 That I can little credit give  
 to what you now maintaine.

TUNE, *Gilty Coate Peggy*, &c.

MAN.

Here's my hand, sweet Ducke ; what I have said to  
 thee  
 Ile keepe, if I have lucke, till such time that I dye ;  
 And, 'fore that I am dead, my love I will unfold,  
 To helpe thee in thy need, if that thou wilt not  
 scould ;  
 I will not cossened be, I tell thee, gentle *Joane*,  
 But I will bring to thee my sheete, and Ile have none.

WOMAN.

Why, then, sweet-heart, forgive the words that I  
 have said,  
 For surely, while I live, Ile never thee upbraid ;  
 I will not scould nor brawle, but keepe my clapper  
 still.  
 And come when thou dost call,—do all things to thy  
 will :

Then, *Jacke*, forgive thy *Joane*, that is to thee so kinde,  
Or else as hard as stone I surely shall thee finde.

TUNE, *But I know*, &c.

MAN.

Why, here is my hand ; I am pacified, *Joane* ;  
And as I will live with thee never lived none ;  
Then be but as kind as I carefull to thee,  
And then none new married shall better agree ;  
For thou with thy kitchin-stuffe, I with my toyes,  
My Hammer and Kittle, will make such a noyse,  
That all that does heare me shall tell it for true,  
I mend well their worke, and pleasure um too.

TUNE, *Captaine*, &c.

WOMAN.

Then, *Jacke*, take up thy budget straight,  
thy kettles, brasse enough,  
And I will follow thee and cry,  
Maides, have you any kitchen-stuffe ?  
And then the neighbours, seeing us  
so friendly for to goe,  
Will say that they are loving growne, —  
who thought it would be so ?

TUNE, *Gilty Coate*, &c.

MAN.

Then to the Ale-house we will go with mighty speed,  
 And seale up presently what we have now decreed ;  
 A full pot of the best, a crust, and so away,  
 And then we will protest we can no longer stay :  
 This is a thriving course, if I do not mistake,  
 I am sure I have done worse, but now amends Ile  
 make.

WOMAN.

Well, say no more, sweet-heart, but let us both away,  
 For friends, you know, must part, though ne'er so  
 long they stay ;  
 Go you through Cannon-street, Ile take the lanes &  
 Row,  
 And when at night wele meet, at home, for ought  
 we know :  
 But if I be not, *Jacke*, at home so soone as you,  
 It shall but little lacke ; and so, sweet-heart, adieu !

TUNE, *But I know*, &c.

And thus you have heard an end of my song,  
 Which I would be loath that any should wrong ;  
 But if that you do, I tell you but so,  
 I little will say but I know, what I know.

FINIS. Ed. Ford.

Printed at London for F. Coules.



## The Despairing Lover :

Whose minde was much tormented  
Because of his True-Love  
Hee thought hee was prevented.

TO THE TUNE OF *Aime not too high.*



Breake, heart, and dye ! I may no longer live ;  
To enjoy this world nothing that I will give :  
I live forlorne ; my hopes are from me fled ;  
I have lost my love ; alacke ! my heart is dead.

Each thing on earth continueth with his Love,—  
The pretty Pigeon and the Turtle Dove ;  
And divers others in the world I know,  
But my Love will not seeme to love me so.

I little thought what now I true do finde ;  
I did not deeme my Love would be unkind ;  
But 'tis no newes, for many prove untrue,  
And so doth mine, for she bids me adieu.

Seeing 'tis so, Ile turne a Palmer poore,  
And will range abroad the world halfe ore,  
To see if I can find some dismall Cave,  
There will I dwell ! there will I make my grave !

I will goe travell in some other Land,  
To *France* to *Spaine* to *Turkie*, out of hand ;  
Where, unto strangers, there will I complaine  
How that my Love hath me unkindly slaine.

If I doe land upon some other shore,  
Whereas no man did ever land before,  
Then shall I thinke my selfe a happy man,  
Because my death no man shall understand.

There will I write my fill of my true Love :  
Did I say true. What fury did me move  
To count her true that alwayes proves unkind,  
And is as fickle as the wavering wind ?

Since she was faire, and lovely in my sight,  
 She was my joy and all my heart's delight.  
 But now her smiles are turn'd from frownes & ire  
 To kill my heart with woe is her desire.

Bright *Phæbus*' beames are darkened in the skies  
 When as the stormes of *Boreas* doe arise ;  
 Yet he doth quickly shine (after the raine),  
 But my coy Mistris will not love againe.

I would I were i'th' middest of the Seas,  
 In some broken Vessell, if the Fates did please,  
 Where neither love nor comfort can be found,  
 But every hour expecting to be drown'd.

My speech eall doe but prolong my paine,  
 For I did never saile the ocean maine ;  
 Nor will I suffer life in me to bide  
 So long to wait the time of winde or tide.

Seeing 'tis so, to th' Wilderness Ile hie,  
 Among wild beasts, where I intend to dye,  
 Where Lyons, Bears, and other wild beasts mourne  
 The Dragon, Elephant, and Unicorne.

Thus, many wishes have I wisht in vaine,  
 But none of those will rid me out of paine :  
 This piercing poniard now shall end the strife,  
 And kill my heart, that loathes this mortall life.

This being spoken' forth his love did rush,  
Behold him with many a changing blush ;  
O, hold ! quoth she, and hear what I must say  
Doe not despaire, nor worke thy live's decay.

You maidens faire, I pray come lend a eare,  
And you shall heare how true she doth appeare :  
She gave him comfort in his troubled mind,  
And ever after provèd loving kind.

---

[ The Second Part. ]

A constant and a kinde maid,  
Which saved a proper young man's life,  
And after proved his loving wife.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Content thy selfe, my love, and doe not dye ;  
Thy life I love, thy death I doe defie !  
Live, then, in joy, and seeke to banish paine,  
Take a good heart, and I will love againe.

All things on earth doth love its chosen Mate,  
And thou contemnest me, and sayest I hate :  
Men love by fancie Birds they love by kind  
Then fancie me, and thou shalt favour finde.

For all the gold that ever *Cræsus* wonne,  
I will not seeme to leave my love alone ;  
No, no, my Love, I will not prove untrue,  
Nor will I change my old friend for a new.

Thou shalt not need to turne a Palmer poore,  
For I for thee have Gold and Silver store ;  
Instead of finding out a desert place,  
Thou shalt have me within thine armes t' imbrace.

Thou shalt not travell to another land,  
For I am she that am at thy command :  
Thou shalt, my deare, have no cause to complaine,  
For I with joy thy love will entertaine.

If thou hadst landed on some forreine shore,  
Then I would never have enioy'd thee more :  
But being thou art here arriv'd, with me,  
Thou shalt not goe hence dangers for to see.

What wouldst thou write of me, thine own true love ?  
Feare not, my Love, for I will constant prove :  
I am thine owne, and so thou still shalt find—  
To thee I will be loving, true, and kinde.

As I was faire and lovely in thy sight,  
So will I prove thy joy and heart's delight ;  
I will not seeke my dearest love to kill,  
But I will yeeld unto thy wished will.



Sweet, I have listened to thy moanes and cryes ;  
Weepe thou no more, but dry thy watred eyes :  
The stormes are past, and Sun shines after raine,  
And I doe vow to love thee once againe.

If thou wert in the raging Seas so wide,  
Upon a Dolphin's back faine wouldst thou ride,  
Desiring Neptune's succour, out of hand,  
To be thy Pilot to some certaine Land.

Sweet Love, much danger doth abroad ensue ;  
The Seas and wilderness bid thou adue ;  
Nere seeke to write, or thinke, of winde or tide,  
But live with me, and I will be thy bride.

Oh, stay at home, sweet Love, and goe not there ;  
Wilde Beasts in pieces will thy body teare :  
When I behold them for to sucke thy blood,  
They shall have mine, my Love to doe thee good

Loe, thus to thee my love I doe make knowne,  
Vowing hereafter I will be thine owne ;  
O stay thy hand, my Love, and doe not kill  
Thy gentle heart, that I could love so well.

Then strait he tooke his Love into his armes,  
Which had preserv'd him from such dangerous harms ;  
Welcome (quoth he), I love thee as my life ;  
And quickly after he made her his wife.



Thus have you heard my song of woe and joy ;  
Let Maids and young men listen to 't, I pray :  
Make you no vowes, but have a speciall care,  
For fear you wound your mates with deep despair.

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the  
Old-Bayly.

# The deceased Maiden-Louer.

Being a pleasant new Court-Song.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE: OR TO BE SUNG TO  
THE TUNE OF *Bonny Nell*.



As I went forth one Summer's day  
To view the Meddows fresh & gay,  
A pleasant Bower I espide  
Standing hard by a River side,  
And in't a Maiden I heard cry  
Alas! there's none ere lov'd like I.

I couchèd close to heare her mone,  
 With many a sigh and heavie grone,  
 And wisht that I had been the wight  
 That might have bred her heart's delight ;  
     But these were all the words that she  
     Did still repeate, None loves like me.

Then round the Meddowes did she walke,  
 Catching each Flower by the stalke,  
 Such as within the Meddowes grew,  
 As *Dead-man-thumb* and *Harebel* blew,  
     And, as she pluckt them, still cri'd she,  
     Alas ! there's none ere lov'd like me.

A Bed therein she made, to lie,  
 Of fine greene things that grew fast by,  
 Of *Poplars* and of *Willow* leaves,  
 Of *Sicamore* and *flaggy* sheaves,  
     And, as she pluckt them, still cride she,  
     Alas ! there's none ere lov'd like me.

The little *Larke-foot* shee'd not passe,  
 Nor yet the flowers of *Three-leaf'd* grasse,  
 With Milkmaids *Hunny-suckles* phrase,  
 The *Crow's-foot*, nor the yellow *Crayse*,  
     And, as she pluckt them, still cride she,  
     Alas ! there's none ere lov'd like me.

The pretty *Daisie*, which doth 'show  
 Her love to *Phæbus*, bred her woe ;

(Who joyes to see his chearefull face,  
And mournes when he is not in place.)  
Alacke! alacke! alacke! quoth she,  
There's none that ever loves like me.

The flowers of the sweetest scent,  
She bound them round with knotted *Bent*,  
And, as she laid them still in bands,  
She wept, she wail'd, and wrung her hands ;  
Alas! alas! alas! quoth she,  
There's none that ever lov'd like me.

False man! (quoth she) forgive thee heaven!  
As I do wish my sinnes forgiven.  
In blest Elizium I shall sleep  
When thou with perjur'd soules shalt weepe,  
Who, when they lived, did like to thee!--  
That lov'd their loves as thou dost me.

When shee had fil'd her apron full  
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,  
The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,  
The flowers pillowes for her head ;  
Then down she lay, nere more did speak,  
Alas! with love her heart did breake.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

[Second part.]

## The Faithlesse Louer.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

When I had seen this Virgin's end  
I sorrowed as became a friend,  
And wept to see that such a maid  
Should be by faithlesse love betraid ;  
    But woe (I feare) will come to thee  
    That was not true in love as she.

The Birds did cease their harmony,  
The harmlesse Lambes did seem to cry,  
The Flowers they did hang their head,  
The Flower of Maidens being dead,  
    Whose life by death is now set free,—  
    And none did love more deare then she.

The bubling Brooks did seem to mone,  
And Eccho from the vales did grone ;  
*Dianæ's* Nymphs did ring her knell,  
And to their Queene the same did tell,—  
    Who vowèd, by her chastitie,  
    That none should take revenge but she.

When as I saw her corpes were cold,  
I to her lover went, and told

What chance unto this Maid befell :  
Who said, I'm glad she sped so well !  
D'ee thinke that I so fond would be  
To love no Maid but onely she ?

I was not made for her alone ;  
I take delight to heare them mone ;  
When one is gone I will have more ;  
That man is rich that hath most store ;  
I bondage hate ; I must live free ;  
And not be tied to such as she.

O Sir ! remember (then quoth I)  
The power of Heaven's all-seeing eye,  
Who doth remember vowes forgot,  
Though you deny—you know it not !  
Call you to minde this maiden free,  
The which was wrong'd by none but thee.

Quoth he, I have a love more faire ;  
Besides, she is her father's heire ;  
A bonny Lasse doth please my minde,  
That unto me is wondrous kinde :  
Her will I love, and none but she  
Who welcome still shall be to me.

False-minded man that so would prove  
Disloyall to thy dearest Love ;



Who at her death for thee did pray,  
And wist thee many happy day :  
    I would my Love would but love me  
    Even halfe so well as she lov'd thee !

Faire Maidens will example take ;  
Young men will curse thee for her sake ;  
Theyle stop their cares unto our plaints,  
And call us devils, seeming Saints :  
    Theyle say to day that we are kind,  
    To morrow in another mind.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

# The Desperate Damsell's Tragedy:

Or,

The faithlesse young Man.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.



In the gallant month of Iune,  
When sweet roses are in prime,  
And each bird, with a severall tune,  
Harmoniously salutes the time,  
then, to delight  
my appetite,



My dearest Jewell thou hast taken,  
Which should stand me in great stead ;  
And now thou hast me quite forsaken,  
And art, like false *Æneas*, fled  
from *Dido* true.

What can insue  
This faithles deed, but to end my care ?  
like her, a knife  
must end my life,

*For I, like her, am in despaire.*

Then, sith 'tis so, come, gentle Death,  
I yeeld my selfe unto thy power,  
Most willing to resigne my breath  
I am, this instant time and howre ;  
let thy keene dart  
such force impart

That I may die,—oh, doe not spare  
from earth I came,  
and willing am

*Hence to returne, with grim despaire.*

When she these bitter words had spoken  
From her minde, so fraught with woe,  
Her heart was in her bosome broken,  
Teares abundantly did flow  
from her faire eyes ;  
then to the skies

She did direct her hands with prayer,  
 and seem'd to move  
 the pow'rs above  
*To scourge the cause of her despaire.*

---

### The Second Part, To the same tune.

You Gods! (quoth she), I invoke,  
 That, as your judgements still are just,  
 My wrongs I pray you vindicate!  
 O may no Mayde that young man trust!  
 henceforth may he  
 so wretched be  
 That none for him at all shall care:  
 but that he may,  
 for his foule play,  
*Be brought, like me, to grim despaire.*

Having made an end of praying,  
 Suddenly she drew a knife,  
 And I, that neere, unseene, was staying,  
 Ran in hast to save her life;

but ere that I  
to her could cry,  
That her owne life she might forbear,  
shee, *Dido-like*,  
her heart did strike :—  
*Thus dyde the Damsell in despaire.*

With such force her selfe she stabbèd,  
Blood ranne out abundantly ;  
My heart within my bosome throbbèd  
To behold this Tragedy :  
Yet, though she bled,  
she was scarce dead,  
But gasping lay with her last ayre,  
and unto me  
shee spake words three,  
*Which shewed the cause of her despaire.*

Sir, (quoth she) weepe not to see me  
Desperatly myselfe to slay,  
For [t]his fatall stroke doth free me,  
From disgrace another way :  
my honour's dead,  
my credit's fledd,  
Why, therefore, should I live in care ?  
this being spoke,  
her heart strings broke—  
*Thus dyed the Damsell in despaire.*



When Death had done his worst unto her,  
 I did wishly on her looke,  
 And by her favour I did know her,  
 Therefore I my journey tooke  
     Unto the Towne  
     where shee was knowne,  
 And to her friends I did declare  
     what dismall fate  
     had hapt of late  
*Unto this Damsell in despaire.*

With brinish teares her friends lamented  
 To heare of her timelesse end,  
 And every one in grieffe consented,  
 And with me along did wend  
     Unto the place  
     where lay that face,  
 That late, alive, was fresh and faire,  
     now wanne and pale,  
     'cause life did faile—  
*Her life she ended in despaire.*

When this was told to her false Lover,  
 He was of his wits bestraught,  
 And wildly ran the Country over,—  
 Home hee'd by no meanes be brought.  
     Let this tale, then,  
     warne all young men

Unconstancy still to forbear ;  
For he betraide  
this harmelesse Mayde  
*Vnto her death, through grim despaire.*

FINIS.

M. P.

# The Story of *David* and *Berseba*.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



When David in Jerusalem  
as royall King did rule and raigne,  
Behold what hapned unto him,  
that afterward procur'd his paine !

On the top of all his Princely Place,  
a gallant prospect there had he,  
From whence hee might, when 't pleas'd his Grace,  
many a gallant Garden see.

It chanced so, upon a day,  
the King went forth to take the ayre,  
All in the pleasant moneth of May,  
from whence he spide a Lady faire.

Her beauty was more excellent  
and brighter than the morning Sunne,  
By which the King, incontinent,  
was to her favour quickly wonne.

She stood within a pleasant Bower,  
all naked, for to wash her there ;  
Her body, like a Lilly Flower,  
was covered with her golden haire.

The King was wounded with her love,  
and what she was he did enquire ;  
He could not his affection move,  
he had to her such great desire.

She is *Vriahs* Wife, quoth they,  
a Captaine of your Princely Traine,  
That in your Warres is now away,  
and she doth all alone remaine.

Then, said the King, Bring her to me,  
for with her love my heart is slaine ;  
The Prime of beauty sure is she,  
for whome I doe great griefe sustaine.

The Servants they did soone prepare  
to doe the message of the King ;  
And *Berseba*, the Lady faire,  
unto the Court did quickly bring.

The King rejoycèd at her sight,  
and won her love, and lay her by  
Till they in sport had spent the night,  
and that the Sun was risen high.

The King his leave most kindly tooke  
of the faire Lady at the last ;  
And homeward then she cast her looke,  
till that three moneths were gone and past.

And then, in *Berseba* so faire,  
she found her former health exilde,  
By certaine tokens that she saw,  
The King had gotten her with childe.

Then to the King she made her mone,  
and told him how the case did stand ;  
The King sent for her Husband home,  
to cloake the matter out of hand.

When from the Camp *Vriah* came,  
the King receiv'd him courteously,  
Demanding how all things did frame  
concerning of the Enemy.

*Vriah* shew'd his Highnesse all,  
the accident of warlike strife ;  
Then, said the King, this night you shall  
keepe company with your owne wife.

The Arke of God (*Vriah* said)  
with Judah's Host and Israel,  
Keepe in the Fielde, and not a man  
within the house where they doe dwell.

Then should I take my ease, quoth he,  
in beds of Downe with my faire wife ?  
O King, he said, that must not be  
so long as I enjoy my life.

Then did the King a Letter frame  
to *Joab*, Generall of the Host,  
And by *Vriah* sent the same,  
but certainly his life it cost.

---



The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



And when the King for certaine knew  
*Vriah* thus had murdered beene;  
Faire *Berseba* to Court he drew,  
and made of her his royall Queene.

Then God, that saw his wicked deed,  
was angry at King  *Davids* sinne :  
The Prophet *Nathan* then with speed  
came thus complaining unto him :

O *David*, ponder what I say,  
a great abuse I shall thee tell ;  
For thou that rul'st in equity,  
shouldst see the people ruled well.

Two men within the City dwell,  
the one is rich, the other poore ;  
The rich in Cattell doth excell,  
the other nothing hath in store.

Saving one silly little Sheepe,  
which yong he did with money buy ;  
With his owne bread he did it feed,  
amongst his Children, tenderly.

The rich man had a stranger came  
unto his house, that lov'd him deare,  
The poore man's Sheepe therefore he tooke,  
and thereof made his friend good cheere.

Because that he his owne would save,  
he us'd the man thus cruelly :  
Then, by the Lord, the King did sweare,  
the rich man for that fault should die.

Thou art the man ! the Prophet said ;  
the Princely Crowne God gave to thee :  
Thy Lord's wives thou thine owne hast made,  
and many more of faire beauty.

Why hast thou so defilde thy life,  
and slaine *Vriah* with the sword,  
And taken home his wedded Wife,  
regarding not God's holy Word ?

Therefore behold, thus saith the Lord,  
great warres upon thy house shall be,  
Because thou hast my Lawes abhor'd,  
much ill, be sure, Ile raise on thee.

Ile take thy wives before thy face,  
and give them to thy neighbours use ;  
And thou thereby shalt have disgrace,  
for men shall laugh at thine abuse.

Then *David* cryed out pittiously,  
Sore have I sinned against the Lord !  
Have mercy, God, therefore on me !  
let not my prayers be abhor'd !

But as the Prophet told to him,  
so did it after chance indeed,  
For God did greatly plague his sinne,  
as in the Bible you may read.

The scourge of sinne thus you may see  
for murther and adultery.  
Lord grant that we may warned be  
such crying sinnes to shun and flie.

FINIS.

Printed at London for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-  
spurre street, neere New-gate.

# The Distressed Virgin ;

Or,

The false Young-man, and the constant Maid,  
The qualities of them both displaid.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.

A thousand times my love commend  
to him that hath my heart in hold ;  
I tooke him for my dearest friend ;  
his Love I more esteem'd than Gold.  
When that mine eyes did see his face,  
and that mine eares had heard his voyce,  
His Love I freely did embrace,  
my heart told me he was my choice.

O had he still continued true,  
and in affection permanent,  
Had hee performèd what was due,  
then had I found true heart's content :  
But hee, regardlesse of his vow,  
which he did make to me before,  
Hath thus in sorrow left me now,  
my former follies to deplore.

Would I had never seene those eyes  
that (like attractive Adamants),  
Did my poore heart with love surprize,  
the power of Love so me enchants.

I have no power to leave his love,  
though with sterne hate he me pursue,  
To him I will most constant prove,  
though he be faithlesse and untrue.

I put my finger unto the bush,  
thinking the sweetest Rōse to find,  
I prickt my finger to the bone,  
and yet I left the Rose behind :  
If Roses be such prickling flowers,  
they must be gathered when tha're green ;  
But she that loves an unkind Love,  
alas ! she rowes against the streame.

Oh ! would he but conceive aright  
the griefe that I for him sustaine,  
He could not chuse but change his spight  
to faithfull love, and leave disdaine.  
I love to have him still in place,  
his too long absence makes me mourne ;  
Yet he disdaines to see my face,  
and holds my company in scorne.

It grieves my heart full sore to thinke  
that he whom I so dearely love,  
Should thus refuse with me to drinke,  
yet can my passion ne're remove !

Though he, I know, could wish my death,  
so great is his inveterate hate,  
Yet I could sooner lose my breath  
than see him wrong'd in name or state.

Ill hap had I to come in place  
where first I saw his tempting looke ;  
As soone as I beheld his face,  
I *Cupid's* prisoner straight was tooke :  
And never since that fatall houre  
I have enjoyed one minute's rest ;  
The thought of him is of such power,  
it never can forsake my brest.

Then was I strucke with *Cupid's* Dart ;  
then was my fancie captivated ;  
Then did I vow that still my heart  
should rest with him, though me he hated.  
Then did he make a shew of love,  
which did much more my heart enflame ;  
But now he doth perfidious prove,  
and gives me cause his love to blame.



## The Second Part to the same Tune.

Nay more, he made a vow to me  
that I should be his wedded wife,  
And he forsakes me now, I see,  
which makes me weary of my life :  
I little thought what now I finde,  
that Young-men could dissemble so ;  
Sure he's the falsest of his kinde,  
ill hap have I to prove him so !

Could any man be so hard-hearted  
to leave a harmelesse Maid in griefe ;  
From me all comfort cleane is parted,  
unless his favour grant reliefe.  
Hee is the man that bred my paine ;  
he is the man whose love alone  
Must be the slave to cure my paine,  
or else my life will soon be gone.

O faithlesse wretch ! consider well  
that Heaven abhorreth perjury ;  
Great torments are prepar'd in Hell  
for them that thus will sweare and lye.  
Oh ! hast thou never made a show  
of love, thou hadst excus'd thy blame ;  
But thy false heart full well doth know  
what oaths thy perjur'd tongue did frame.

That obstacle that hinders me  
is that, which I suspect full sore,  
His fruit grows on some other tree,  
and he's seduced by some whore :  
Or else he hath some other Lasse,  
perhaps, like me, a harmlesse Maid,  
Whom he may bring to such a passe  
as I am brought, by *Cupid's* aide.

Oh Heavens! forbid that any one  
that bears an honest loving mind  
Should thus have cause to grieve and moan  
for such a knave, that shames his kind !  
But why should I, as passions move,  
with bitter words upon his raile,  
Whom I am ever bound to love  
untill my vitall spirits faile ?

Sweet love forgive my lavish tongue,  
if I offend in any sort :  
To recompence thee for that wrong  
Ile always give thee good report :  
Although to me thou art unkind,  
who never gave thee any cause,  
Yet I am still resolv'd, in mind,  
never to break God *Cupid's* Lawes.

And if I never be thy wife  
    (which is the thing I justly climae),  
I vow to live a single life,  
    and never thinke of Lovers' game :  
But why speake I of life, when death  
    doth every minute claime his due ?  
I cannot long retaine my breath,  
    having a Lover so untrue.

Let all true Lovers judge aright  
    in what a case, poore soule, am I ;  
Come, Gentle Death ! and worke thy spight,  
    for now I am prepar'd to dye :  
O Heaven ! forgive thy Love is wrong  
    none unto me, a Maiden pure,  
Who for his sake must dye ere long,  
    for long my life cannot endure.

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

# Death's Dance.

TO BE SUNG TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CALL'D  
*Oh no, no, no, not yet, OR The Meddow brow.*



If death would come and shew his face,  
as he dare shew his power,  
And sit at many a rich man's place  
both every day and houre,

He would amaze them every one  
to see him standing there,  
And wish that soone he would be gone  
from all their dwellings faire.

Or, if that Death would take the paines  
to goe to the Water side,  
Where Merchants purchase golden gains,  
(to prank them up in pride,)  
And bid them thinke upon the poore,  
or else Ile see you soone !  
There would be given then at their doore,  
good almes both night and noone.

Or walke into the *Royall-Exchange*  
when every man is there,  
No doubt his comming would be strange,  
to put them all in feare  
How they do worldly buy and sell,  
to make their markets good ;  
Their dealings all would prosper well  
if so the matter stood.

Or, if Death would take the paines  
to go to Paul's one day,  
To talke with such as their remaines  
to walke, and not to pray :

Of life they would take lasting Lease,  
though nere so great a Fine,  
What is not that but some would give  
to set them up a Shrine ?

If death would go to *Westminster*,  
to walke about the Hall,  
And make himselfe a Counsellor  
in pleas, amongst them all,  
I thinke the Court of Conscience  
would have a great regard,  
When Death should come, with diligence  
to have their matters heard.

For Death hath been a *Checker* man  
not many yeeres agoe,  
And he is such a one as can  
bestow his checking so  
That never a Clarke within the Hall  
can argue so his case  
But Death can over-rule them all  
in every Court and place.

If Death would keepe a tipling house  
where Roysters do resort,  
And take the cup, and drinke, carowse,  
when they are in their sport,



And briefly say, My Masters all,  
Why stand you idle here  
I bring to you Saint Gibbs his bowle !  
'twold put them all in feare.

If Death would make a step to dance  
where lusty Gallants be,  
Or take Dice and throw a chance  
when he doth gamesters see,  
And say, My Masters, Have at all !  
I warrant it will be mine !  
They would in amazement fall  
to set him any Coyne.

If Death would Gossip now and then  
amongst the crabbed Wives  
That taunts and railes at their good men,  
to make them weary lives,  
It would amaze them, I might say,  
so spitefully to boast  
That they will beare the swing and sway,  
and over-rule the roast.

If Death would quarterly but come  
amongst the Landlord's crue,  
And take a count of every sum  
that rises more than due,

As well of Income as of Fine,  
above the old set Rent,  
They would let Leases without Coyne,  
for feare they should be shent.

If Death would take his dayly course  
where Tradesmen sell their Ware,  
His welcome sure would be more worse  
then those of monyes bare ;  
It would affright them for to see  
his leane and hollow lookes,  
If Death should say, Come, shew to me  
my reckoning in your bookes.

If Death would thorow the markets trace,  
where Conscience us'd to dwell,  
And take up there a Huckster's place,  
he might do wondrous well.  
High prizes would abated be,  
and nothing found too deare,  
When Death should call, Come, buy of me !  
would put them all in feare.

If Death would proove a Gentleman,  
and come to Court our Dames,  
And do the best of all he can  
to blazen forth their names,

Yet should he little welcomes have  
amongst so fayre a crew,  
That daily go so fine and brave  
when they his face do view.

Or if he would but walke about  
our City Suburbs round,  
There would be given him, out of doubt,  
full many a golden pound  
To spare our wanton femall crew,  
and give them longer day ;  
But Death will grant no Leases new,  
but take them all away.

For Death hath promisèd to come,  
and come he will indeed ;  
Therefore I warne you, all and some,  
beware, and take good heed ;  
For what you do, or what you be,  
hee's sure to find, and know you ;  
Though he be blind, and cannot see,  
in earth he will bestow you.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

The most rare and excellent History  
of the Dutchesse of Suffolke's Calamity.

TO THE TUNE OF *Queene Dido*.



When God had taken, for our sinne,  
that prudent Prince, King *Edward*, away,  
Then bloody *Bonner* did begin  
his raging malice to bewray ;  
All those that did God's Word professe  
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus, whilst the Lord on us did lowre,  
many in prison he did throw,  
Tormenting them in Lollards' Tower,  
whereby they might the truth forgoe ;  
Then *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, and the rest,  
Were burn'd in fire, that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with fagots fill'd,  
     and many places more besides,  
 At Coventry was *Saunders* kill'd,  
     at Worster eke good *Hooper* dy'd ;  
 And, to escape this bloody day,  
 Beyond Seas many fled away.

Amongst the rest that sought release,  
     and for their faith in danger stood,  
 Lady *Elizabeth* was chiefe,  
     King *Henries* daughter of royall blood,  
 Which in the Tower did prisoner lye,  
 Looking each day when shee should dye.

The Dutchess of *Suffolke* seeing this,  
     whose life likewise the tyrant sought,  
 Who, in the hope of heavenly blisse,  
     within Gods Word her comfort wrought,  
 For feare of Death was faine to flye,  
 And leave her house most secretly.

That, for the love of God alone ;  
     her land and goods she left behind,  
 Seeking still for that precious stone,  
     the Word of Truth, so rare to find.  
 She, with her nurse, husband, and child,  
 In poor array their sights beguild.

Thus through *London* they past along,  
each one did take a severall street;  
Thus, all along escaping wrong,  
at Billingsgate they all did meete :  
Like people poore, in Gravesend Barge  
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend towne,  
with journies short, on foot they went ;  
Unto the Sea-coast they came downe  
to passe the Seas was their intent ;  
And God provided so that day,  
That they tooke ship and sail'd away.

And, with a prosperous gale of wind,  
in *Flanders* safe they did arive ;  
This was to theire great ease of minde,  
and from their heart much woe did drive ;  
And so, with thankes to God on hie,  
They tooke their way to *Germany*.

Thus as they travell'd, still disguis'd,  
upon the high way, suddenly  
By cruell theeves they were surpriz'd,  
assailing their small company.  
And all their treasure and their store  
They tooke away, and beat them sore.



The Nurse, in midst of their fight,  
 laid downe the child upon the ground ;  
 She ran away out of their sight,  
 and never, after that, was found.  
 Then did the Dutches make great mone,  
 With her good husband all alone.

The theeves had there their horses kill'd,  
 and all their money quite had tooke,  
 The pretty Baby, almost spoil'd,  
 was by the nurse likewise forsooke ;  
 And they far from their friends did stand,  
 And succourless, in a strange land.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



The Skie likewise began to scowle,  
 it hail'd and rain'd in pittious sort,

The way was long and wonderous foule ;  
then (may I now full well report)  
Their griefe and sorrow was not small  
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutches bore the child,  
all wet as ever she could be,  
And when the Lady, kind and mild,  
was weary, then the child bore he :  
And thus they one another eas'd,  
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many a weary step,  
all wet-shod both in durt and mire,  
After much griefe their hearts yet leap  
for labour doth some rest require,  
A towne before them they did see,  
But lodg'd therein they could not bee.

From house to house then they did goe,  
seeking that night where they might lie ;  
But want of money was their woe,  
and still their babe with cold did crie :  
With cap and knee they curtesie make,  
But none on them would pittie take.

Loe ! here a Princesse of great blood  
doth pray a peasant for reliefe

With teares bedewèd, as she stood,  
yet few or none regards her grieffe.  
Her speech they could not understand,  
But gave her money in her hand.

When al in vaine their paines were spē't,  
and that they could no houseroome get,  
Into a Church-porch then they went,  
to stand out of the raine and wet ;  
Then said the Dutchesse to her deere,  
O that we had some fire here.

Then did her husband so provide  
that fire and coales he got with speed,  
She sate downe by the fire side,  
to dresse her daughter, that had need ;  
And while she drest it in her lap,  
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,  
and finding them there by the fire,  
The drunken knave, all voyd of shame,  
to drive them out was his desire ;  
And spurning forth the Noble Dame,  
Her husband's wrath it did inflame.

And, all in fury as he stood,  
he wrung the Church keyes out his hand,

And strucke him so that all of blood  
his head ran downe, where he did stand ;  
Wherefore the Sexton presently  
For helpe and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,  
and tooke the Dutches and her child,  
And with her husband thus they past,  
like Lambes beset with Tygers wilde,  
And to the Governour were brought,  
Who understood them not in ought,

Then master *Bartu*, brave and bold,  
in Latine made a gallant speech,  
Which all their misery did unfold,  
and their high favour did beseech.  
With that a Doctor, sitting by,  
Did know the Dutches presently,

And thereupon arising straight,  
with words abashèd at this sight,  
Unto them all that their did wait,  
he thus brake forth in words aright :  
Behold within, your sight, quoth he,  
A Princesse of most high degree

With that the Gouvernour and the rest  
were all amazed the same to heare,

Who welcomed this new-come guest  
with reverence great and princely cheere,  
And afterward convey'd they were  
Unto their friend, Prince *Cassimèr*.

A sonne she had in *Germany*,  
*Peregrine Bartu* call'd by name,  
Surnam'd the good Lord *Willoughby*,  
of courage great and worthy fame :  
Her daughter yong, which with her went,  
Was afterwards Countesse of Kent.

For when Queene *Mary* was deceast  
the Dutches home returned againe,  
Who was of sorrow quite releast  
by Queene *Elizabeth's* happy raigne ;  
Whose godly life and piety  
Wee all may praise continually.

FINIS

London, Printed for *Edward Wright* Dwelling at  
Christ Church gate.



# The discontented Married Man :

Or,

A merry new Song that was pen'd in foule weather,  
Of a Scould that could not keep her lips together.

TO THE TUNE OF *Shee cannot keepe her*, &c.



A yong man lately wedded was  
To a faire and comely creature,  
She was a blithe and bonny Lasse  
As ere was framèd by Nature,  
With rolling eye,  
And forehead high,  
And all good parts Nature could give her :



But she had learnèd such a note,  
 She could not keepe her l. together.

A lusty youth, of *Cupids* straine,  
 That might the Queen of Love contented,  
 Came unto her, her love to gain,  
 And freely she her love consented :  
     But, to be short,  
     In *Cupids* Court  
 He usde her well when he came thither,  
 And plaid his part in such an art,  
 She could not, &c.

When her Husband he heard tell  
 Of her tricks, with true relation,  
 He complained to himselfe  
     Very sadly in this fashion :  
 Quoth he, I would give twenty pound,  
     Thats ten more then I had with her,  
 Her mother would take her home againe,  
 And make her keepe her, &c.

Sonne, be thou of patient mind,  
 Let not thoughts thy fancies trouble ;  
 For I to the will still prove kind,  
 And her portion I will double,  
     Time and age  
     Will asswage,

And the fairest flower will wither,  
And I such counsell will her give  
Shall make her keepe her l. together.

Henceforth, therefore, Ile forsake her,  
And her mother shall take her,  
And, for shame! let her better make her,  
Or I againe will never take her,  
Pure modesty she doth defie,  
Besides, she's fickle as the weather,  
And her scoulding plainly shews  
She cannot keepe her l. together.

Then Ile leave off to find another,  
Though't may adde unto my lustre,  
For brave spacious *England* wide  
I am sure affords a cluster :  
Good and bad  
Are to had ;  
*Love* speed me well ! though long I tarry,  
For, ere that Ile have such a Mate  
I never more intend to marry.

---

The second part to the same Tune,



Shee is gone a wandring forth  
Wanton wenches will be ranging  
With two gallants of great worth :  
Such as they affect a changing.  
She is bent  
To consent  
For to go she knowes not whether :  
They will teach her such a trick  
She will not keep her l. together.

To the dancing-schoole she goes,  
There she spends her husband's treasure,  
On each Shoo she weares a Rose,  
For to shew she's fit for pleasure ;  
And resort  
To *Cupids* Court,  
And no sooner she comes thither,  
She learns so much of that same sport,  
She cannot keepe her l. together.

To the tavern she repaires,  
Whilst her husband sits and muses,  
Their she domineeres and swears,  
'Tis a thing she often uses !  
And, being fine,  
She, for wine,  
Will both pawne her hat and feather ;  
Which doth shew that it is true  
She cannot keep her l. together.

He's a Coxcombe that doth greive  
And knowes not how to court this creature,  
For he may pin her to his sleeve,  
She is of so kind a nature :  
She will play  
Every way,  
And is as nimble as a feather,  
But she will often go astray,  
She cannot keep her l. together.

Thou that hast a wife that's civill,  
Love her well and make much of her ;  
For a woman that is evill  
All the town, thou seest, will scoffe her.  
Love thy wife ;  
As thy life,  
Let her not go thou know'st not whither;  
For you will alwayes live in strife  
If she keep not her l. together.

Maidens faire, have a care  
Whom you love and whom you marry ;  
Love not those that jealous are,  
Longer you had better tarry ;  
For offence  
Springs from hence—  
You will go you know not whether,  
Till you lose both wit and sence,  
And cannot keep your l. together.



# A Pleasant new Dialogue ;

Or,

The discourse between the Serving-man and the  
Husband-man.

The lofty pride must bated bee,  
And praise must goe in right degree.

TO THE TUNE OF *I have for all good wives a Song.*



As I went through the meddowes greene,  
that are mostly lovely to be seene.  
I heard two men in great discourse  
of many things, better or worse ;



The one a Serving-man, and he  
 stood much upon his bravery ;  
 The other was a Husband man,  
 Which no man speake against him can.

*The Serving-Man's Speech,*

I am a Serving-man that's fine,  
 and feed on dainties, and drinke wine,  
 I am for Ladies company,  
 who can have pleasures more than I ?  
 I have the love of Maidens faire  
 that are their Parents onely heire ;  
 Although they goe in garments gay,  
 with me they'l yeeld to sport and play.

*The Plough-man.*

Though you in garments goe most brave,  
 yet you must yeeld to what I crave ;  
 No serving-man shall make me yeeld,  
 Ile shew the cause whereon I build.  
 A Serving-man cannot come nie  
 to that which I will verifie :  
 A young Serving-man may compare  
 to be and old begger-man's-heire.

*The Serving-man.*

I wait on Ladies, Lords, and Knights,  
 where pleasure flowes, with much delights ;

My time I spend with *Venus'* Nymphs,  
whose features rare Desire attempts.  
We serving-men have pleasure at will,  
and Plough-men they have labour still ;  
Then how can they with us compare,  
seeing we have pleasure, and they have care?

*The Plough-man.*

Though you in pleasure do exceed,  
who is it doth serve your need ?  
You might goe pine and starve with want,  
then at a Plough-man do not taunt.  
We till the ground which brings increase,  
and all would lack if we should cease ;  
Such bragging Jacks might doe full ill,  
then to the Plough-man yeeld thee skill.

*The Serving-man.*

Our 'parell many times is silke,  
our shirts as white as any milke ;  
Our fare is of the very best,  
and that which is most neatly drest ;  
And often, when we sup or dine,  
we taste a dainty cup of wine :  
Our Master's Cellars yeeld good beere,  
and in his Hall we finde good cheare.

*The Plough-man.*

'Tis true : there many goes in silke  
 and have their linnen white as milke,  
 And yet perhaps not worth a groat,  
 but, much like you, will lye and prate ;  
 The Proverbe of a Serving-man,  
 as alwayes I doe understand,  
 In prime of yeeres hee'l roare and swagger,  
 And, being growne old, he turnes a begger.

*The Serving-man.*

Why should a Plough-man me deface,  
 and urge me with such foule disgrace  
 I dare to challenge you, sir foole,  
 to meet me at the Fencing-schoole :  
 I will not so out-bravèd be,  
 nor ranke with such base pedigree ;  
 I am a man of courage bold,  
 by Plough-men Ile not be control'd.

---

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



*The Plough-man.*

Indeed, you are of perfect mettle ;  
your nose shines like a copper kettle ;  
'Tis true you are of courage bold,  
the pipe and pot you will uphold ;  
You hold it rare to drinke and smoake  
all this is true which I have spoke,  
But 'tis a Husbandman's delight  
to worke all day, and sleepe all night.

*The Serving-man.*

We have no labour, toyle, and care,  
 we Serving-men no drudges are ;  
 Our care is for the chiefest pleasure,  
 which seemes to us a daily treasure :  
 My Ladies Waiting-maid most fine  
 with us doth often sup and dine ;  
 Sometimes a courtesie we crave,  
 a kisse or so, and this we have.

*The Plough-man.*

If you the Proverb truly mark,  
*Ioane* is as good as my Lady in th' dark ;  
 A Country Lasse in russet gray,  
 with her I love to sport and play :  
 O she will dance, and sweetly sing,  
 much like the Nightingale in Spring ;  
 She's fresh and faire, and firm and sound ;  
 in her much pleasure may be found.

*The Serving-man.*

Well, Countrie-man, my mind is brave,  
 I will not yeeld to what you crave ;  
 No plough-man ere shall make me yeeld,  
 I will not so much bē compeld :

My youthfull dayes yeelds me much joyes,  
my nights I passe with merry toyes ;  
My time is pleasure and delight,  
which I doe spend with Ladies bright.

*The Plough-man.*

O, hold thy peace ! thy fond delight  
doth passe away like day or night ;  
Thy aged head appearing gray,  
then doth thy pleasure soone decay ;  
Then from thy service must thou packe,  
and all things quickly wilt thou lacke :  
Then warning take ere it be long,  
and learne to worke while thou art young.

*The Serving-man.*

Why should I labour, toyle, or care,  
since I am fed with dainty fare ?  
My Gelding I have for to ride,  
my cloake, my good sword by my side,  
My bootes and spurres shining like gold,  
like those whose names are high inrol'd :  
What pleasure more can any crave  
then such content as I now have ?



*The Plough-man.*

'Tis true, indeed thy pleasure's great,  
 and I have what I get by sweat ;  
 My labour gives my heart content,  
 and I doe live in merriment :  
 He that true labour takes in hand  
 doth farre surpasse the Serving-man ;  
 He passeth some with house and lands ;  
 when that decayes, he cryes Helpe, hands.

*The Serving-man.*

Thy reasons I have understood,  
 and what thou speak'st is very good ;  
 I would I were a Plough-man now,  
 and labour could at Cart and Plough ;  
 Then would I work and till the land,  
 and never more be Serving-man ;  
 For what they have is truly got,  
 they are contented with their lot.

---

Thus to conclude and make an end,  
 let none with Husband-men contend :  
 You see, here yeelds a loftie mind,  
 and to good counsell is inclin'd.

Thus will we all, like lovers, 'gree,  
the painfull man shall praised be ;  
For by the labour of the hand  
we doe receive fruits from the land.

FINIS.

R. C.

Printed at London for *F. Coules* dwelling in the  
Old-Baily.

A lamentable ballad on the Earl of  
Essex's Death.

Tune is, Essex last Goodnight.



All you that cry O hone, O hone,  
come now and sing O hone with me,  
For why our jewel is from us gone,  
the valiant Knight of Chivalry.  
Of rich and poor belov'd was he,  
in time an honourable Knight,  
When by our Laws condemn'd to die  
*He lately took his last goodnight.*

Count him not like to Champion  
those traiterous men of *Babington*  
Nor like the Earl of Westmoorland,  
by whom a number were undone,  
He never yet hurt Mothers son,  
his quarrel still maintains the right,  
Which the tears my face down run,  
*When I think on his last goodnight.*

The *Portugals* can witness be,  
his Dagger at *Lisbon* gate he flung,  
And like a Knight of Chivalry,  
his Chain upon the Gate he hung ;  
I would to God that he would come,  
to fetch them back in order right,  
Which thing was by his honour done,  
*yet lately took their last goodnight.*

The *French-men* they can testife,  
the town of *Gourney* he took in,  
And marcht to *Rome* immediately,  
not caring for his foes a pin :  
With Bullets then he pierc'd his skin,  
and made them fly from his sight :  
He there that time did credit win,  
*and now hath tane his last goodnight.*

And stately *Cales* can witness be,  
even by his Proclamation right,  
And did command them all straightly,  
to have a care of Infants lives,  
And that none should hurt man or wife  
which was against their right ;  
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,  
*which lately took his last goodnight.*

Would God he ne'er had *Ireland* known,  
nor set one foot on Flanders ground,  
Then might we well enjoy'd our own,  
where now our jewel will not be found,  
Which makes our foes still abound ;  
trickling with salt teares in our sight,  
To hear his name in our ears to sound,  
*Lord Devereux took his last goodnight.*

*Ash wednesday* that dismal day,  
when he came forth his Chamber door,  
Upon the Scaffold there he saw,  
his Headsman standing him before :  
His Nobles all they did deplore ;  
shedding salt tears in his sight  
He said farewell to rich and poor,  
*at his good morrow and good night.*

My Lords said he, you stand but by,  
to see performance of the law,  
It is I that have deserv'd to die,  
and yield myself unto the blow :  
I have deserv'd to die I know  
but ne'er against my Countries right,  
Nor to my Queen was ever foe,  
*upon my death at my good night.*

Farewell, Elizabeth, my gracious Queen,  
God bless thee with thy Council all ;  
Farewell my Knights of Chivalry,  
farewell my Souldiers stout and tall,  
Farewell the Commons great and small,  
into the hands of men I light,  
My life shall make amends for all,  
*for Essex bids the world good night.*

Farewell dear wife, and children three,  
farewell my kind and tender son ;  
Comfort yourselves, mourn not for me,  
although your fall be now begune,  
My time is come, my glass is run,  
comfort yourself in former light,  
Seeing by my fall you are undone,  
*your Father bids the world good night.*



*Derick*, thou know'st at *Cales* I sav'd  
thy life, lost for a Rope there done,  
As thou thyself canst testifie,  
thine own hand three and twenty hung,  
But now thou seest myself is come,  
by chance unto thy hands I light,  
Strike out thy blow, that I may know,  
*thou Essex lov'd at his goodnight.*

When *England* counted me a Papist,  
the works of papists I defie,  
I ne're worshipt Saint nor Angel in Heaven,  
nor the Virgin *Mary* I ;  
But to Christ, which for my sins did die,  
trickling with salt tears in his sight  
Spreading my arms to God on high,  
*Lord Jesus receive my soul this night.*

*Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the booksellers  
of London.*

An excellent Ballad of a Prince of  
*England's* Courtship to the King of *France's*  
Daughter, and how the Prince was disastrously  
slain ; and how the aforesaid Princess was after-  
wards married to a Forrester.

TO THE TUNE OF *Crimson Velvet.*



In the days of Old,  
when fair *France* did flourish,  
Stories plainly told,  
Lovers it annoy :  
The King a Daughter had,  
beauteous, fair, and lovely  
Which made her father glad,  
she was his only joy.

A Prince of *England* came,  
 Whosè Deeds did merit fame ;  
     he woo'd her long, and loe ! at last,  
 And what he did require,  
 She granted his desire ;  
     their hearts in one were linkèd fast.  
 Which, when her father provèd,  
 Lord ! how he was movèd  
     and tormented in his mind !  
 He sought for to prevent them ;  
 And to discontent them  
     Fortune crossed Lovers kind.

When these Princes twain  
     were thus bar'd of pleasure,  
 (Through the King's Disdain,  
     which their joys withstood,)  
 The lady lockt up close  
     her jewels and her treasure ;  
 Having no remorse  
     of State and Royal blood :  
 In homely poor array  
 She went from Court away,  
     to meet her love and heart's delight ;  
 Who in a Forrest great  
 Had taken up his seat,  
     to wait her coming in the night.  
 But, loe, what sudden Danger

To this Princely Stranger  
    chanced as he sat alone !  
By Out-laws he was robbèd,  
And with Poinard stabbèd,  
    uttering many a dying Groan.

The Princess, armed by him,  
    and by true Desire,  
Wandring all that night  
    without dread at all :  
Still unknown she past,  
    in her strange attire :  
Coming at last  
    within echoes call  
You fair wood, quoth she,  
Honoured may you be,  
    harbouring my heart's delight ;  
Which doth incompass here  
My Joy and only Dear,  
    my trusty friend & comely Knight  
Sweet, I come unto thee  
Sweet, I come to woo thee,  
    that thou maist not angry be  
For my long delaying  
And thy courteous staying  
    amends, for all, I'll make to thee !

Passing thus alone  
     through the silent Forrest,  
 Many a grievous groan  
     sounded in her ear ;  
 Where she heard a man  
     to lament the sorest  
 Chance that ever came  
     forc'd by Deadly strife,  
 Farewel (my Dear) quoth he,  
 Whom I shall never see,  
     for why my life is at an end,  
 For thy sweet sake I dye,  
 Thro' Villians cruelty,  
     to show I am a faithful friend  
 Here I lie a bleeding,  
 While my thoughts are feeding  
     on the rarest beauty found :  
 O hard hap ! that, may be,  
 Little knows my Lady  
     my heart blood lies on the ground.

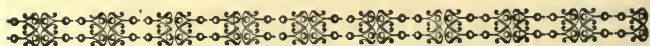
With that he gave a Groan,  
     that did break in assunder  
 All the tender fixings  
     of his gentle heart :  
 She, who knew his voice,  
     at his tale did wonder ;

All her former joys  
    did to grief convert.  
Straight she ran to see  
    who this Man should be,  
That so like her love did speak ;  
    and found, when as she came,  
Her lovely Lord lay slain,  
    smear'd in blood, which life did break.  
Which when that she espyed,  
Lord how sore she cried  
    sorrows could not counted be ;  
Her eyes like fountains running,  
While she cry'd out, My Darling,  
    Would God that I had dy'd for thee.

His pale lips, alas  
    twenty times she kissed,  
And his face did wash  
    with her brinish tears ;  
Ev'ry bleeding wound  
    her fair face bedewed,  
Wiping off the blood  
    with her golden hair :  
Speak, my Lord (quoth she)  
Speak, fair Prince, to me  
    one sweet word of comfort give !  
Lift up thy fair eyes,  
Listen to my cries'



think in what great grief I live !  
 All in vain she sued,  
 All in vain she wooed,  
     the Prince's life was fled and gone ;  
 There stood she, still mourning,  
 Till the Suns approaching,  
     & bright day was coming on.



In this great Distress,  
     quoth this Royal Lady,  
 Who can now express  
     what will become of me,  
 To my Father's Court  
     Never will I wander,  
 But some service seek  
     where I may placed be.  
 Whilst she thus made her mone,  
 Weeping all alone,  
     in this deep & deadly fear :  
 A Forrester, all in green,  
 Most comely to be seen,  
     ranging the wood, did find her there,  
 Round beset with sorrow :  
 Maid (quoth he) good morrow !

what hard hap hath brought ye here ?  
Harder hap did never  
Chance to a Maiden ever ;  
here lies slain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd ?  
gentle Forrester, tell me,—  
Where might I procure  
a service in my need ?  
Pains will I not spare,  
but would do my duty ;  
Ease me of my care,  
help my extream need.  
The Forrester, all amazed,  
On her beauty gazed,  
till his heart was set on fire :  
If, fair maid, (quoth he)  
You will go with me,  
you shall have your heart's desire.  
He brought her to his mother,  
And above all other  
he set forth this maiden's praise :  
Long was his heart inflamèd ;  
At length her love he gained,—  
so fortune did his fortune raise.

Thus unknown he matcht  
with the Kings fair Daughter ;

Children seven he had  
    e're she to him was known :  
But when he understood  
    she was a Royal Princess,  
By this means at last  
    he shews forth her fame.  
He cloathed his children then  
Not like to other men,  
    in partly colours, strange to see ;  
The right side cloth of gold,  
The left side, to behold !  
    of woollen cloth still framed he,  
Men thereat did wonder  
Golden Fame did thunder  
    This strange Deed in every place :  
The King of *France* came thither,  
Being pleasant weather,  
    in these woods the hart to chase..

The Children there did stand  
    as their mother willèd,  
Where the Royal King  
    must of force come by.  
Their mother richly clad  
    in fair Crimson Velvet,  
Their father all in gray,  
    most comely to the eye.

When this famous king,  
Noting every thing,  
    did ask how he durst be so bold  
To let his wife to wear,  
And deck his Children there,  
    in costly Robes of pearl & gold.  
The Forrester bold replied,  
& the cause Descried ;  
    & to the king he thus did say :  
Well may they, by their mother,  
Wear rich cloaths with other,  
    being by birth a Princess gay.

The king, upon these words,  
    more heedfully beheld them,  
Till a crimson blush  
    his conceit did cross ;  
The more I look (quoth he)  
    upon thy wife and children,  
The more I call to mind  
    my daughter whom I lost.  
I am that child (quoth she),  
Falling on her knee,  
    pardon me, my Sovereign Liege.  
The king perceiving this,  
His Daughter dear did kiss,  
    till joyful tears did stop his speech ;

With his train he turned,  
And with her sojourned,  
    straight he dub'd her husband knight ;  
He made him Earl of *Flanders*,  
One of his chief Commanders :  
    thus was their sorrow put to flight.

*Licensed and Entered according to Order.*



Printed by and for *Alex. Milbourn*, and sold by the  
Booksellers of *Pye-corner*, and *London-Bridge*.

Song of an English Merchant, borne  
at *Chichester*.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.



A rich Merchant man  
That was both grave and wise,  
Did kill a man at *Emden Towne*,  
Through quarrels that did rise.  
Through quarrels that did rise  
The German hee was dead,  
And for this fact the Merchant man  
was judg'd to lose his head.

*A sweet thing is love,  
It rules both heart and mind ;  
There is no comfort in the world  
to women that are kind.*



A Scaffold builded was  
 Within the Market-place,  
 And all the people, farre and neere,  
 Did thither flocke apace :  
 Did thither flocke apace  
 This dolefull sight to see,  
 Who, all in velvet, blacke as Jet,  
     unto the place came hee.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

Bare-headed was hee brought,  
 His hands were bound before,  
 A Cambricke Ruffe about his necke,  
 As white as milke hee wore :  
 His Stockings were of silke,  
 As fine as fine might be ;  
 Of person and of countenance  
     a proper man was hee.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

When hee was mounted up  
 Upon the Scaffold high,  
 All women said great pity 'twas  
 So sweet a man should die,  
 The Merchants of the Towne,  
 From death to set him free,  
 Did proffer there two thousand pound,  
     but yet it would not be.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

The Prisoner hereupon  
Began to speake his mind :  
Quoth hee, I have deserved death  
In conscience I doe find ;  
Yet sore against my will  
This man I kild, quoth hee,  
As Christ doth know, which of my soule  
    must onely Saviour be.  
*A sweet thing is love &c.*

With heart I doe repent  
The most unhappy deed,  
And for his wife and children small  
My very soule doth bleed :  
This deed is done and past ;  
My hope of life is vaine ;  
And yet the losse of this my life  
    to them is little gaine.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

Unto the widow poore  
And her two Babes, therefore,  
I give a hundred pound a piece,  
Their comfort to restore ;  
Desiring at their hands  
No one request but this,—  
They will speake well of Englishmen  
    though I have done amisse.”  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

This was no sooner spoke,  
But that, to stint his grieve,  
Ten goodly Maids did proffer him  
For love to beg his life :  
This is our law, quoth they,  
We may your death remove,  
If you, in lieu of our good will,  
    will grant to us your love.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

Brave Englishman, quoth one,  
'Tis I will beg thy life !  
Nay, quoth the second, it is I,  
If I must be thy wife !  
'Tis I ! the third did say ;  
Nay, quoth the fourth, 'tis I  
So each one after other said,  
    still waiting his reply.  
*A sweet thing is love,  
It rules both heart and mind ;  
There is no comfort in the world  
    to women that are kind.*

---

## The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Faire Maidens all, quoth hee,  
I must confesse, and say  
That each of you full worthy is  
To be a Lady gay ;  
And I unworthy, farre,  
The worst of you to have,  
Though you have offered willingly  
my loathed life to save.

*A sweet thing is love,  
It rules both heart and mind ;  
There is no comfort in the world  
to women that are kind.*

Then take a thousand thanks  
Of mee, a dying man,  
But speake no more of love nor life,  
For why, my life is gone.  
To Christ my love I give,  
My body unto death,  
For none of you my heart can love,  
though I doe lose my breath,  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

Faire Maids, lament no more  
Your Country Law is such,  
It takes but hold upon my life,  
My goods it cannot touch :

Within one chest I have  
 In gold a thousand pound,  
 I give it equall to you all,  
     for love which I have found.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c,*

And now, deare friends, farewell !  
 Sweet *England* eake, adieu !  
 And *Chicester*, where I was borne,  
 Where first this breath I drew !  
 And now, thou man of death,  
 Unto thy weapon stand.  
 Ah, nay, another Damsell cry'd,  
     sweet Headsman, hold thy hand.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

Now heare a Maiden's plaint,  
 Brave Englishman, quoth shee,  
 And grant her love, for love againe,  
 That craves but love of thee :  
 I wooe and sue for love,  
 That have beene wooed ere this,  
 Then grant mee love and therewithall  
     shee proffers him a kisse.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

And die within mine armes,  
If thou wilt die, quoth shee ;  
Yea, live or die, sweet Englishman,  
Ile live and die with thee.  
But can it be, hee said,  
That thou dost love mee so ?  
'Tis not by long acquaintance, sir,  
whereby true love doth grow !  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

Then beg my life, 'quoth hee,  
And I will be thine owne !  
If I should seeke the world for love,  
More love cannot be showne.  
The people, on that word,  
Did give a joyfull cry,  
And said it had great pitie been  
so sweet a man should die.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

I goe, my Love, shee said,  
I run, I fly for thee !  
And, gentle Headsman, spare a while  
My Lover's life for mee !  
Unto the Duke shee went,  
Who did her griefe remove ;  
And, with an hundred Maidens more,  
shee went to fetch her Love.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c*



With musicke sounding sweet,  
 The formost of the traine,  
 This gallant Maiden, like a Bride,  
 Did fetch him backe againe:  
 Yea, hand in hand they went  
 Unto the Church that day,  
 And they were married presently  
     in sumptuous rich array.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.*

To England came hee then  
 With this his lovely Bride,  
 A fairer woman never lay  
 By any Merchant's side:  
 Where I must leave them now,  
 In pleasure and delight;  
 But of their name and dwelling-place  
     I must not here recite.  
*A sweet thing is love,  
 It rules both heart and mind;  
 There is no comfort in the world  
 to women that are kind.*

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules,*  
 in the *Old-Bayley.*

An excellent Song, wherein you shall finde  
Great consolation for a troubled minde.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune my Foe!*



Ayme not too hie in things above thy reach ;  
Be not too foolish in thine owne conceit ;  
As thou hast wit and wordly wealth at will,  
So give him thanks that shall encrease it still.

Be ware of pride, the mother of mishap,  
Whose sugred snares will seeke thee to entrap ;  
Be meeke in heart, and lowly minded still,  
So shalt thou Gods Commandements fulfill.

Cast all thy care upon the Lord, and he,  
In thy distresse, will send to succour thee ;  
Cease not, therefore to serve him every day  
Who with his blood thy ransome once did pay.

Drive from thy heart ill thoughts that may offend ;  
Desire of God his holy spirit to send,  
Which will direct thy life in such a sort  
As thou thereby shalt find joy and comfort.

Expect each day and houre when Christ shall come  
With power to judge the world both all and some ;  
Be ready then, and with the Bridegroom Christ,  
Receive reward in heaven among the highest.

Feare to offend his heavenly Majestie ;  
Faith doth confirme true love and loyaltie ;  
Without which faith, as holie Scriptures say,  
No man to heaven can find the perfect way.

Great is the Lord and mercifull, doubtlesse,  
To those that with true zeale their faults confesse ;  
But unto those in mischief dayly runnes,  
He lets alone to taste what after comes.

Hope in the Lord, on him repose thy trust ;  
Serve him with feare, whose judgements are most  
just ;

Desire of him thy life so to direct  
That to thy soule he may have good respect.

Injure no man, but love thine enemy,—  
Though to thy hurt, yet take it patiently,  
And thinke the Lord, although he suffer long,  
When time shal serve, will soon revenge thy wrong.

Keepe thou no ranckor hidden in thy heart ;  
Remember well the word Christ did impart,—  
That is, Forgive offences over-past,  
As thou thy selfe wilt be forgiven at last.

Lay not thy treasure up in hoarding sort,  
But therewithall the poore feed and comfort ;  
If thou cold water give in Christ his name,  
Thrice double told, he will reward the same.

Misorder not thyselfe in any wise,  
In meat and drinke let reason still suffice :  
Moderate thy mind, and keepe thy selfe content ;  
So shalt thou please the Lord Omnipotent.

---

## The second Part, to the same Tune.

No man can say that he is voyd of sin,  
For, if he doe, he's much deceiv'd therein ;  
The Lord doth say The just seven times a day  
Committeth sin, and runneth oft astray.

Obey his will who, to redeeme thy losse,  
Did shed his blood for us upon the Crosse ;  
Such was the love that Christ did shew to man ;  
Why should we be ungratefull to him than ?

Pittie the poore with such as God hath sent,  
And be not proud with that which he hath lent ;  
Remember well what Christ hath said to thee  
Doe this as though thou didst it unto mee.

Quench fond desires, and pleasures of the flesh ;  
Flie gluttonie, the Mother of excesse ;  
For whoordome is the very sinke of sin,  
In which the wicked daily wallow in.

Root from thy heart malicious thoughts, be sure,  
Which are a meanes Gods judgements to procure ;  
For, be assur'd, when envie beareth sway,  
The feare of God departeth soone away.

Subdue thy selfe ; let wisdom be thy guide ;  
Suppress ill thoughts ; beware of hatefull pride ;  
Despise the world, a vaile of vanities,  
Lest hedlong thou runst on in miseries.

Turne unto me, our Saviour Christ doth say,  
And I will heare thy prayers every day :  
If any thing thou aske in Christ his name,  
Be well assur'd thou shalt obtaine the same.

Vaine exercise abolish from thy sight ;  
Desire of God his faith and holy Spirit ;  
Who will direct thee in the perfect way  
That leads to life, asholy Scriptures say.

When Satan seekes to tempt thee any way,  
Call upon God, thy onely strength and stay ;  
And be assur'd, from out his holy hill,  
He will preserve thy life from danger still.

Experience of his love, that lends thee life,  
Must make thee seeke to live devoyd of strife ;  
Let His love be thy rule, who so lov'd thee,  
That death he underwent to set thee free.

Yong men and maids, old men and babes, repent,  
Lest for your sins you, at the last, be shent :  
Be wise, take heed, doe not the time delay,  
For Christ must be our Judge at the last day.



Zeale like to fire! our good works let make bright,  
That others thereof may behold the light :  
Light up your Lamps, and, with the Virgins five,  
Have oyle in stoore to keepe your Lamps alive.

FINIS.

Printed at London by the Assignes of Thomas  
Symcocke.

An excellent new Ditty :

Or,

Which proveth that women the best Warriars be,  
For they made the Devill from earth for to flee.

TO THE TUNE OF *Death's Dance*.

Old Beelzebub, merry  
disposed to be,  
To earth hee did hurry,  
some pastime to see.  
A Landlord he proved,  
and Leases would let  
To all them that loved  
a long life to get.

Come hither, all mortalls,  
(quoth the Devill of Hell)  
Come long-tailes and curtailes,  
now unto my Cell ;  
To you I here proffer  
a bargaine to buy ;  
If you'l take my offer  
you never shall dye.

*An Excellent new Ditty,*

This bargaine them pleased ;  
they long'd it to gaine ;  
The sicke and diseased  
came thither amaine,  
And, though they were crasie,  
they hither could flye ;  
The sluggard and lazy  
this bargaine would buy.

The Gallants and Gentry,  
his loue to imbrace,  
From City and Country  
flockt hither apace ;  
Long life they desired,  
with much jollity ;  
Their hearts they were fired  
this bargaine to buy.

The Dames of the City  
came hither with speed ;  
Your Merchant-wives pretty  
would seale to this deed.  
To live with a Lover  
and never to dye ;  
Here Courtesans hover,  
this bargaine to buy.

No females there wanted,  
But hither they came ;  
They came till they panted,  
To purchase the same ;—  
Wives, Widdowes, and Maidens  
to the Devill did hie  
Brave Lasses and Ladies  
this bargaine would buy.

The Lecher, which viewed  
such pretty ones there,  
His love was renewed,  
and hee'd have a share ;  
And here he sojourned,  
cause never hee'd dye ;  
His heart it was burned  
this bargaine to buy.

Now wicked sonnes, roaring,  
that had their meanes spent  
In Dicing and Whoring,  
to this office went ;  
Apace they here gather,  
because they'd not dye,  
But, to outlive their father,  
this bargaine they'd buy.

## The second part, to the same Tune.

Next comes the Shoomaker  
to crave a long life,  
Here, to be partaker,  
he brought his fine wife ;  
The Taylors attend here,  
for money they cry,  
And follow the spender  
this bargaine to buy.

The Usurers follow,  
that pawnes have in-hand ;  
With whoop and with hollow  
they call for the Land  
Which spend-thrifts pawne to them  
while for cash they hye ;  
To live to undoe them  
this bargaine they'l buy.

Nèxt came these rich Farmers  
that coozin the poore,  
And hoord up in corners  
provision and store ;  
To live till a deare yéere,  
and never to dye,  
These greedy corn-mizers  
this bargaine would buy.

Now Brokers came hither,  
that in their hands had  
Pawnes heaped together,  
both good ones and bad ;  
To live till they view them  
all forfeited lye,  
To the Deuill they sue, then,  
this bargaine to buy.

This purchase contented  
the Deuill of Hell ;  
To see such flockes enter  
all into his Cell ;  
Yet still he proclaimed  
they never should dye,  
Who ere it was aimed  
this bargaine to buy.

Next came the poore women  
that cry fish and Oysters ;  
They flocke here in common,  
and many great cluters ;  
They ran hither scolding,  
and to the Deuill cry,  
Sir, wee'd be beholding  
this bargaine to buy.



But when these came hither  
they kept such a noyse,  
Each brabled with other  
which first should have choise,  
As that their noyse frighted  
the Deuill of Hell ;  
No more he delighted  
such bargaines to sell.

Quoth he, I must from them,  
for, should I stay here,  
In pieces, among them,  
my body they'l teare  
(Quoth he) I am willing  
to deale among men,  
But nere will have dealing  
'mongst women agen.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *H. G.*

## An excellent Sonnet :

or,

The Swaine's complaint, whose cruell doome  
It was to love hee knew not whom.

TO THE TUNE OF *Bodkins Galiard.*

You gentle Nimphs, that on the Meddowes play,  
and oft relate the Loves of Shepheards young,  
Come, sit you downe, if that you please to stay,  
now may you heare an uncouth passion-song :  
A Lad there is, and I am that poore groome,  
*That's fal'n in love, and cannot tell with whom.*

Oh, doe not smile at sorrow as a jest ;  
with others' cares good natures moved be ;  
And I should weepe if you had my unrest,—  
then at my grieffe how can you merry be ?  
Ah ! where is tender pittie now become ?  
*I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.*

I, that have oft the rarest features view'd,  
and beauty in her best perfection seene ;  
I, that have laugh't at them that love pursu'd,  
and ever free from such [af]fections beene,  
Loe ! now, at last—so cruell is my doome ;  
*I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.*

My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,  
yet cannot tell from whence these longings flow ;  
My brest doth burne, but she that light the fire  
I never saw, nor can I come to know ;  
So great a blisse my fortune keeps me from,  
*That, though I dearely love, I know not whom.*

Ere I had twice foure Springs renewèd seene,  
the force of beauty I began to prove ;  
And, ere I nine yeeres old had fully beene,  
it taught me how to frame a sound of love ;  
And little thought I this day should have come,  
*Before that I to love had found out whom.*

For on my chin the mossy downe you see,  
and in my vaines well heated blood doth gloe ;  
Of Summers I have seene twice three times three,  
and fast my youthfull time away doth goe ;  
That much I feare, I aged shall become  
*And still complaine I love I know not whom.*

O why had I a heart bestow'd on me  
to cherish deare affections so inclin'd ?  
Since I am so unhappy borne to be,  
no object for so true a love to find.  
When I am dead it will be mist of some,  
*Yet, now I live, I love I know not whom.*

I to a thousand beauteous Nimphs am knowne ;  
a hundred Ladies favours doe I sweare ;  
I with as many half in love am growne,  
yet none of them I find can be my deare.  
Methinks I have a Mistresse yet to come.  
*Which makes me sing, I love I know not whom.*

---

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

There lives no swaine doth stronger passion prove  
for her, whom most he covertly to possesse ;  
Then doth my heart that, being full of love,  
knowes not to whom it may the same professe.  
For he that his despis'd hath sorrow some,  
*But he hath more, that loves and knowes not whom.*

Knew I my love, as many others doe,  
to some one object might my thoughts be bent ;  
So they, divided, wandring should not goe,  
untill the soule's united force be spent ;  
As he that seekes and never finds a home,  
*Such is my rest, that love and knowe not whom.*

Those whom the frownes of jealous friends divide,  
 may live to meet, and descant of their woe ;  
 And he hath gain'd a Lady for his Bride  
 that durst not wooe his Maide a while agoe :  
 But oh ! what ends unto my hopes can come,  
*That am in love, and cannot tell with whom.*

Poore *Collin* grieves that he was late disdain'd,  
 and *Chloris* doth for *Willies* absence pine ;  
 Sad *Thyrsis* weepes, for his sicke *Phœbe* pain'd,  
 but all their sorrowes cannot equall mine :  
 A greater care on me, alas ! is come—  
*I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.*

*Narcissus*-like, did I affect my shade,  
 some shadow yet I had to dote upon ;  
 Or did I love some Image of the dead,  
 whose substance had not breathed long agoe,  
 I might despaire—and so an end would come ;  
*But oh ! I love, and cannot tell with whom.*

Once in a dreame methought my love I view'd,  
 but never waking could her face behold ;  
 And doubtlesse that resemblance was but shew'd,  
 that more my tired heart torment it should :  
 For, since that time, more griev'd I am become,  
*And more in love, I cannot tell with whom.*

When on my bed at night to rest I lye,  
my watchfull eyes with teares bedew my cheekes;  
And then Oh, would it once were day ! I cry,  
yet when it comes I am as farre to seeke :  
For who can tell, though all the earth he rome,  
*Or when, or where, to finde he knowes not whom.*

Oh ! if she be amongst the beauteous traines  
of all the Nimphs that haunt the severall Kills,  
Or if you know her, Ladies of the plaines,  
or you that have your Bowers on the Hills,  
Tell, if you can, who will my love become,  
Or I shall die, and never know for whom.

Printed at London for *I. Wright*, dwelling in Gil-  
spurre street, neere New-gate.

FINIS.



Faire fall all good Tokens,

Or,

A pleasant new Song, not common to be had,  
Which will teach you to know good tokens from  
bad.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

To you that have bad tokens  
this matter I indight,  
Yet nothing shall be spoken  
that shall your minds afright :  
Be silent, therefore, and stand still !  
marke what proceedeth from my Quill ;  
I speake of tokens good and ill,  
and such as are not right.

But first Ile have you understand,  
before that I doe passe,  
That there are many tokens  
which are not made of brasse ;  
It is a token of my love  
that I to you this matter move ;  
For many tokens bad doe proove,  
we see in every place.

Yet by all signes and tokens,  
as I may judge or thinke,  
The man that hath lost both his eyes,  
he cannot chuse but winke.  
But some will winke when they may see  
but that is nothing unto me :  
Some shut their eyes to have a fee,  
which are in love with chinke.

He that hath gain'd much silver,  
and doth possesse much gold,  
It's a token that he shall be rich,  
if he his substance hold :  
But he that hath but little store,  
and spendeth all and something more,  
It's a token that he shall dye poore,  
to say't you may be bold.

He that is a very foole,  
and wisdomedoth despise,  
It's a token that he shall be old  
if he live till he be wise :  
And he that hath great store of wit,  
and maketh no right use of it,  
It's a token that he is unfit  
in honour to arise.

But this is a bad token,  
 marke well what I shall say  
 When a young man hath a handsome wife,  
 and lets her run astray,  
 It is a token she will be naught,  
 and quickly unto lewdnesse brought ;  
 If that she be no better taught,  
 shee'll bring him to decay.

---

The second part, to the same Tune.

He that hath a fiery nose,  
 which looks like Claret red,  
 It 's a token then he doth consume  
 in drinke more then in bread ;  
 For if his nose be fiery hot,  
 it's a token that he loves the pot ;  
 He hates small drinke, and loves it not,  
 he hath not so beene fed.

Then faire fall all good tokens !  
 now it comes into mind  
 Marke which way sits the Wether-cocke,  
 and that way blowes the wind :  
 Marke which way rowles a Wantons eye,  
 and something you may see thereby ;  
 Or, if you please, then you may trie,  
 and so the truth may finde.

He that hath liv'd in wickednesse,  
and doth in vice remaine,  
It is a token he hath no care  
to free his soule from paine.  
When conscience doth on Crutches creepe,  
'tis a token Truth is lull'd asleepe,  
Which makes poore men, in dangers deepe,  
to call and cry in vaine.

But this is a token of a truth  
which doth betoken ill :  
An angry wife will worke much woe,  
but shee will have her will ;  
For if she chance to bend her browe,  
or seeme to looke I know not how,  
It 's a token she will scold, I vow,  
her tongue will not lye still.

But this is a true token,  
then marke my word aright !  
When Sol is setting in the West  
the world will lose her light.  
So when an old man's head growes gray,  
he may thinke on his dying day,  
For to the grave he must away,  
and bid the world good night.

He that hath a wand'ring eye,  
and loves lewd women deare,  
It's a token that heele prove a knave ;  
But Ile tell you in your eare,  
For sure you never saw the like,  
a Souldier loves to tosse a pike ;  
The Tapster draws, but dares not strike,  
which doth betoken feare,

Then faire fall all good tokens  
and well fare a good heart  
For by all signes and tokens  
'tis time for to depart.  
And now it 's time to end my song,—  
I hope I have done no man wrong ;  
For he that cannot rule his tongue  
shall feele a greater smart.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Henry Gosson*.

## A Friend's Advice,

in an excellent Ditty, concerning the variable  
changes in this Life.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

What, if a day, or a month, or a yeare,  
Crown thy desires with a thousand wisht contentings

Cannot the chance of a night, or an houre,  
Crosse thy delights with as many sad tormentings?

Fortunes, in their fairest birth,  
Are but blossoms dying ;  
Wanton pleasures, doting mirth,

Are but shadowes flying :  
All your joyes are but toyes,  
Idle thoughts deceiving ;  
None hath power of an houre  
In our lives bereaving.

What, if a smile, or a becke, or a looke,  
Feed thy fond thoughts with many a sweet conceiving

May not that smile, or that beck, or that looke,  
Tell thee as well they are but vain deceiving ?  
Why should beauty be so proud  
In things of no surmounting ?  
All her wealth is but a shroud  
Of a rich accounting !



Then in this repose no blisse,  
Which is so vaine and idle :  
Beauties' flowers have their houres,  
Time doth hold the bridle.

What, if the world, with allures of her wealth,  
Raise thy degree to a place of high advancing !  
May not the World, by a check of that wealth,  
Put thee again to a low despised chancing ?  
Whilst the Sun of wealth doth shine  
Thou shalt have friends plenty ;  
But, come Want, then they repine,—  
Not one abides of twenty.  
Wealth and Friends holds, and ends,  
As your fortunes rise and fall ;  
Up and downe, smile and frowne,  
Certaine is no state at all.

What, if a grief, or a straine, or a fit,  
Pinch thee with pain, or the feeling pangs of sick-  
nes  
Doth not that gripe, or that straine, or that fit,  
Shew thee the form of thy own true perfect likenes  
Health is but a glimpse of ioy,  
Subject to all changes ;  
Mirth is but a silly toy  
Which mishap estranges.

Tell me, than, silly Man,  
Why art thou so weak of wit  
As to be in jeopardy  
When thou mayest in quiet sit

Then, if all this have declar'd thine amisse,  
Take it from me as a gentle friendly warning ;  
If thou refuse, and good counsell abuse,  
Thou maist hereafter dearly buy thy learning ;  
All is hazard that we have,  
Here is nothing bideing ;  
Dayes of pleasure are like streams  
Through faire Medows gliding.  
Wealth or woe; time doth goe,—  
There is no returning ;  
Secret Fates guide our states  
Both in mirth and mourning.

---

## The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Man's but a blast, or a smoak, or a cloud,  
That in a thought, or a moment, is dispersèd :  
Life's but a span, or a tale, or a word,  
That in a trice, or suddaine, is rehearsèd :

Hopes are chang'd, and thoughts are crost,  
Will nor skill prevaileth :  
Though we may laugh and live at ease,  
Change of thoughts assayleth.  
Though awile Fortune smile,  
And her comforts crowneth,  
Yet at length fails her strength,  
And, in fine, she frowneth.

Thus are the joyes of a yeare in an hower,  
And of a month in a moment, quite expired,  
And in the night, with the word of a noyse,  
Crost by the day, of an ease our hearts desired :  
Fairest blossoms soonest fade,  
Withered, foule, and rotten,  
And, through grief, our greatest joyes  
Quickly are forgotten :  
Seeke not, then, (mortall men!)  
Earthly fleeting pleasure,  
But with paine strive to gaine  
Heavenly lasting treasure.

Earth to the World, as a Man to the Earth,  
Hath but a point, and a point soon defacèd :  
Flesh to the Soule, as a Flower to the Sun,  
That in a storme or a tempest is disgraced.

Fortune may the Body please,  
Which is onely carnall,  
But it will the Soule disease,  
That is still immortal,  
Earthly joyes are but toys  
To the Soules election ;  
Worldly grace doth deface  
Man's divine perfection.

Fleshly delights to the earth, that is fleshly,  
May be the cause of a thousand sweet contentings ;  
But the defaults of a fleshly desire  
Brings to the soule many thousand sad tormentings.  
Be not proud, presumptuous Man !  
Sith thou art a point so base  
Of the least and lowest Element  
Which hath least and lowest place :  
Mark thy fate and thy state,  
Which is onely earth and dust,  
And as grasse, which, alas  
Shortly surely perish must.  
Let not the hopes of an earthly desire  
Bar thee the joyes of an endlesse contentation,  
Nor let not thy eye on the world be so fixt,  
To hinder thy heart from unfained recantation.

Be not backward in that course  
That may bring the Souls delight,  
Though another way may seem  
Far more pleasant to thy sight ;  
Doe not goo, if he sayes no,  
That knowes the secrets of thy minde ;  
Follow this, thou shalt not misse  
An endless happinesse to finde.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of *Thomas Symcocke.*

The FOUR WONDERS of this Land,  
Which unto you we will declare :  
The Lord's great Mercy it is great ;  
God give us Grace to stand in fear,  
And watch and pray both Night and Day,  
That God may give us all his Grace,  
To repent our Sins then every one,—  
Our time is going on apace.

TUNE OF *Dear Love, regard my Grief, &c.*

Licensed according to Order.



**S**WEET *England*, call for grace !  
with speed leave off thy Sin,  
And with a contrite heart  
to prayers now begin.



For sure the time is come  
 that Christ our Saviour told ;  
 Towards the latter Day  
 we wonders shall behold.

And now strange Wonders rare  
 the Lord from Heaven doth send,  
 In earth and in the Air,  
 because we should amend.

Great Lights within the Skie  
 hath oft been seen, we hear,  
 To many People's view,  
 in Countries far and near.

But what it doth presage  
 no Man on Earth do's know ;  
 None but the living God  
 such Wonders strange can show.

But to the Subject now  
 which I do mean to write,  
 The strangest News I'll tell  
 which Time has brought to light.



**T**N *London* now doth live  
 one Mr. Clark, by name,  
 A Taylor by his trade,  
 of good Report and Fame.

His Wife being with Child,  
unto her Grief and Woe,  
She with a Neighbours Wife  
fell out—the Truth is so.

And, after many Words,  
to fighting then they go ;  
This Woman, being with Child,  
received a grievous Blow

Upon her Belly ; then  
(which makes my Heart to bleed)  
That she went home, and sent  
for Midwife's help, with speed.

In hast the Midwife came,  
and other Women store  
Which by the help of God,  
she Seven Children bore !

Seven dainty Boys she had,  
all which were born in sight,  
All fram'd with perfect Shape,  
with Joints and Limbs aright.

But they were all Still-born,  
which griev'd their Parents sore ;  
But of the Works of God  
in this they do deplore.

The Woman now doth mend,  
 whereby God's Works are known ;  
 And now this wondrous News  
 both far and near is shown.



HE Second News I tell  
 comes from brave *Yorkshire* :  
 A Monster there was born,  
 the like you ne'er did hear.


Three miles from *Pomfret* lived  
 a woman of great Worth,  
 In travail fell, and brought  
 to light a monstrous Birth :

Just the shape of a Colt,  
 to all the Peoples sight ;  
 Which bred Amazement great,  
 with Tears and with Fright

To see this Woman's Grief,  
 and Trouble of her mind  
 In bringing forth a Colt,  
 contrary unto kind.

Long Legs, round Feet, long Nose,  
 and Headed like a Horse ;  
 Which fill'd these Women's Hearts  
 with pity and Remorse.

This Woman now doth mend,  
whereby God's Works are known :  
And now this wondrous newes  
both far and near is shown.

ND the Third News most rare,  
the which I have to tell,  
*London* can witness true,  
that there a Monster fell.

In *Christ-Church* Parish lived  
a Woman known full well,  
Of honest Carriage, which  
her Neighbours all can tell.

This Woman being with Child,  
which Grief and Sorrow bred,  
Into the World she bore  
a Child without a Head.

The Face was in the Breast,  
To all the People's view ;  
But it died suddenly :  
this is approved true.

It is for certain true,  
and is approved plain ;  
From Earth, I say, it came,  
and to Earth it turn'd again.

These Woman now all three  
 are on the mending hand :  
 But Three such monstrous Births  
 was ne'er in fair *England*.



HE Fourth News most rare,  
 the which I have to tell—  
 In famous *Gloucestershire*  
 a wondrous Shower fell.

Not far from *Gloucester* Town,  
 a Place is call'd *Brandwood*,  
 Upon a Hedge of Cloaths,  
 for truth, it rained Blood.

A Maid being starching there,  
 as Reason doth require,  
 She went to fetch in Wood  
 Wherewith to make a Fire :

And having on such Cuffs  
 as Starchers oft doe use,  
 Upon them fell some drops  
 of Blood made her to muse.

And holding up her Head,  
 which made her wonder more,  
 She saw the Hedge of Cloaths  
 with Blood besprinkl'd o'er.

Then she throw'd down the Wood,  
and, with amazement great,  
She went into the House,  
and this News did repeat.

The People then came forth,  
and found the News was true,  
They saw the Hedge of Cloaths  
with Blood besprinkl'd to their view.

Then they took in the Cloaths,  
and wash'd them that same Day ;  
But Water, Leez, nor Soap,  
could take the Blood away.

We are so wicked grown,  
the Heavens do for us bleed,  
And Wonders strange are shown  
all this is true indeed.

*Sodom* was warn'd afore,  
so was *Ferusalem*,  
And many Places more,  
whom God did plague for Sin.

But we are like the *Fews*,  
our Hearts are now so hard  
That we will not believe,  
nor yet God's Word regard.



Now think upon each Sin,  
Pride, Whoredom, Drunkenness,  
Swearing, Deceit, and Lyes,  
and vile Covetousness.

Then we shall see our God  
will take us for his own,  
If we believe these Signs  
and Tokens God hath shown.

Concluding thus my News,  
The God of Truth and Peace  
Grant that the Gospel may  
continually encrease.



**Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-  
Corner.**

# The Fox-Chace :

Or,

The Huntsman's Harmony,

By the

Noble Duke of Buckingham's Hounds, &c.

TO AN EXCELLENT TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST.

*Licens'd and entered according to Order.*



All in a Morning fair,  
As I rode to take the Air,

I heard some to holloo most clearly ;  
 I drew myself near,  
 To listen who they were  
 That were going a Hunting so early.

I saw they were some Gentlemen  
 Who belong'd to the Duke of Buckingham,  
 That were going to make there a Tryal  
 To run the Hounds of the North,  
 Being of such fame and Worth,  
 England has not the like, without all Denial.

Then in *Wreckledale* Scrogs  
 We threw off our Dogs,  
 In a place where his Lying was likely ;  
 But the like ne'er was seen  
 Since a Huntsman I have been,—  
 Never Hounds found a Fox more quickly.

There was *Dido*, and *Spanker*,  
 And *Younker* was there,  
 And *Ruler*, that ne'er looks behind him ;  
 There was *Rose*, and *Bonny Lass*,  
 Who were always in the chace ;  
 These were part of the Hounds that did find him.

Mr. *Tybbals* cries *Away*,  
*Heark away ! heark away !*

With that our Foot huntsmen did hear him ;  
Tom Mossman cries Codsounds,  
Uncouple all your hounds,  
Or else we shall never come near him.

Then Caper, and Countess,  
And Comely, were thrown off,  
With Famous, Thumper, and Cryer,  
And several Hounds beside,  
Whose Stoutness there was try'd,  
And not one in the Pack that did tire.



Our Hounds came in apace,  
And we fell into a Chace,  
And thus we pursu'd this poor Creature ;  
With English and French Horn  
We encourag'd our Hounds that Morn,  
And our Cry it was greater and greater.

It could not be exprest  
Which Hound ran the best,  
For they ran on a breast all together ;  
They ran at such a rate  
As you have not heard of late,  
When they chac'd him i'th' Vallies together.

Then to the Moor he twin'd,  
Being clean against the Wind,  
Thinking he might ha' cross'd it over ;  
But our Hounds ran so hard,  
They made this Fox afraid,  
And forc'd him to turn to his Cover.

Up the Hills he runs along,  
And his Cover was full strong,  
But I think he had no great Ease on't,  
For they ran with such a Cry,  
That their Echoes made him fly ;  
I'll assure you our Sport it was pleasant.

Then homeward he hies,  
And in *Wreckledale* he lies,  
Thinking the Wind it might save him ;  
But our Hounds ran him so near,  
That they posted him with Fear,  
And our Horsemen they did deceive him.

For Squire *Whitcliffe* rode amain,  
And he whipt it o're the Plain ;  
Mr. *Watson* his Horse did not favour ;  
They rode up the highest Hills,  
And down the steepest Dales,  
Expecting his Life for their Labour.

Mr. *Tybbals* rode his Part ;  
Although this Chace was smart,  
Default they were seldom, or never ;  
But ever by and by  
To the hounds he would cry,  
*Halloo; Halloo, halloo ! Hearn away all together.*

*Tom Mossman* he rode short,  
Yet he help'd us in our Sport,  
For he came in both Cursing and Swearing ;  
But when 't was in his Power,  
He cry'd out, That's our Lilly, Whore,  
*Hearn* to Caperman, *now* Slaughter-man runs near  
him !

Then to *Skipland* Wood he goes,  
Being pursued by his foes,  
The Company after him did follow ;  
An *Untarpage* there we had,  
Which made our Huntsmen full glad,  
For we gave him many a Holloo.



So the Sport being almost done,  
 And the Chace being almost run,  
 He thought to ha' cross'd the River ;  
 But our Hounds being in,  
 They after him did swim,  
 And so they destroy'd him for ever.

Then *Leppin* took a Horn,  
 As good as e're was blown ;  
*Tom Mossman* bid him wind his Death then ;  
 The Country People all  
 Came flocking to his Fall ;  
 This was Honour enough for a French Man.

So-*Whoo*-up we proclaim'd,  
 God bless the Noble Duke of Buckingham,  
 For our Hounds then had gain'd much Glory ;  
 This being the sixth Fox  
 That we kill'd above the Rocks,  
 And there is an end of the Story.

London. Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the  
 Booksellers of *Pyre-corner* and *London-bridge*.

# A Fayre Portion for a Fayre Mayd

Or,

The thriftie Mayd of *Worstersheere*,  
Who lives at London for a Marke a yeare ;  
This Marke was her old Mother's gift,  
Shee teacheth all Mayds how to shift.

TO THE TUNE OF *Gramercy Penny*.

Now all my friends are dead and gone  
alas! what shall betide me ?  
For I, poore maid, am left alone,  
without a house to hide me :  
Yet still Ile be of merry cheere,  
and have kind welcome every where,  
*Though I have but a Marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue me.*

I scorne to thinke of poverty,  
or wanting food or cloathing ;  
Ile be maintayned gallantly,  
and all my life want nothing ;  
A frolicke minde Ile alwayes beare,  
my poverty shall not appeare,  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gaue me.*

Though I am but a silly Wench,  
 of countrey education,  
 Yet I am woo'd by *Dutch* and *French*,  
 and almost every nation :  
 Both *Spaniards* and *Italians* swear  
 that with their hearts they love me deare :  
*Yet I have but a Marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue me.*

The *Welch*, the *Irish*, and the *Scot*,  
 since I came to the Citie,  
 In loue to me are wondrous hot,—  
 they tell me I am pretty :  
 Therefore to live I will not feare,  
 for I am sought with many a teare ;  
*Yet I have but a Marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue Me.*

This *London* is a gallant place  
 to raise a Lasses fortune ;  
 For I, that came of simple race,  
 brave Roarers doe importune ;  
 I little thought, in *Wostersheere*,  
 to find such high preferment here :  
*For I have but a Marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue Me.*

One gives to me perfumed Gloves,  
the best that he can buy me ;  
Live where I will, I have the loves  
of all that doe live nigh me :  
If any new toyes I will weare,  
I have them, cost they ne're so deare,—  
*And this is for a Marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gaue me.*

My fashions with the Moone I change,  
as though I were a Lady ;  
All quaint conceits, both new and strange,  
Ile have as soon as may be ;  
Your courtly Ladies I can jeere ;  
In cloaths but few to me come neare,  
*Yet I have but a Marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gaue me.*

---

## The second Part, to the same Tune.

French gownes, with sleeves like pudding bags,  
I have at my requesting :  
Now I forget my countrey rags,  
and scorne such plaine investing :  
My old acquaintance I casheere,  
and of my kin I hate to heare,  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue me.*

My Petty-coats of Scarlet brave,  
 of Velvet, silke, and sattine ;  
 Some students oft my love doe crave,  
 that speake both Greeke and Latine ;  
 The Souldiers for me domineere,  
 and put the rest into great feare ;  
*All this is for a Marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue me.*

The *Precisian* sincerely woes  
 and doth protest he loves me ;  
 He tires me out with Ies and *noes*,  
 and to impatience moves me :  
 Although an oath he will not sweare,  
 to lye at no time he doth feare ;  
*All this is for a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gaue me.*

My Coach, drawne with foure *Flanders* mares,  
 each day attends my pleasure ;  
 The water-men will leave their fares,  
 to waite upon my leasure :  
 Two Lackies labour every where,  
 and, at my word, run farre and neere ;  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gaue me.*

I'th pleasant'st place the Suburbs yeelds  
my lodging is preparèd ;  
I can walke forth into the fields,  
where beauties oft are airèd ;  
When Gentlemen doe spy me there,  
some complements I'me sure to heare ;  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gaue me,*

Now, if my friends were living still,  
I would them all abandon,  
Though I confesse they lov'd me well,  
yet I so like of *London*  
That, farewell ! Dad and Mammy deare,  
and all my friends in *Worstershire*  
*I live well with a marke a yeare,*  
*Which my mother gaue me.*

I would my sister *Sue*, at home,  
knew how I live in fashion,  
That she might up to *London* come,  
to learne this occupation ;  
For I live like a Lady here,  
I weare good cloths and eat good cheare,  
*Yet I have but a Marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gaue me.*



Now, blessed be that happy day  
that I came to the Citie !  
And for the Carrier will I pray,  
before I end my Ditty.  
You Maidens that this Ditty heare,  
though meanes be short, yet never feare,  
*For I live with a Marke a yeare,*  
*Which my old mother gaue me.*

M. P.

FINIS.

London, Printed for F.G.

Fayre Warning,

Or,

Happy is he whom other men's harmes  
Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.

To THE TUNE OF *Packington's pound.*



The World is orerun with enormous abuse ;  
 Pure vertue and honesty now do decrease ;  
 One vice on the neck of another pursues,—  
 'Tis growne to a custome that hardly will cease ;

but blessed is he,  
 who, when he doth see

Such vices in others, reformèd will be ;

*For happy is he whom other men's harmes  
 Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

Then be well advis'd, whoever thou art,  
 By other men's danger their wayes to forsake ;  
 And when thou seest any for *his* folly smart,  
 Then see that good use of the same thou dost make:  
 and when thou dost see  
 how bad others bee;

Say thou to thy selfe, here's example for mee.

*O happy is he whom other men's harmes  
 Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

If thou see a man who is proud and ambitious,  
 Like soaring *Phaeton* strive to aspire,  
 Presuming his Fates will be ever auspicious,  
 He boldly will clime till he can go no higher :  
 if fortune should frowne,  
 he may tumble downe,  
 Then hee'le be derided of every clowne :

*Thus happy is he whom other men's harmes  
Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

If thou see a Gentleman strive for the wall,  
And hazard his life for a phantasie vaine,  
This is the occasion of many a brawl ;  
But he that's a wise man from that will refraine :  
                                  'tis better give place  
                                  to one that's more base,  
Then hazard thy life in so desperate a case.

*O happy is he whom other men's harmes  
Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



If thou see a whoremonger passing at leasure,  
Halfe fearfull his legs will drop off by the knees,

When every justle may do him displeasure,  
 He hath been so stung with the Turnbull-street  
 Bees :

when thou seest his case,  
 beware of that place,

Which brings a man nothing but, shame and dis-  
 grace.

*O happy is he whom other men's harmes  
 Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

If thou see a man, who hath been an ill liver,  
 By hanging himselfe, to kill body and soule,  
 'Tis fit his example should make thee endeavour  
 That thy heart nere harbour a project so foule.

O what a vile shame  
 he brings on his name !

His children will after be twit with the same :

*O happy is he whom other men's harmes  
 Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

If thou seest a Judge malefactors condemne  
 For rapine or murder, or such haynous acts,  
 'Tis fit thou shouldst take an example by them,  
 Who must by the Law suffer death for their facts :

their wayes thou mayst flee,  
 because thou dost see

The reason, and therefore they hangèd must be.

*O happy is he whom other men's harmes  
 Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*



If thou seest a drunkard come reeling i' th' street,  
 And cutting crosse capers oft times through the durt,  
 Still ready to quarrell with all he doth meet,  
 Whereby he goes seldome to bed without hurt ;

O then thou mayst think,

Comes all this through drink ?

Sure I from the Alehouse in good time will shrink.

*O Happy is he whom other, &c.*

If thou see a rogue to the Pillory brought  
 For perjury, or else some cousening feat,  
 To looke on his punishment thou mayst be taught  
 To live more uprightly, and use no deceit.

if thou love thine eare,

then do not come there,

To looke upon him may make thee to feare.

*O Happy is he whom other men's harmes*

*Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*

If thou see a wealthy man grow very poore,  
 By passing his credit for other men's debts,  
 Whereby he's constraigned to keepe within doore,  
 For feare lest a Sergeant in's clutches him gets

be therefore aware

of this cruell snare ;

By suretiship many men begger'd are.

*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*

*Can make to beware, and to shun Satans charmes.*



Thus every man, who is willing to learn,  
Of other men's follies may make a good use,  
And by their just punishment he may return  
From vice unto vertue, reforming abuse :

the which, if he can,

he is a blest man ;

And thus Ile conclude with the same I began,—

*That happy is he whom other men's harmes  
Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.*

FINIS.

M.P.

London, Printed for *Richard Harper.*

Fond Love, why dost thou dally :

Or,

The passionate Louer's Ditty,  
In praise of his Loue, that's faire and witty.

TO THE TUNE OF *The mocke Widdow.*

Fond Love, why dost thou dally,  
And mocke my passions with thy disdain ?  
    there is no blisse  
    where coyresse is,  
Seeke not thy pleasure in my paine ;  
But let the chast torments of my desire  
Kindle in thee propitious fire :  
So shall the pleasures of thy sweet imbraces  
Conquer the griefe of my former disgraces ;  
Then, those stormes past, shall mercie appeare,  
And thou of cruelty goe quit and cleare.

If not, thou art accused,  
For being a lure of my griefe and care ;  
    for, from thy sight  
    comes my delight,  
Thy frowne onely procures despaire :  
But in thy smiles there dwell eternall joyes,  
Which from my heart all flouds of woes destroyes.

Then be not thou obdurate unto me,  
 Seeing thou art my chiefe felicity :  
 Thou seest how passionate I am for thee,  
 O then, grant Love, forgetting cruelty.

Sweet love ! thou art my goddesse,  
 To whom my heart I soly dedicate ;  
     then mercie send  
     to me, thy friend,

My sad grieffe to abreviate ;  
 Then shall I praise thy good tresses,  
 Shining like gold, as all the Gods confesses,  
 And eke the splendour of thy comely face,  
 Which doth so well thy compleat body grace,  
 As thou appear'st like *Cynthia* in her spheare,  
 Or like *Apollo* in the dayes bright chaire.

Never was framed by nature  
 A Mayd of rarer forme and beauty  
     as in my Loue,  
     to whom Ile prove  
 Officious in my duty.

Her breath more sweeter farre than Civet can be,  
 Delicious honey, or rare Sugar-Candy ;  
 Her rosie Cheekes most comely to the view,  
 Which causeth me her Love for to pursue,  
 And for *Lorina* languish I in grieffe,  
 For from her smiles my pleasures come in briefe.

Come, sweet ! sit thee downe by me,  
And pay just tribute for our true love ;  
    come ! let's cout  
    and merrily sport,  
    Here is the pleasant shady grove,  
Where nothing is wanting that pleasures may bring,  
Where nature's harmonious Musicioners sing,  
And *Philomel* amongst them the sweetest,  
To love recording those notes that are meetest,  
Where soft winds murmure the joy of our blisse,  
And, glyding by thy lips, oft steale a kisse.

Here the nimble Faunes caper,  
And old *Silvanus*' traine doth trip, and dance ;  
    thy forme to grace  
    in this faire place,  
    Woods Nymphs doe their notes advance.  
Here all pleasure and content doth dwell ;  
Joy doth all sorrow from this place expell :  
O, I could surfet with this goodly sight,  
Wherein my heart and senses take delight ;  
Thou art the Soueraigne of my love-sicke mind,  
In whom a Map of vertues are inshrin'd.

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## The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

O, how I am astonisht  
To view the features of my true love !  
thy sweet face  
and comely grace

Would in an angel envy move !  
Thy eyes give luster. these shadowes ore-spread,  
And thy sweet language would waken the dead ;  
The musicke of the spheares is but a dull noise,  
When we shall hear thee, in thy sweetest voyce ;  
Curious wonders within thee doe shine,  
Which doe perswade me that thou art divine.

*Juno*, the Queene of glory,  
Cannot come neare thee for thy vertuous grace ;  
thou art more faire,  
in beauty rare,  
And dost deserve as well that place  
Wherein *Jove's* darling in her glory moues ;  
Thy hands farre whiter then faire *Venus's* Doues,  
And thou thy self compleat in each degree ;  
Upon thy forehead dwels rare Majestie ;  
Thou art indeed a lampe of heavenly wonder,  
And, for thy vertues, keepst all creatures under.

All earthly joyes and pleasures  
Are to be had in thy society ;

*Lorina's* name

deserves true fame,

She is indued with pietie :

Fairer she is, by ods, then rocks of pearle ;

*Jove* till this time nere saw a braver Girle.

The *Phenix* rare makes not a gayer show,

Nor yet the Lillies on the banks of *Poe* ;

She is indeed the mirror of our age,

And with *Jove's* Queene may walke in equipage.

Wherefore should I dally then

To court this glory, and to imbrace

even in thee

all blisse I see

Lively depainted in thy face.

Come, then ! let's dally, and, to the wanton ayre,

Changelove's delightments, so shall we declare

Our loves by our kisses, whilst I, nothing fearing,

Breath my best wish in my wisht beauties hearing,

Which when I have done, thy captive Ile be,

Yet thinke I have a glorious liberty.

Come, then ! come, my *Lorina*

And yeeld that treasure, which who so knowes,

knows a blisse

by which he is

Eternally exempt from woes.



Should Love himselfe envy at our best delight,  
These joyes weele enjoy still, in envies despight :  
Nay, should his anger descend so upon me,  
As, my *Lorina*, to rauish thee from me,  
Ide flye in my fury as high as his spheare,  
And snatch thee from his armes, or perish there.

Come, then let me enjoy thee,  
Whilst beauties flourish on thee doth dwell ;  
    Colour fades,  
    and foolish Mayds  
    That so dye, lead Apes in hell :  
O, then be wiser, and grant my desire !  
In thy snow white bosome quench my love's quick  
    fire  
Let not unfained love goe unrewarded,  
Nor true affections be sleightly regarded ;  
So shall I still live, and all sorrowes defie,  
Or else a Martyre to thy beauty dye.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

An excellent Ballad of St. GEORGE  
for *England*, and the King of *Egypt's* Daughter,  
whom he Delivered from Death, and how he slew  
a monstrous Dragon, &c.

TO THE TUNE OF *Flying Fame*, etc.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.



Of *Hector's* Deeds did *Homer* sing  
and of the sack of stately *Troy*,  
What grief fair *Hellen* did them bring,  
which was Sir *Paris'* only joy :  
And with my pen I must recite  
St. *George's* Deeds,—an *English* Knight.

Against the Sarazens full rude  
fought he full long, & many a day ;  
Where many a Gyant he subdu'd,  
in honour of the Christian sway ;  
And, after many adventures past,  
To *Egypt* Land he came at last.

And, as the Story plain doth tell,  
within that Country there did rest,  
A dreadful Dragon, fierce and fell,  
whereby they were full sore opprest ;  
Who, by his poisoned breath, each Day  
Did many of the city slay.

The Grief whereof did grow so great  
throughout the limits of the Land,  
That they their wise-men did intreat  
to shew their cunning, out of hand ;  
Which way they might this Dragon 'stroy  
That did their Country so annoy.

The wise-men all, before the King,  
fram'd this Matter, incentinent :  
The Dragon none to death might bring  
by any means they could invent :  
His skin more hard than brass was found,  
That sword or speare could pierce or wound.

When this the people understood,  
they cryed out most piteously ;  
The Dragons breath infected their blood,  
that they each day in heaps did Dye ;  
Amongst them such a Plague it bred  
The Living scarce could bury the Dead.

No means there was, that they could find,  
for to appease the Dragon's rage,  
But by a virgin pure and kind,  
whereby he might his fury 'swage ;  
Each Day he should a Maiden eat  
For to allay his Hunger great.

This thing, by art, the Wisemen found,  
which truly must observed be ;  
Wherefore, throughout the City round,  
a virgin pure, of good Degree,  
Was by the King's Commission still  
Took up, to serve the Dragons will.

Thus did the Dragon every day  
a maiden of the town devour,  
Till all the Maids were worn away,  
and none were left, that present hour,  
Saving the king's fair Daughter bright,  
Her Father's joy, and hearts Delight.

Then came the Officers to the king  
 this heavy Message to declare,  
 Which did his heart with sorrow sting ;  
*She is* (quoth he) *my Kingdoms' Heir*  
*O let us all be poisoned here,*  
*E'er she should dye, that is my dear."*

Then rose the People presently,  
 and to the King in rage they went ;  
 Who said *His Daughter dear should die*  
*the Dragon's fury to prevent :*  
*Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,*  
*And have been made the Dragon's prey :*

*And by their blood thou hast been blest,*  
*and thou hast sav'd thy life thereby ;*  
*And now in Justice it doth rest*  
*for us thy Daughter so should dye.*  
*O, save my Daughter !"* said the king,  
*And let me feel the Dragon's sting.*

*Then fell fair Sabrine on her knee,*  
*and to her father then did say :*  
*O Father ! strive not thus for me,*  
*but let me be the Dragons prey ;*  
*It may be for my sake alone*  
*This Plague upon the land was show .*



'Tis better I should die (*she said,*)  
than all your subjects perish quite,  
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid  
for my offence to work this spight ;  
And after he hath suckt my gore,  
Your land shall know the grief no more."

What hast thou done (*my daughter, dear*)  
for to deserve this heavy scourge  
It is my fault, it shall appear,  
which makes the Gods our state to grudge ;  
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,  
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad men, all the people cry'd,  
thy death to us can do no good ;  
Our safety only doth abide  
to make thy Daughter Dragons food.  
Lo ! here I am (*O then quoth she,*)  
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay, stay, dear daughter. (*quoth the Queen,*)  
and as thou art a Virgin bright  
That hath for vertue famous been,  
so let me cloath thee all in white,  
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,  
An ornament for Virgins meet.



And when she was attired so,  
 According to her Mothers mind,  
 Unto the stake then did she go,  
 to which they did this virgin bind :  
 And being bound to stake and thrall,  
 She bid farewell unto them all.

*Farewel, dear Father (then quoth she),  
 and my sweet mother, meek and mild;  
 Take you no thought or care for me,  
 for you may have another child ;  
 Here for my countries good Ile dye,  
 Which I receive most willingly.*

The King and Queen, with all their train,  
 with weeping eyes then went their way,  
 And let their Daughter there remain  
 to be the hungry Dragons prey ;  
 But as she there did weeping lie,  
 Behold *St. George* came riding by.

And seeing there a Lady bright  
 fast tyed to the stake that day,  
 Most like unto a valiant Knight,  
 straight unto her did take his way :  
*Tell me, sweet Maiden, then quoth he,  
 What person thus abused thee ?*

*And lo, by Christ his [cross] I vow  
    (which here is figured on my breast),  
I will revenge it on his brow,  
    and break my launce upon his crest.  
And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
The Dragon issu'd out of the wood.*

The Lady, that did first espy  
    the dreadful Dragon coming so,  
Unto *St. George* aloud did cry,  
    and willed him away to go :  
*Here comes that ugly Fiend, quoth she,  
That soon will make an end of me.”*

*St. George* then looking round about,  
    the fiery Dragon soon espy'd,  
And, like a knight of courage stout,  
    against him he did fiercely ride ;  
And with such blows he did him greet  
That he fell under his horse's feet.

For with a Launce that was so strong,  
    as he came gaping in his face,  
In at his mouth he thrust it long,  
    the which could pierce no other place ;  
And there, within this Lady's view,  
This dreadful Dragon then he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath  
 could do this Christian knight no harm ;  
 Thus he did save this Lady from Death,  
 and home he led her by the arm ;  
 Which when [King] *Ptolemy* did see,  
 There was great Joy and Melody.



When as this famous Knight, *St. George*,  
 had slain the Dragon in the field,  
 And brought the lady to the Court,  
 whose sight with joy their hearts then fill'd,  
 He in the *Ægyptian* court then staid,  
 Till he most falsly was betray'd.

The Lady *Sabrina* lov'd him well ;  
 he counted her his only Joy ;  
 But when their loves was open known,  
 it prov'd *St. Georges* great annoy ;  
*The Morocco King* was then in Court,  
*Who to the Orchard* did resort

*Daily to take the pleasant air,*  
*for pleasure sake he used to walk*  
*Under the wall, whereas he heard*  
*St. George with fair Sarabrine talk ;*  
*Their loves he revealed to the King,*  
*Which to St. George great woe did bring.*

*These Kings together did devise  
to make this Christian knight away ;  
With letters him Ambassador  
they straightway sent to Persia,  
And wrote to the Sophy him to kill,  
And treacherously his blood to spill.*

Thus they for good did him reward  
with evil, and, most subtilty,  
By such vile means they did Devise  
to work his Death most cruelly.  
While he in *Persia* abode,  
He straight destroy'd each idol-god ;

Which being done, he straight was flung  
into a Dungeon dark and deep ;  
But when he thought upon his wrong,  
he bitterly began to weep ;  
Yet, like a knight of Courage stout,  
Forth of the Dungeon he got out ;

*And in the night three Horse-keepers  
this valiant Knight by power slew,  
Although he fasted many a day ;  
and then away from thence he flew  
On the best steed the Sophy had ;\*  
Which when he knew, he was full sad.*

Then into Christendom he came,  
 and met a Giant by the way ;  
 With him in combat he did fight  
 most valiantly, a summer's day ;  
 Who yet, for all his batts of steel,  
 Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

From *Christendom* this valiant knight  
 then with warlike souldiers past,  
 Vowing upon that Heathen Land  
 to work revenge ; which at the last,  
 E'er thrice three years was gone and spent,  
 He did, unto his great content.

Save only *Ægypt* land he spar'd  
 for *Sabrine* bright her only sake,  
 And ere his rage he did suppress,  
 he meant a tryall kind to make ;  
 Ptolemy did know his strength in field.  
 And unto him did kindly yield.

Then he the *Morocco* king did kill,  
 and took fair *Sabrine* to his wife ;  
 And afterwards, contentedly,  
 with her *St. George* did leed his life ;  
 Who, by the vertue of a Chain,  
 Did still a Virgin pure remain.

To England then *St. George* did bring  
    This gallant lady, *Sabrina* bright,  
An Eunuch also came with him,  
    in whom the Lady did delight :  
None but these three from *Egypt* came.  
Now let me Print *St. George's* fame.

When they were in the forrest great,  
    the Lady did desire to rest ;  
And then *St. George* to kill a deer,  
    to feed thereon, did think it best ;  
Left *Sabrina* and the Eunuch there,  
While he did go and kill a Deer.

The mean time, in his absence, came  
    two hungry Lyons, fierce and fell,  
And tore the Eunuch presently  
    in pieces small, the truth to tell ;  
Down by the Lady then they laid,  
Whereby it seem'd she was a maid.

But when *St. George* from hunting came  
    and did behold this heavy chance,  
Yet, for this lovely virgin pure,  
    his courage stout he did advance ;  
And came within the Lions' sight,  
who run at him with all their might.



He being by them no whit dismayd,  
but like a stout and valiant knight  
Did kill the hungry Lions both,  
within the Lady *Sabrine's* sight ;  
But all this while, sad and demure,  
She stood there, like a virgin pure.

But when *St. George* did truly know  
his lady was a virgin true.  
Those doleful thoughts that e'er was dumb,  
began most firmly to renew :  
He set her on a Palfrey steed,  
And towards *England* came with speed.

Where he arrivèd in short time  
unto his Father's Dwelling-place,  
where with his Dearest Love he lived,  
When Fortune did their Nuptials grace :  
They many years of Joy did see,  
And led their lives at *Coventry*.

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*increased  
my name*

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